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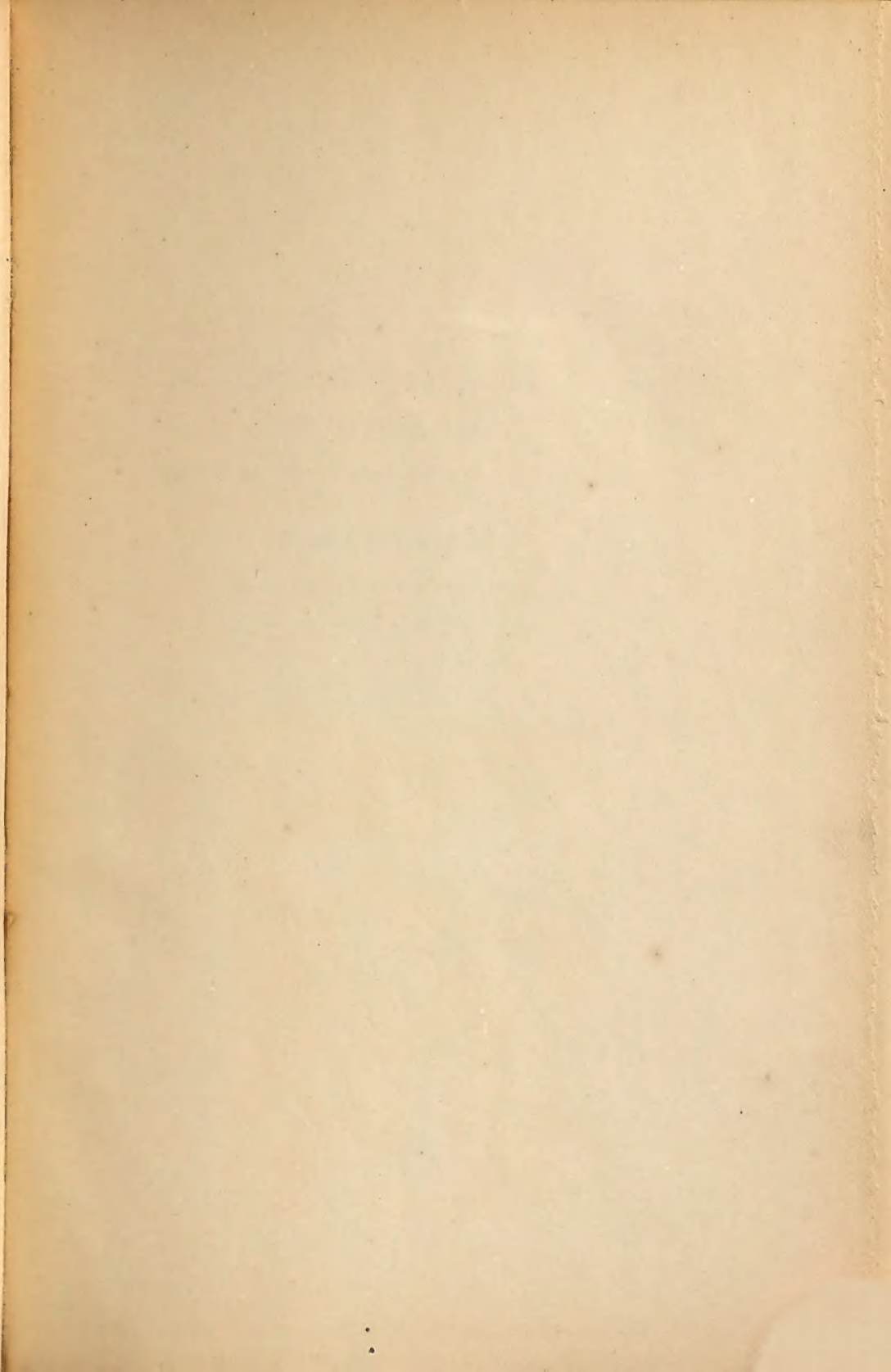
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THE WRITINGS OF
GEORGE ELIOT
TOGETHER WITH THE LIFE BY J. W. CROSS

Large Paper Edition
IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES
VOLUME XXIV









Marian Lewes

George Eliot at the Age of 40

By Samuel Lawrence

of the end of the line of the

GEORGE ELIOT'S
LIFE
AS RELATED IN HER LETTERS
AND JOURNALS

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY HER HUSBAND

J. W. CROSS

II



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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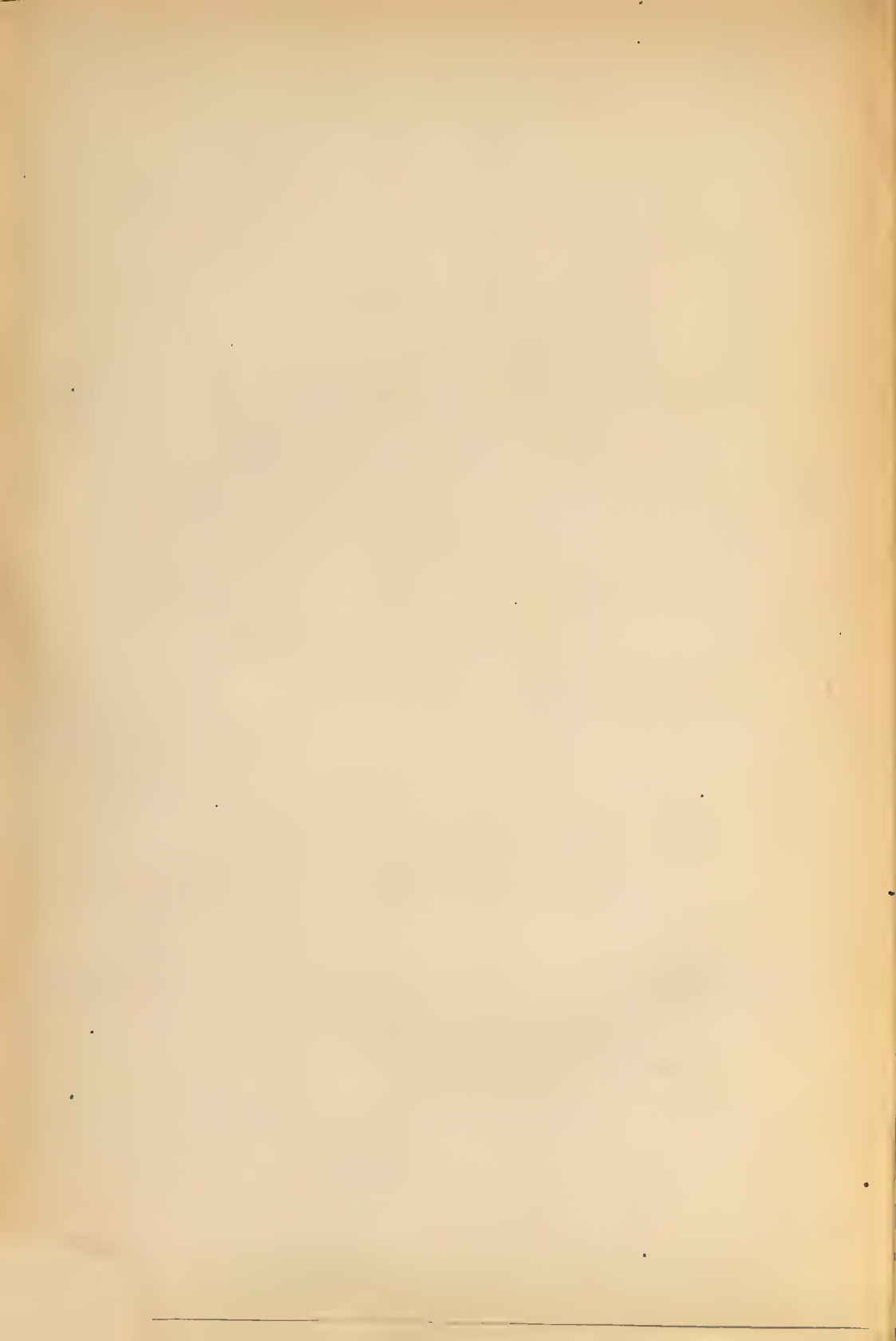
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"OUR FINEST HOPE IS FINEST MEMORY"



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GEORGE ELIOT AT THE AGE OF 40 . *Frontispiece*

From a crayon drawing by Samuel Lawrence, reproduced by the courtesy of Mrs. Blackwood-Porter, of North Berwick, Scotland. The following interesting account of this picture appeared in the *Century Magazine* of November, 1881:—

“ In 1859, as the distinguished portrait-painter, Mr. Samuel Lawrence, was returning from America, he happened to meet with ‘Adam Bede,’ then just published. He was so delighted with the book that he was determined to know the author, and it was revealed to him that to do so he had but to renew his old acquaintance with Mr. George Henry Lewes, whom he had met years before at Leigh Hunt’s. He made George Eliot’s acquaintance, and was charmed with her, and before long he asked leave to make a study of her head. She assented without any affectation, and, in the early months of 1861, Mr. Lewes commissioned the painter to make a drawing of her. She gave him repeated sittings in his studio at 6, Wells Street, London, and Mr. Lawrence looks back with great pleasure on the long conversations that those occasions gave him with his vivacious sitter. The drawing was taken front face, with the hair uncovered, worn in the fashion then prevalent, and it was made in chalks. While it was proceeding, Mr. Lawrence asked her if he might exhibit it, when finished, at the Royal Academy, and she at once consented. But when the time for sending in drew near, the artist received a letter from Mr. Lewes absolutely withholding this consent, and a certain strain, of which this was the first symptom, began to embarrass the relations of the two gentlemen, until Mr. Lewes finally refused to take the drawing at all. But before the summer was out, Mr. Langford, the reader of

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Messrs. Blackwood of Edinburgh, who published George Eliot's works, called on Mr. Lawrence, and asked if he would consent to make a copy of the drawing for the firm. The artist replied that he should be happy to sell them the original, and accordingly it passed from his studio, in June, 1861, into the back parlor of Mr. Blackwood's shop, where it now hangs. Like that of M. Durade, Mr. Lawrence's portrait of George Eliot is not to be in any way reproduced."

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE SAD FORTUNES OF THE REV. AMOS BARTON" 24

Photographed from the original in the possession of Mrs. Blackwood-Porter.

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "MR. GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY" 30

Photographed from the original in the possession of Mrs. Blackwood-Porter. The name "Liggins," which appears three times on this page, was subsequently changed to Higgins. One Liggins, it will be remembered, laid claim to the authorship of "The Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede."

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "JANET'S REPENTANCE" . . . 46

Photographed from the original in the possession of Mrs. Blackwood-Porter.

NO. 8 PARK SHOT, RICHMOND 106

George Eliot's home from 1855 to 1859, where she wrote "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede." From a photograph.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE



GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE

CHAPTER VII

MARCH 14. — Took lodgings at 1 Sydney Place, Dover. Journal,
March, 1855.

March 15. — A lovely day. As I walked up the Castle hill this afternoon, the town, with its background of softly rounded hills shrouded in sleepy haze, its little lines of water looking golden in the sun, made a charming picture. I have written the preface to the "Third Book of Ethics," read Scherr, and Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis."

March 16. — I read Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim" at breakfast, and found a sonnet in which he expresses admiration of Spenser (Sonnet vi): —

G. writes
that this son-
net is Barn-
field's.

[Note written
later.]

"Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence."

I must send word of this to G., who has written in his "Goethe" that Shakespeare has left no line in praise of a contemporary. I could not resist the temptation of walking out before I sat down to work. Came in at half-past ten, and translated Spinoza till nearly one. Walked out again till two. After dinner read "Two Gentlemen

HAPPIER FOR EXPERIENCE ABROAD [DOVER

Journal,
March, 1855.

of Verona," and some of the Sonnets. That play disgusted me more than ever in the final scene, where Valentine, on Proteus's mere begging pardon, when he has no longer any hope of gaining his ends, says: "All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee!" Silvia standing by. Walked up the Castle hill again, and came in at six. Read Scherr, and found an important hint that I have made a mistake in a sentence of my article on Austria about the death of Franz von Sickingen.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th March.

I dare say you will be surprised to see that I write from Dover. We left Berlin on the 11th. I have taken lodgings here for a little while, until Mr. Lewes has concluded some arrangements in London; and with the aid of lovely weather, am even enjoying my solitude, though I don't mind how soon it ends. News of you all at Rosehill — how health, and business, and all other things are faring — would be very welcome to me, if you can find time for a little note of homely details. I am well and calmly happy — feeling much stronger and clearer in mind for the last eight months of new experience. We were sorry to leave our quiet rooms and agreeable friends in Berlin, though the place itself is certainly ugly, and *am Ende* must become terribly wearisome for those who have not a vocation there. We went again and again to the new museum to look at the casts of the Parthenon Sculptures, and registered a vow that we would go to feast on the sight of the originals the first day we could spare in London. I had never cast more than a fleeting look on them before, but now I can in some degree understand the effect they produced on their first discovery.

March 25. — A note from Mr. Chapman, in which Journal. he asks me to undertake part of the Contemporary Literature for the *Westminster Review*.

April 18. — Came to town, to lodgings in Bayswater.

April 23. — Fixed on lodgings at East Sheen.

April 25. — Went to the British Museum.

April 28. — Finished article on Weimar, for *Fraser*.

During this month George Eliot was finishing the translating and revising of Spinoza's Ethics, and was still reading Scherr's book, Schrader's "German Mythology" — a "poor book" — "The Tempest," "Macbeth," "Nibelungenlied," "Romeo and Juliet," article on Dryden in the *Westminster*, "Reineke Fuchs," "Genesis of Science," Gibbon, "Henry V," "Henry VIII," first, second, and third parts of "Henry VI," "Richard II."

May 2. — Came to East Sheen, and settled in our lodgings.

May 28. — Sent Belles Lettres section to *Westminster Review*. During May several articles were written for the *Leader*.

June 13. — Began Part IV of Spinoza's Ethics. Began also to read Cumming for article in the *Westminster*. We are reading in the evenings now Sydney Smith's letters, Boswell, Whewell's "History of Inductive Sciences," "The Odyssey," and occasionally Heine's "Reisebilder." I began the second book of the "Iliad," in Greek, this morning.

June 21. — Finished article on Brougham's "Lives of Men of Letters."

June 23. — Read "Lucrezia Floriani." We are read-

THE "LIFE OF GOETHE" [EAST SHEEN

Journal. ing White's "History of Selborne" in the evening, with Boswell and the "Odyssey."

**Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
23d June.**

I have good hope that you will be deeply interested in the "Life of Goethe." It is a book full of feeling, as well as of thought and information, and I even think it will make you love Goethe as well as admire him. Eckermann's is a wonderful book, but only represents Goethe at eighty. We were fortunate enough to be in time to see poor Eckermann before his *total* death. His mind was already half gone, but the fine brow and eyes harmonized entirely with the interest we had previously felt in him. We saw him in a small lodging, surrounded by singing birds, and tended by his son — an intelligent youth of sixteen, who showed some talent in drawing. I have written a castigation of Brougham for the *Leader*, and shall be glad if your sympathy goes along with it. Varnhagen has written "Denkwürdigkeiten," and all sorts of literature, and is, or rather was, the husband of *Rahel*, the greatest of German women.

**Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st July.**

It was surely you who wrote the notice of the *Westminster* in the *Herald* (Coventry), which we received this morning. I am very much pleased with your appreciation of Mr. Lewes's article. You hardly do justice to Froude's article on Spinoza. I don't at all agree with Froude's own views, but I think his account of Spinoza's doctrines admirable. Mr. Lewes is still sadly ailing — tormented with tooth- and face-ache. This is a terrible trial to us poor scribblers, to whom health is money, as well as all other things worth having. I have just been reading that Milton suffered from indigestion — an affecting fact to me. I send you a letter which I have

had from Barbara Smith. I think you will like to see such a manifestation of her strong noble nature.

On 1st August, 1855, Mr. Lewes went down to Ramsgate for change, taking his three boys with him for a week's holiday. Meantime George Eliot was continuing her article-writing, and in this week wrote an article for the *Leader*, having written one for the same journal three weeks before. On 22d August she wrote another article for the *Leader*, and on the twenty-fourth she finished the one on Cumming for the *Westminster*. Mr. C. Lewes tells me that he remembers it was after reading this article that his father was prompted to say to George Eliot, whilst walking one day with her in Richmond Park, that it convinced him of the true genius in her writing. Mr. Lewes was not only an accomplished and practised literary critic, but he was also gifted with the inborn insight accompanying a fine artistic temperament, which gave unusual weight to his judgement. Up to this time he had not been quite sure of anything beyond great talent in her productions.

The first three weeks in September were again busily occupied in article-writing. She contributed three papers to the *Leader*, as well as the Belles Lettres section for the October number of the *Westminster*. On the 19th September they left East Sheen, and after spending a couple of weeks at Worthing for a sea change, they took rooms at 8 Park Shot, Richmond, which remained their home for more than three years. Here some of George Eliot's most memorable literary work was accomplished. Both

THE RICHMOND ROOMS [RICHMOND

she and Mr. Lewes were now working very hard for what would bring immediate profit, as they had to support not only themselves but his children and their mother. They had only one sitting-room between them; and I remember, in a walk on St. George's Hill, near Weybridge, in 1871, she told me that the scratching of another pen used to affect her nerves to such an extent that it nearly drove her wild. On the 9th October she finished an article on Margaret Fuller and Mary Wollstonecraft, and on the 12th October one on Carlyle for the *Leader*, and began an article on Heine for the January number of the *Westminster*. In October there are the following letters to the Brays:—

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
Monday,
Oct.

Since you have found out the "Cumming," I write by to-day's post just to say that it *is* mine, but also to beg that you will not mention it as such to any one likely to transmit the information to London, as we are keeping the authorship a secret. The article appears to have produced a strong impression, and that impression would be a little counteracted if the author were known to be a *woman*. I have had a letter addressed "to the author of Article No. 4," begging me to print it separately "for the good of mankind in general"! It is so kind of you to rejoice in anything I do at all well. I am dreadfully busy again, for I am going to write an article for the *Westminster Review* again, besides my other work. We enjoy our new lodgings very much — everything is the pink of order and cleanliness.

Why you should object to Herbert Spencer speaking of Sir William Hamilton's contributions to a theory of per-

ception as "valuable," I am unable to conceive. Sir William Hamilton has been of service to him as well as to others; and instead of repressing acknowledgements of merit in others, I should like them to be more freely given. I see no dignity or anything else that is good in ignoring one's fellow-beings. Herbert Spencer's views, like every other man's views, could not have existed without the substratum laid by his predecessors. But perhaps you mean something that I fail to perceive. Your bit of theology is very fine. Here is a delicious Hibernicism in return. In a treatise on consumption, sent yesterday, the writer says: "There is now hardly any *difference* on this subject — at least *I* feel none." Our life has no incidents except such as take place in our own brains, and the occasional arrival of a longer letter than usual. Yours are always read aloud and enjoyed. Nevertheless our life is intensely occupied, and the days are far too short. We are reading Gall's "Anatomie et Physiologie du Cerveau," and Carpenter's "Comparative Physiology," aloud in the evenings; and I am trying to fix some knowledge about plexuses and ganglia in my soft brain, which generally only serves me to remember that there is something I ought to remember, and to regret that I did not put the something down in my note-book. For "Live and learn," we should sometimes read "Live and grow stupid."

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th Oct.

You will receive by rail to-morrow a copy of the "Life and Works of Goethe" (published on 1st November), which I hope you will accept as a keepsake from me. I should have been glad to send it you earlier, but as Mr. Lewes has sold the copyright of the first edition, he has

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
21st Nov.

ARTICLE ON HEINE [RICHMOND

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
21st Nov.

only a small number of copies at his disposal, and so I doubted whether I ought to ask for one. I think you will find much to interest you in the book. I can't tell you how I value it, as the best product of a mind which I have every day more reason to admire and love. We have had much gratification in the expression of individual opinion. The press is very favourable, but the notices are for the most part too idiotic to give us much pleasure, except in a pecuniary point of view. I am going out to-day, for the first time for nearly a fortnight.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
29th Nov.

I have just finished a long article on Heine for the *Westminster Review*, which none of you will like. *En revanche*, Mr. Lewes has written one on Lions and Lion Hunters, which you will find amusing.

On the 12th December the Belles Lettres section for the January number of the *Westminster Review* was finished and sent off, and the next entry in the Journal is dated —

Journal.

Dec. 24, 1855. — For the last ten days I have done little, owing to headache and other ailments. Began the "Antigone," read Von Bohlen on Genesis, and Swedenborg. Mr. Chapman wants me to write an article on Missions and Missionaries, for the April number of the *Westminster*, but I think I shall not have it ready till the July number. In the afternoon I set out on my journey to see my sister, and arrived at her house about eight o'clock, finding her and her children well.

Dec. 29. — Returned to Richmond. G. away at Vernon Hill (Arthur Helps's), having gone thither on Wednesday.

1855]

LIFE OF GOETHE

Dec. 30. — Read the “Shaving of Shagpat” (George Meredith’s).

Dec. 31. — Wrote a review of “Shagpat.”

Jan. 1, 1856. — Read Kingsley’s “Greek Heroes,” and began a review of Von Bohlen.

Jan. 5. — G. came home.

Jan. 6. — Began to revise Book IV of Spinoza’s “Ethics,” and continued this work through the week, being able to work but slowly. Finished Kahn’s “History of German Protestantism.”

Jan. 16. — Received a charming letter from Barbara Smith, with a petition to Parliament that women may have a right to their earnings.

I believe there have been at least a thousand copies of the “Goethe” sold, which is a wonderfully good sale in less than three months for a 30s. book. We have a charming collection of letters, both from remarkable acquaintances and remarkable non-acquaintances expressing enthusiastic delight in the book — letters all the more delightful because they are quite spontaneous, and spring from a generous wish to let the author know how highly the writers value his work. If you want some idle reading, get the “Shaving of Shagpat,” which I think you will say deserves all the praise I gave it.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th Jan.,
1856.

Feb. 19. — Since the 6th January I have been occupied with Spinoza; and, except a review of Griswold’s “American Poets,” have done nothing else but translate the Fifth Book of the “Ethics,” and revise the whole of my translation from the beginning. This evening I have finished my revision.

Journal.

I was so glad to have a little news of you. I should like

THE SATURDAY REVIEW [RICHMOND

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th Feb.

to hear much oftener, but our days are so accurately parcelled out among regular occupations, that I rarely manage to do anything not included in the programme; and without reading Mrs. Barbauld on the "Inconsistency of Human Expectations," I know that receiving letters is inconsistent with not writing any. Have you seen any numbers of the *Saturday Review*, a new journal, on which "all the talents" are engaged? It is not properly a newspaper, but — what its title expresses — a political and literary Review. We are delighting ourselves with Ruskin's third volume, which contains some of the finest writing I have read for a long time (among recent books). I read it aloud for an hour or so after dinner; then we jump to the old dramatists, when Mr. Lewes reads to me as long as his voice will hold out, and after this we wind up the evening with Rymer Jones's "Animal Kingdom," by which I get a confused knowledge of branchiæ, and such things — perhaps, on the whole, a little preferable to total ignorance. These are our *noctes* — without *cenæ* for the present — occasionally diversified by very dramatic singing of Figaro, etc., which, I think, must alarm "that good man, the clergyman," who sits below us. We have been half-laughing, half-indignant over Alison's new volume of his "History of Europe," in which he undertakes to give an account of German literature.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
25th Feb.

What you tell me of Harriet Martineau interests me very much. I feel for her terrible bodily suffering, and think of her with deep respect and admiration. Whatever may have been her mistakes and weaknesses, the great and good things she has done far outweigh them;

and I should be grieved if anything in her memoir should cast a momentary shadow over the agreeable image of her that the world will ultimately keep in its memory. I wish less of our piety were spent on imaginary perfect goodness, and more given to real *imperfect* goodness.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
25th Feb.

I am very happy for you to keep the sheets, and to get signatures (for the Women's Petition that they should have legal right to their own earnings). Miss Barbara Smith writes that she must have them returned to her before the 1st of March. I am glad you have taken up the cause, for I do think that, with proper provisos and safeguards, the proposed law would help to raise the position and character of women. It is one round of a long ladder stretching far beyond our lives.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
end of Feb.

During March George Eliot wrote only the Belles Lettres section for the April number of the *Westminster*, having resigned the subject of "Missions" to Harriet Martineau. She also wrote two articles for the *Saturday Review*, and two for the *Leader*. And there are the following letters in March to the Brays, in which allusion is made to their leaving the old home at Rosehill, owing to the unsatisfactory state of the Coventry business.

We are flourishing in every way except in health. Mr. Lewes's head is still infirm, but he manages, nevertheless, to do twice as much work as other people. I am always a croaker, you know, but my ailments are of a small kind, their chief symptoms being a muddled brain; and as my pen is not of the true literary order which will run along without the help of brains, I don't get through so much work as I should like. By the way, when the Spi-

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
26th March.

THE BRAYS LEAVING ROSEHILL [RICHMOND

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
26th March.

noza comes out, be so good as not to mention my name in connection with it. I particularly wish not to be known as the translator of the "Ethics," for reasons which it would be "too tedious to mention." You don't know what a severely practical person I am become, and what a sharp eye I have to the main chance. I keep the purse, and dole out sovereigns with all the pangs of a miser. In fact, if you were to feel my bump of acquisitiveness I dare say you would find it in a state of inflammation, like the "veneration" of that clergyman to whom Mr. Donovan said, "Sir, you have recently been engaged in prayer." I hope you recognized your own wit about the one-eyed dissenters, which was quoted in the *Leader* some time ago. You always said no one did so much justice to your jokes as I did.

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
31st March.

My mind is more rebellious than yours, and I can't help being saddened by the idea of you and Cara being in any other home than the dear old one. But I know that your cheerful courage is yet stronger in deed than in word. Will not business or pleasure bring you to London soon, and will you not come to see us? We can give you a bed — not a sumptuous one, but one which you will perhaps not find intolerable for a night. I know the trip up the Thames is charming, and we should like to do it with you, but I don't think we can manage it this summer. We are going to send or take the boys [Mr. Lewes's sons] to school in Germany at midsummer, and are at present uncertain about our arrangements. If we can *send* them, we shall go to the coast as soon as the warm weather comes, and remain there for three months. But our plans are not yet crystallized.

After I wrote you yesterday morning we had a letter from Germany which has made Mr. Lewes incline to defer sending the boys thither till next year. But he is anxious to remove them from their present school; and in the course of our consultations on the subject, we thought of Mr. John Sibree as a person in whom we should feel confidence as to the moral influence he would exercise as a tutor. The risk of placing children with entire strangers is terrible. So I tease you with another letter to ask you if Mr. J. Sibree continues in the same position as formerly, and if he is still anxious to obtain pupils. What a delicious day! We are going to have a holiday at the Zoölogical Gardens.

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
1st April.

Thank you for taking the trouble to write me a full account of matters so interesting to me. I hope you will be able thoroughly to enjoy this last precious summer on the pretty lawn, where it is one of my pleasures on sunshiny days to think of you all strolling about or seated on the Bearskin. We are very thankful for the Hofwyl circular, and have almost decided to send the two eldest boys there. But it is necessary to weigh all things carefully before coming to a determination; as not being either swindlers or philanthropists, we don't like to incur obligations which there is not a reasonable certainty of our being able to meet. I am much obliged to Mr. Bray, too, for sending Mr. John Sibree's letter. Mr. Lewes had already received an answer from him declining his proposition, but we were interested to read his very characteristic letter to his sister, which proved to Mr. Lewes that I had given him a correct description of the man.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th April.

The next few weeks are, perhaps, the most sig-

ZOÖLOGY AT ILFRACOMBE [ILFRACOMBE

nally important and interesting of all in George Eliot's development. There are unmistakeable signs of the rising of the sap of creative production.

In the middle of April Mr. Herbert Spencer, who had been away from London for some time, returned to town, and dined with them at Park Shot on the 15th, and on the 18th they went with him to Sydenham. On the 22d April George Eliot began her article on Young; and on the 29th she began to read Riehl's book,¹ on which she was to write another article for the *Westminster*. On the 8th of May they set off for Ilfracombe.

Letter to
the Brays,
6th June,
from
Ilfracombe.

When we arrived here I had not even read a great book on which I had engaged to write a long article by the beginning of this month; so that between work and zoology and bodily ailments my time has been full to overflowing. We are enchanted with Ilfracombe. I really think it is the loveliest sea place I ever saw, from the combination of fine rocky coast with exquisite inland scenery. But it would not do for any one who can't climb rocks and mount perpetual hills; for the peculiarity of this country is, that it is all hill and no valley. You have no sooner got to the foot of one hill than you begin to mount another. You would laugh to see our room decked with yellow pie-dishes, a *foot pan*, glass jars and phials, all full of zoöphytes, or molluscs, or annelids, — and still more, to see the eager interest with which we rush to our "preserves" in the morning to see if there has been any mortality among them in the night. We have made the acquaintance of a charming little zoölogical curate

¹ *Land und Leute*.

here, who is a delightful companion on expeditions, and is most good-natured in lending and giving apparatus and "critturs" of all sorts. Mr. Pigott ¹ is coming here in his brother's yacht at the end of June, and we hope then to go to Clovelly — Kingsley's Clovelly — and perhaps other places on the coast that we can't reach on foot. After this we mean to migrate to Tenby, for the sake of making acquaintance with its molluscs and medusæ.

Letter to
the Brays,
6th June,
from
Hiracombe.

I received your kind letter only yesterday, but I write a few words in answer at once, lest, as it so often happens, delay should beget delay.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
8th June,
from Tenby.

It is never too late to write generous words, and although circumstances are not likely to allow of our acquiring a more intimate knowledge of each other from personal intercourse, it will always be a pleasant thought to me that you have remembered me kindly, and interpreted me nobly. You are one of the minority who know how to "use their imagination in the service of charity."

I have suffered so much from misunderstanding created by letters, even to old friends, that I never write on private personal matters, unless it be a rigorous duty or necessity to do so. Some little phrase or allusion is misinterpreted, and on this false basis a great fabric of misconception is reared, which even explanatory conversations will not remove. Life is too precious to be spent in this weaving and unweaving of false impressions, and it is better to live quietly on under some degree of mis-

¹ Mr. Edward Smyth Pigott, who remained to the end of their lives a very close and much-valued friend of Mr. Lewes and George Eliot.

representation than to attempt to remove it by the uncertain process of letter-writing.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
29th June.

Yes, indeed, I do remember old Tenby days, and had set my heart on being in the very same house again ; but, alas ! it had just been let. It is immensely smartened up, like the place generally, since those old times, and is proportionately less desirable for quiet people who have no flounces and do not subscribe to new churches. Tenby looks insignificant in picturesqueness after Ilfracombe ; but the two objects that drew us hither, zoölogy and health, will flourish none the worse for the absence of tall precipices and many-tinted rocks. The air is delicious — soft but not sultry — and the sands and bathing such as are to be found nowhere else. St. Catherine's Rock with its caverns is our paradise. We go there with baskets, hammers and chisels, and jars and phials, and come home laden with spoils. Altogether we are contented to have been driven away from Ilfracombe by the cold wind, since a new place is new experience, and Mr. Lewes has never been here before. To me there is the additional pleasure — half melancholy — of recalling all the old impressions and comparing them with the new. I understand your wish to have as much of Rosehill as possible this year, and I am so glad that you will associate a visit from Herbert Spencer with this last summer. I suppose he is with you now. If so, give him my very evil regards, and tell him that because he has not written to us we will diligently *not* tell him a great many things he would have liked to know. We have a project of going into St. Catherine's caverns with lanterns, some night when the tide is low, about eleven, for

the sake of seeing the zoöphytes preparing for their midnight revels. The Actiniæ, like other belles, put on their best faces on such occasions. Two things we have lost by leaving Ilfracombe, for which we have no compensation, — the little zoölogical curate, Mr. Tugwell, who is really one of the best specimens of the clergyman species I have seen; and the pleasure of having Miss Barbara Smith there for a week sketching the rocks and putting our love of them into the tangible form of a picture. We are looking out now for Mr. Pigott in his brother's yacht; and his amiable face will make an agreeable variety on the sands. I thought "Walden" ¹ (you mean "Life in the Woods," don't you?) a charming book, from its freshness and sincerity as well as for its bits of description. It is pleasant to think that Harriet Martineau can make so much of her last days. Her energy and her habit of useful work are admirable.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
29th June.

During the stay of three months at Ilfracombe and Tenby not much literary work was done, except the articles on Young and on Riehl's book. There was a notice of Masson's Essays and the Belles Lettres section for the July number of the *Westminster*, and a review for the *Leader*. There is mention, too, of the reading of Beaumarchais' "Memoirs," Milne Edwards's "Zoölogy," Harvey's sea-side book, and "Coriolanus," and then comes this significant sentence in her Journal:—

July 20. — The fortnight has slipped away without my Journal. being able to show much result from it. I have written a review of the "Lover's Seat," and jotted down some

¹ By Thoreau.

MENTION OF FICTION WRITING [TENBY

Journal.

recollections of Ilfracombe: besides these trifles, and the introduction to an article already written, I have done no *visible* work. But I have absorbed many ideas and much bodily strength; indeed I do not remember ever feeling so strong in mind and body as I feel at this moment. I never before longed so much to know the names of things. The desire is part of the tendency that is now constantly growing in me to escape from all vagueness and inaccuracy into the daylight of distinct vivid ideas. The mere fact of naming an object tends to give definiteness to our conception of it. We have then a sign which at once calls up in our minds the distinctive qualities which mark out for us that particular object from all others. On Saturday the twelfth Barbara Smith arrived, and stayed here till Wednesday morning. We enjoyed her society very much, but were deeply touched to see that three years had made her so much older and sadder. Her activity for great objects is admirable; and contact with her is a fresh inspiration to work while it is day. We have now taken up Quatrefages again. The "Memoirs" of Beaumarchais yielded me little fruit. Mr. Chapman invites me to contribute to the *Westminster* for this quarter. *I am anxious to begin my fiction writing*, and so am not inclined to undertake an article that will give me much trouble, but at all events, I will finish my article on Young.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
29th July.

Glad to hear at last some news of your Essay — hoping to hear more and better by and by. I did n't like to think that your labour would be thrown away, except so far as it must do good to yourself by clearing up your ideas. Not that your ideas were muddy, but the last

degree of clearness can only come by writing. Mr. Pigott is with us just now, and we are meditating a nocturnal visit to St. Catherine's caves with him. Our visit to Tenby has been very useful zoologically, but we are not otherwise greatly in love with the place. It seems tame and vulgar after Ilfracombe.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
29th July.

Thank you for your kind note,¹ so like yourself. Such things encourage me, and help me to do better. I never think what I write is good for anything till other people tell me so, and even then it always seems to me as if I should never write anything *else* worth reading. Ah, how much good we may do each other by a few friendly words, and the opportunities for them are so much more frequent than for friendly deeds! We want people to feel with us more than to act for us. Mr. Lewes sends his kind regards to you. He, too, was very pleased with your letter, for he cares more about getting approbation for me than for himself. *He* can do very well without it.

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
6th Aug.

On the 8th August they left Tenby, and on the 9th arrived at Richmond "with terrible headache, but enjoyed the sense of being 'at home' again." On the 18th, "walked in Kew Park, and talked with G. of my novel." Finished "*César Birotteau*" aloud. On the 25th August Mr. Lewes set off for Hofwyl, near Berne, taking his two eldest boys, Charles and Thornton, to place them at school there. He returned on 4th September, and in his absence George Eliot had been busy with her article on "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists." This was finished on the 12th

¹ About the article on Riehl's book, *The Natural History of German Life*.

FIRST NOVEL

[RICHMOND

September, and on the 19th she sent off the Belles Lettres section for the October number of the *Westminster*.

We have now arrived at the period of the new birth, and fortunately, in the following memorandum, we have George Eliot's own words as to how it came about:—

How I came
to write
fiction.

September, 1856, made a new era in my life, for it was then I began to write fiction. It had always been a vague dream of mine that some time or other I might write a novel; and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be, varied, of course, from one epoch of my life to another. But I never went further towards the actual writing of the novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighbouring farm-houses; and as the years passed on I lost any hope that I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future life. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power, both of construction and dialogue, but I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive parts of a novel. My "introductory chapter" was pure description, though there were good materials in it for dramatic presentation. It happened to be among the papers I had with me in Germany, and one evening at Berlin something led me to read it to George. He was struck with it as a bit of concrete description, and it suggested to him the possibility of my being able to write a novel, though he distrusted—indeed disbelieved in—my possession of any dramatic power. Still, he began to think that I might as well try some time what I could do in fiction; and by

and by, when we came back to England, and I had greater success than he ever expected in other kinds of writing, his impression that it was worth while to see how far my mental power would go, towards the production of a novel, was strengthened. He began to say very positively, "You must try and write a story," and when we were at Tenby he urged me to begin at once. I deferred it, however, after my usual fashion, with work that does not present itself as an absolute duty. But one morning as I was thinking what should be the subject of my first story, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story, of which the title was "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton." I was soon wide awake again and told G. He said, "Oh, what a capital title!" and from that time I had settled in my mind that this should be my first story. George used to say, "It may be a failure — it may be that you are unable to write fiction. Or perhaps it may be just good enough to warrant you trying again." Again, "You may write a *chef-d'œuvre* at once — there's no telling." But his prevalent impression was, that though I could hardly write a *poor* novel, my effort would want the highest quality of fiction — dramatic presentation. He used to say, "You have wit, description, and philosophy — those go a good way towards the production of a novel. It is worth while for you to try the experiment."

We determined that if my story turned out good enough, we would send it to Blackwood; but G. thought the more probable result was that I should have to lay it aside and try again.

How I came
to write
fiction.

MR. LEWES'S ENCOURAGEMENT [RICHMOND

How I came
to write
fiction.

But when we returned to Richmond, I had to write my article on "Silly Novels," and my review of Contemporary Literature for the *Westminster*, so that I did not begin my story till September 22. After I had begun it, as we were walking in the park, I mentioned to G. that I had thought of the plan of writing a series of stories, containing sketches drawn from my own observation of the clergy, and calling them "Scenes from Clerical Life," opening with "Amos Barton." He at once accepted the notion as a good one — fresh and striking; and about a week afterwards, when I read him the first part of "Amos," he had no longer any doubt about my ability to carry out the plan. The scene at Cross Farm, he said, satisfied him that I had the very element he had been doubtful about — it was clear I could write good dialogue. There still remained the question whether I could command any pathos; and that was to be decided by the mode in which I treated Milly's death. One night G. went to town on purpose to leave me a quiet evening for writing it. I wrote the chapter from the news brought by the shepherd to Mrs. Hackit, to the moment when Amos is dragged from the bedside, and I read it to G. when he came home. We both cried over it, and then he came up to me and kissed me, saying, "I think your pathos is better than your fun."

The story of the "Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton" was begun on the 22d September and finished on the 5th November, and I subjoin the opening correspondence between Mr. Lewes and Mr. John Blackwood, to exhibit the first effect it produced: —

First Page of the Manuscript of
"The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton"

First Page of the Manuscript of
"The First Volume of the Manuscript of"

The sad Fortunes of Mr Reverend Amos Barton.

(Chapter - I.)

Shepperton Church was a very different looking building
five & twenty years ago. To be sure, its substantial stone
tower looks at you ~~into~~ through its intelligent eye, its clock,
with the friendly expression of forever clasp, but in every-
thing else, what changes! First, there is a wide span of
slated roof flanking the old steeple; the windows are
all large, metrical; the outer doors are resplendent with
oak graining; the inner doors resplendently varnished with
a varnish of red. haze; & the walls, you are convinced,
in which with due regard effect a settlement over they
are smooth & unvarnished as the pavement of the Road.
Amos Barton's head after ten years of baldness and
supererogatory soap. Pass through the haze doors &
you will see the nave filled with red shagreened benches,
divided at the free seats, while in certain eligible
corners close directly under the feet of the clergyman's
we here see, how recovered for the Shepperton gentility;
uple galleries are supported on iron pillars, & on one
of them stands the crowning glory, the very clasp or
arch of Shepperton church adornment, namely, an
organ, not very much out of repair, on which a collection
of small reeds, differentiated by the force of circumstances
into an organist, with accompanying the clarity of your
dear old after the blowing, by a sacred minstrel or an



"I trouble you with a MS. of 'Sketches of Clerical Life,' which was submitted to me by a friend who desired my good offices with you. It goes by this post. I confess that before reading the MS. I had considerable doubts of my friend's powers as a writer of fiction; but after reading it, these doubts were changed into very high admiration. I don't know what you will think of the story, but according to my judgement, such humour, pathos, vivid presentation, and nice observation, have not been exhibited (in this style) since the 'Vicar of Wakefield'; and in consequence of that opinion, I feel quite pleased in negotiating the matter with you.

Letter from
G. H. Lewes,
to John
Blackwood,
6th Nov.

"This is what I am commissioned to say to you about the proposed series. It will consist of tales and sketches illustrative of the actual life of our country clergy about a quarter of a century ago — but solely in its *human*, and not at all in its *theological* aspects; the object being to do what has never yet been done in our literature, for we have had abundant religious stories, polemical and doctrinal, but since the 'Vicar' and Miss Austen, no stories representing the clergy like every other class, with the humours, sorrows, and troubles of other men. He begged me particularly to add, that — as the specimen sent will sufficiently prove — the tone throughout will be sympathetic, and not at all antagonistic.

"Some of these, if not all, you may think suitable for 'Maga.' If any are sent of which you do not approve, or which you do not think sufficiently interesting, these he will reserve for the separate repub-

MR. BLACKWOOD'S OPINION [RICHMOND

Letter from
G. H. Lewes
to John
Blackwood,
6th Nov.

lication, and for this purpose he wishes to retain the copyright. Should you only print one or two, he will be well satisfied ; and still better, if you should think well enough of the series to undertake the separate republication."

Letter from
John Black-
wood to
G. H. Lewes,
12th Nov.

"I am happy to say that I think your friend's reminiscences of Clerical Life will do. If there is any more of the series written I should like to see it, as, until I saw more, I could not make any decided proposition for the publication of the Tales, in whole or in part, in the Magazine. This first specimen, 'Amos Barton,' is unquestionably very pleasant reading. Perhaps the author falls into the error of trying too much to explain the characters of his actors by description instead of allowing them to evolve in the action of the story ; but the descriptions are very humorous and good. The death of Milly is powerfully done, and affected me much. I am not sure whether he does not spoil it a little by specifying so minutely the different children and their names. The wind-up is perhaps the lamest part of the story ; and there, too, I think the defect is caused by the specifications as to the fortunes of parties of whom the reader has no previous knowledge, and cannot, consequently, feel much interest. At first, I was afraid that in the amusing reminiscences of childhood in church there was a want of some softening touch, such as the remembrance of a father or mother lends, in after years, to what was at the time considerable penance.

"I hate anything of a sneer at real religious feeling

as cordially as I despise anything like cant, and I should think this author is of the same way of thinking, although his clergymen, with one exception, are not very attractive specimens of the body. The revulsion of feeling towards poor Amos is capitally drawn, although the asinine stupidity of his conduct about the Countess had disposed one to kick him.

Letter from
John Black-
wood to
G. H. Lewes,
12th Nov.

"I dare say I shall have a more decided opinion as to the merits of the story when I have looked at it again and thought over it; but in the meantime I am sure that there is a happy turn of expression throughout, also much humour and pathos. If the author is a new writer, I beg to congratulate him on being worthy of the honours of print and pay. I shall be very glad to hear from you or him soon."

"I have communicated your letter to my clerical friend, who, though somewhat discouraged by it, has taken my advice, and will submit the second story to you when it is written. At present he has only written what he sent you. His avocations, he informs me, will prevent his setting to work for the next three weeks or so, but as soon as he is at liberty he will begin.

Letter from
G. H. Lewes
to John
Blackwood,
Saturday,
Nov.

"I rate the story much higher than you appear to do, from certain expressions in your note, though you too appreciate the humour and pathos and the happy turn of expression. It struck me as being fresher than any story I have read for a long while, and as exhibiting, in a high degree, that faculty which I find to be the rarest of all — viz., the dramatic ventriloquism.

“AMOS BARTON” ACCEPTED [RICHMOND

Letter from
G. H. Lewes
to John
Blackwood,
Saturday,
Nov.

Letter from
John Black-
wood to
G. H. Lewes,
18th Nov.

“At the same time I told him that I thoroughly understood your editorial caution in not accepting from an unknown hand a series on the strength of one specimen.”

“I was very far from intending that my letter should convey anything like disappointment to your friend. On the contrary, I thought the tale very good, and intended to convey as much. But I dare say I expressed myself coolly enough. Criticism would assume a much soberer tone were critics compelled *seriously to act* whenever they expressed an opinion. Although not much given to hesitate about anything, I always think twice before I put the decisive mark ‘In type for the Magazine’ on any MS. from a stranger. Fancy the intense annoyance (to say nothing of more serious considerations) of publishing, month after month, a series about which the conviction gradually forces itself on you that you have made a total blunder.

“I am sorry that the author has no more written, but if he cares much about a speedy appearance, I have so high an opinion of this first tale, that I will waive my objections, and publish it without seeing more — not, of course, committing myself to go on with the other tales of the series unless I approved of them. I am very sanguine that I will approve, as in addition to the other merits of ‘Amos,’ I agree with you that there is great freshness of style. If you think also that it would stimulate the author to go on with the other tales with more spirit, I will publish ‘Amos’ at once. He could divide it into two parts. I

am blocked up for December, but I could start him in January.

Letter from
John Black-
wood to
G. H. Lewes,
18th Nov.

"I am glad to hear that your friend is, as I supposed, a clergyman. Such a subject is best in clerical hands, and some of the pleasantest and least prejudiced correspondents I have ever had are English clergymen.

"I have not read 'Amos Barton' a second time, but the impression on my mind of the whole character, incidents, and feeling of the story is very distinct, which is an excellent sign."

"Your letter has greatly restored the shaken confidence of my friend, who is unusually sensitive, and, unlike most writers, is more anxious about *excellence* than about appearing in print — as his waiting so long before taking the venture proves. He is consequently afraid of failure, though not afraid of obscurity; and by failure he would understand that which I suspect most writers would be apt to consider as success — so high is his ambition.

Letter from
G. H. Lewes
to John
Blackwood,
Saturday,
Nov.

"I tell you this that you may understand the sort of shy, shrinking, ambitious nature you have to deal with. I tried to persuade him that you really *did* appreciate his story, but were only hesitating about committing yourself to a series; and your last letter has proved me to have been right — although, as he never contemplated binding you to the publication of any portion of the series to which you might object, he could not at first see your position in its true light.

"All is, however, clear now. He will be gratified

"SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE" [RICHMOND

Letter from
G. H. Lewes
to John
Blackwood,
Saturday,
Nov.

if you publish 'Amos Barton' in January, as it will give him ample time to get the second story ready, so as to appear when 'Barton' is finished, should you wish it. He is anxious, however, that you should publish the general title of 'Scenes of Clerical Life'; and I think you may do this with perfect safety, since it is quite clear that the writer of 'Amos Barton' is capable of writing at least one more story suitable to 'Maga,' and two would suffice to justify the general title.

"Let me not forget to add that when I referred to 'my clerical friend,' I meant to designate the writer of the clerical stories — not that he was a clericus. I am not at liberty to remove the veil of anonymity, even as regards social position. Be pleased, therefore, to keep the whole secret, and not even mention *my* negotiation, or in any way lead guessers (should any one trouble himself with such a guess — *not* very likely) to jump from me to my friend."

On Christmas Day, 1856, "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" was begun, and during December and January the following are mentioned among the books read: "The Ajax of Sophocles," Miss Martineau's "History of the Peace," Macaulay's "History" finished, Carlyle's "French Revolution," Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," and "Mansfield Park."

"Along with this I send a copy of the January number of the Magazine, in which you will find the

First Page of the Manuscript of
"Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story"



Mr. Gilfil's Loose Story *Mary G. Weston*
1874

When old Mr. Gilfil died, thirty years ago, there was general sorrow in Sheperton, & if black cloth had not been lying round the pulpit & reading desk by order of his nephews & principal legates, the parishioners would certainly have subscribed the necessary sum out of their own pockets, rather than allow such a tribute of respect to be wanting. All the farmers' wives brought out their black bombazines, & Mr. Jennings, at the altar, who appeared the first Sunday after Mr. Gilfil's death in her salmon-coloured ribbons & green shawl, excited the severest remark. To be sure, Mr. Jennings was a new comer & soon bred, so that she could hardly be expected to have very clear notions of what was proper; but, as Mr. Liggins ^{in an undertone} observed to Mrs. Parrot when they were coming out of church, "her husband, who had been born i' the parish, might ha' told her better." An unwise decision to put on black on all available occasions, or too great an anxiety in putting it off, argued, in Mr. Liggins's opinion, a dangerous levity of character, & an unnatural insensibility to the essential fitness of things.

"Some folks can't a-beer to put off their colours," she remarked, "but that was never the way i' my family. Why, Mr. Parrot, from the time I was married till Mr. Liggins died, nine year ago comes



first part of 'Amos Barton.' It gives me very great pleasure to begin the number with 'Amos,' and I put him in that position because his merits well entitle him to it, and also because it is a vital point to attract public attention to the *first* part of a series, to which end being the first article of the first number of the year may contribute.

Letter from
John Black-
wood to
the author
of "Amos
Barton,"
29th Dec.

"I have already expressed to our friend Mr. Lewes the very high opinion I entertain of 'Amos,' and the expectations I have formed of the series, should his successors prove equal to him, which I fully anticipate.

"It is a long time since I have read anything so fresh, so humorous, and so touching. The style is capital, conveying so much in so few words.

"Those who have seen the tale here are chiefly members of my own family, and they are all enthusiastic in praise.

"You may recollect that I expressed a fear that in the affecting and highly-wrought scene of poor Milly's death, the attempt to individualize the children by reiterating their names weakened the effect, as the reader had not been prepared to care for them individually, but simply as a group — the children of Milly and the sorrow-stricken curate. My brother says, 'No. Do not advise the author to touch anything so exquisite.' Of course you are the best judge.

"I now send proof of the conclusion of 'Amos,' in acknowledgement of which, and of the first part, I have the pleasure of enclosing a cheque for £52, 10s. — fifty guineas.

AUTHOR OF "AMOS BARTON" [RICHMOND

Letter from
John Black-
wood to
the author
of "Amos
Barton,"
29th Dec.

"If the series goes on as I anticipate, there is every prospect that a republication as a separate book, at some time or other, will be advisable. We would look upon such republication as a joint property, and would either give you a sum for your interest in it, or publish on the terms of one half of the clear profits, to be divided between author and publisher, as might be most agreeable to you.

"I shall be very glad to hear from you, either direct or through Mr. Lewes; and any intelligence that the successors of 'Amos' are taking form and substance will be very acceptable.

"I shall let you know what the other contributors and the public think of 'Amos' as far as I can gather a verdict, but in the meantime I may congratulate you on having achieved a preliminary success at all events."

From the
author of
"Amos Bar-
ton" to John
Blackwood,
Jan., 1857.

Your letter has proved to me that the generous Editor and publisher — generous both in word and in deed — who makes the author's path smooth and easy, is something more than a pleasant tradition. I am very sensitive to the merits of cheques for fifty guineas, but I am still more sensitive to that cordial appreciation which is a guarantee to me that my work was worth doing for its own sake.

If the "Scenes of Clerical Life" should be republished, I have no doubt we shall find it easy to arrange the terms. In the meantime, the most pressing business is to make them worth republishing.

I think the particularization of the children in the

death-bed scene has an important effect on the imagination. But I have removed all names from the "conclusion" except those of Patty and Dickey, in whom, I hope, the reader has a personal interest.

From the
author of
"Amos Barton"
to John
Blackwood,
Jan., 1857.

I hope to send you the second story by the beginning of February. It will lie, for the most part, among quite different scenes and persons from the last — opening in Shepperton once more, but presently moving away to a distant spot and new people, whom, I hope, you will not like less than "Amos" and his friends. But if any one of the succeeding stories should seem to you unsuitable to the pages of "Maga," it can be reserved for publication in the future volume, without creating any difficulty.

Thank you very warmly for the hearty acceptance you have given to my first story.

The first part of "Amos Barton" appeared in the Journal. January number of *Blackwood*. Before the appearance of the Magazine, on sending me the proof, Mr. John Blackwood already expressed himself with much greater warmth of admiration; and when the first part had appeared, he sent me a charming letter with a cheque for fifty guineas, and a proposal about republication of the series. When the story was concluded, he wrote me word how Albert Smith had sent him a letter saying he had never read anything that affected him more than Milly's death, and, added Blackwood, "The men at the club seem to have mingled their tears and their tumblers together. It will be curious if you should be a member and be hearing your own praises." There was clearly no suspicion that I was a woman. It is interesting as an

AUTHOR'S DESIRE FOR OPINIONS [RICHMOND

Journal.

indication of the value there is in such conjectural criticism generally, to remember that when G. read the first part of "Amos" to a party at Helps's, they were all sure I was a clergyman — a Cambridge man. Blackwood seemed curious about the author, and when I signed my letter "George Eliot," hunted up some old letters from Eliot Warburton's brother to compare the handwritings, though, he said, "'Amos' seems to me not in the least like what that good artilleryman would write."

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
4th Feb.

Thank you for fulfilling your promise to let me know something of the criticisms passed on my story. I have a very moderate respect for "opinions of the press," but the private opinions of intelligent people may be valuable to me.

In reference to artistic presentation, much adverse opinion will, of course, arise from a dislike to the *order* of art rather than from a critical estimate of the execution. Any one who detests the Dutch school in general will hardly appreciate fairly the merits of a particular Dutch painting. And against this sort of condemnation one must steel one's self as one best can. But objections which point out to me any vice of manner, or any failure in producing an intended effect, will be really profitable. For example, I suppose my scientific illustrations must be a fault, since they seem to have obtruded themselves disagreeably on one of my readers. But if it be a sin to be at once a man of science and a writer of fiction, I can declare my perfect innocence on that head, my scientific knowledge being as superficial as that of the most "practised writers." I hope to send you a second story in a few days, but I am rather behindhand this time, having

been prevented from setting to work for some weeks by other business.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
4th Feb.

Whatever may be the success of my stories, I shall be resolute in preserving my *incognito*, — having observed that a *nom de plume* secures all the advantages without the disagreeables of reputation. Perhaps, therefore, it will be well to give you my prospective name, as a tub to throw to the whale in case of curious inquiries; and accordingly I subscribe myself, best and most sympathizing of Editors, yours very truly, GEORGE ELIOT.

I may mention here that my wife told me the reason she fixed on this name was that George was Mr. Lewes's Christian name, and Eliot was a good mouth-filling, easily-pronounced word.

First let me thank you very heartily for your letter of the 10th. Except your own very cordial appreciation, which is so much beyond a mere official acceptance, that little fact about Albert Smith has gratified me more than anything else in connection with the effect of "Amos." If you should happen to hear an opinion from Thackeray, good or bad, I should like to know it.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
18th Feb.

You will see that I have availed myself of your suggestions on points of language. I quite recognize the justice of your criticisms on the French phrases. They are not in keeping with my story.

But I am unable to alter anything in relation to the delineation or development of character, as my stories always grow out of my psychological conception of the *dramatis personæ*. For example, the behaviour of Caterina in the gallery is essential to my conception of her nature, and to the development of that nature in the plot.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTINCT [RICHMOND

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
18th Feb.

My artistic bent is directed not at all to the presentation of eminently irreproachable characters, but to the presentation of mixed human beings in such a way as to call forth tolerant judgement, pity, and sympathy. And I cannot stir a step aside from what I *feel* to be *true* in character. If anything strikes you as untrue to human nature in my delineations, I shall be very glad if you will point it out to me, that I may reconsider the matter. But, alas! inconsistencies and weaknesses are not untrue. I hope that your doubts about the plot will be removed by the further development of the story. Meanwhile, warmest thanks for your encouraging letters.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
24th Feb.

I am the more inclined to think that I shall admire your book, because you are suspected of having given undue preponderance to the Christian argument: for I have a growing conviction that we may measure true moral and intellectual culture by the comprehension and veneration given to all forms of thought and feeling which have influenced large masses of mankind — and of all intolerance the intolerance calling itself philosophical is the most odious to me.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 1st
March.

Thank you for the copy of "Maga" and for the accompanying cheque. One has not many correspondents whose handwriting has such agreeable associations as yours.

I was particularly pleased with that extract you were so good as to send me from Mr. Swayne's letter. Dear old "Goldie" is one of my earliest and warmest admirations, and I don't desire a better fate than to lie side by side with him in people's memories.

The Rev. Mr. Swayne had written to Blackwood

saying that "Amos," in its charming tenderness, reminded him of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Blackwood had written much delighted with the two first parts of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," which were sent to him together.

I began, oddly enough you will perhaps think, by reading through the "Answers of Infidelity," ¹ those being the most interesting parts of the book to me. Some of your own passages I think very admirable,— some of them made me cry, which is always a sign of the highest pleasure writing can give me. But in many of the extracts, I think, Infidelity cuts a very poor figure. Some are feeble, some *bad*, and terribly discrepant in the tone of their thought and feeling from the passages which come fresh from your own mind. The disadvantage arising from the perpetual shifting of the point of view is a disadvantage, I suppose, inseparable from the plan, which I cannot admire or feel to be effective, though I can imagine it may be a serviceable form of presentation to some inquirers. The *execution* I do admire. I think it shows very high and rare qualities of mind — a self-discipline and largeness of thought, which are the highest result of culture. The "Objections of Christianity," which I have also read, are excellently put, and have an immense advantage over the "Answers of Infidelity" in their greater homogeneity. The first part I have only begun and glanced through, and at present have no other observation to make than that I think you might have brought a little more artillery to bear on Christian

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
2d March.

¹ Baillie Prize Essay on Christianity and Infidelity: An Exposition of the Arguments on both sides. By Miss Sara Hennell.

CATERINA'S CHARACTER [RICHMOND]

morality. But nothing is easier than to find fault — nothing so difficult as to *do* some real work.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
5th March.

I think I wrote very brusquely and disagreeably to you the other day, but the impertinence was altogether in the form and not at all in the feeling. I always have uncomfortable sensations after writing objections and criticisms when they relate to things I substantially admire. It is inflicting a hurt on my own veneration.

I showed the passage on the eye, p. 157, to Herbert Spencer, and he agrees with us that you have not stated your idea so as to render it a logical argument against design. You appear to imply that development and gradation in organs and functions are opposed to that conception, which they are not. I suppose you are aware that we all three hold the conception of creative design to be untenable. We only think you have not made out a good case against it.

Thank you for sending me some news of Harriet Martineau. I have often said lately, "I wonder how she is."

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 14th
March.

I am glad you retain a doubt in favour of the *dagger*, and wish I could convert you to entire approval, for I am much more satisfied when your feeling is thoroughly with me. But it would be the death of my story to substitute a dream for the real scene. Dreams usually play an important part in fiction, but rarely, I think, in actual life.

So many of us have reason to know that criminal impulses may be felt by a nature which is nevertheless guarded by its entire constitution from the commission of crime, that I can't help hoping that my Caterina will not forfeit the sympathy of all my readers.

The answer you propose to give to curious inquirers is the best possible. For several reasons I am very anxious to retain my incognito for some time to come, and to an author not already famous, anonymity is the highest prestige. Besides, if George Eliot turns out a dull dog and an ineffective writer — a mere flash in the pan — I, for one, am determined to cut him on the first intimation of that disagreeable fact.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 14th
March.

The fates have willed that this shall be a very melancholy story, and I am longing to be a little merrier again.

On the 16th March, Mr. Lewes and George Eliot started for Plymouth, Penzance, and the Scilly Isles, and we have the following recollections of their stay there : —

I had never before seen a granite coast, and on the southern side of the island of St. Mary's one sees such a coast in its most striking and characteristic forms. Rectangular crevices, the edges of which have been rounded by weather, give many of the granite masses a resemblance to bales of wool or cotton heaped on each other; another characteristic form is the mushroom-shaped mass, often lying poised on the summits of more cubical boulders or fragments; another is the immense flat platform stretching out like a pier into the sea; another the oval basins formed by the action of the rain-water on the summits of the rocks and boulders. The colouring of the rocks was very various and beautiful: sometimes a delicate greyish-green from the shaggy byssus which clothes it, chiefly high up from the water; then a light warm brown; then black; occasionally of a rich yellow; and here and there purplish. Below the rocks, on the coast, are almost

Recollections,
Scilly Isles,
March-May.

BEAUTIES OF THE COAST [SCILLY ISLES]

Recollections,
Scilly Isles,
March-May.

everywhere heaps of white boulders, sometimes remarkably perfect ovals, and looking like huge eggs of some monstrous bird. Hardly any weed was to be seen on the granite, except here and there in a rock-pool, green with young ulva; and no barnacles incrust the rock, no black mussels, scarcely any limpets. The waves that beat on this coast are clear as crystal, and we used to delight in watching them rear themselves like the horses of a mighty sea-god as they approached the rocks on which they were broken into eddies of milky foam. Along a great part of this southern coast there stretch heathy or furzy downs, over which I used to enjoy rambling immensely — there is a sense of freedom in those unenclosed grounds that one never has in a railed park, however extensive. Then, on the north side of the island, above Sandy Bar, what a view we used to get of the opposite islands and reefs, with their delicious violet and yellow tints — the tall ship or two anchored in the Sound, changing their aspect like living things, and when the wind was at all high the white foam prancing round the reefs and rising in fountain-like curves above the screen of rocks!

Many a wet and dirty walk we had along the lanes, for the weather was often wet and almost always blustering. Now and then, however, we had a clear sky and a calm sea, and on such days it was delicious to look up after the larks that were soaring above us, or to look out on the island- and reef-studded sea. I never enjoyed the lark before as I enjoyed it at Scilly — never felt the full beauty of Shelley's poem on it before. A spot we became very fond of toward the close of our stay was Carne Lea,

where, between two fine jutting piles of granite, there was a soft down, gay with the pretty pink flowers of the thrift, which, in this island, carpets the ground like greensward. Here we used to sit and lie in the bright afternoons, watching the silver sunlight on the waves, — bright silver, not golden — it is the morning and evening sunlight that is golden. A week or two after our arrival we made the acquaintance of Mr. Moyle, the surgeon, who became a delightful friend to us, always ready to help with the contents of his surgery or anything else at his command. We liked to have him come and smoke a cigar in the evening, and look in now and then for a little lesson in microscopy. The little indications of the social life at Scilly that we were able to pick up were very amusing. I was repeatedly told, in order to make me aware who Mr. Hall was, that he married a Miss Lemon. The people at St. Mary's imagine that the lawyers and doctors at Penzance are a sort of European characters that every one knows. We heard a great deal about Mr. Quill, an Irishman, the Controller of the Customs; and one day, when we were making a call on one of the residents, our host said two or three times at intervals, "I wish you knew Quill!" At last on our farewell call, we saw the distinguished Quill, with his hair plaistered down, his charming smile, and his trousers with a broad stripe down each leg. Our host amused us by his contempt for curs: "Oh, I would n't have a cur — there's nothing to look at in a cur!" ¹

Recollections,
Scilly Isles,
March-May.

The smallest details written in the hastiest way that will enable me to imagine you as you are, are just what

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
5th April.

¹ *Mill on the Floss*, Book IV, chap. iii, Bob Jakin.

CARELESS COOKING [RICHMOND

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
5th April.

I want — indeed all I care about in correspondence. We are more and more in love with these little islands. There is not a tree to be seen, but there are grand granite hills on the coast such as I never saw before, and furze-covered hills with larks soaring and singing above them, and zoölogical wonders on the shore to fill our bottles and our souls at once. For some time I have been unusually weak and knock-upable. Our landlady is an excellent woman, but like almost all peculiarly domestic women, has not more than rudimentary ideas of cooking; and in an island where you can get nothing but beef, except by sending to Penzance, that supreme science has its maximum value. She seems to think eating a purely arbitrary procedure — an abnormal function of mad people who come to Scilly; and if we ask her what the people live on here, is quite at a loss to tell us, apparently thinking the question relates to the abstruser portion of natural history. But I insist, and give her a culinary lecture every morning, and we do in the end get fed. Altogether our life here is so far better than the golden age, that we work as well as play. That is the happy side of things. But there is a very sad one to me which I shall not dwell upon — only tell you of. More than a week ago I received the news that poor Chrissey had lost one of her pretty little girls of fever, that the other little one — they were the only two she had at home with her — was also dangerously ill, and Chrissey herself and her servant apparently attacked by typhus too. The thought of her in this state is a perpetual shadow to me in the sunshine.

I shudder at entering on such great subjects [as “De-

sign"] in letters; — my idle brain wants lashing to work like a negro, and will do nothing under a slighter stimulus. We are enjoying a retrogression to old-fashioned reading. I rush on the slightest pretext to Sophocles, and am as excited about blind old Œdipus as any young lady can be about the latest hero with magnificent eyes. But there is *one* new book we have been enjoying, and so, I hope, have you — the "Life of Charlotte Brontë." Deeply affecting throughout: in the early part romantic, poetic as one of her own novels; in the later years tragic — especially to those who know what sickness is. Mrs. Gaskell has done her work admirably, both in the industry and care with which she has gathered and selected her material, and in the feeling with which she has presented it. There is one exception, however, which I regret very much. She sets down Branwell's conduct entirely to remorse. Remorse may make sad work with a man; but it will not make such a life as Branwell's was in the last three or four years, unless the germ of vice had sprouted and shot up long before, as it seems clear they had in him. What a tragedy! — that picture of the old father and the three sisters trembling, day and night, in terror at the possible deeds of their drunken, brutal son and brother! That is the part of the life which affects me most.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th April.

I have been looking anxiously for some further tidings of Chrissey since your last letter, which told me that she and Kate were better, though not out of danger. I try to hope that no news is good news, but if you do not think it troublesome to write, I shall be thankful to have that hope changed into certainty.

Letter to
Isaac P.
Evans,
16th April.

ANXIETY FOR MRS. CLARKE [SCILLY ISLES

Letter to
Isaac P.
Evans,
16th April.

Meanwhile, to save multiplying letters — which I know you are not fond of — I mention now what will take no harm from being mentioned rather prematurely. I should like Chrissey to have £15 of my next half-year's income, due at the beginning of June, to spend in taking a change of air as soon as she is able to do so; and perhaps if it were desirable for her to leave before the money has been paid in, you would be so kind as to advance it for a few weeks. I am writing, of course, in ignorance of her actual state; but I should think it must be good for her, as soon as she is able to move, to leave that fever-infected place for a time, and I know the money must have gone very fast in recent expenses. I only suggest the change of air as the thing that I should think best for Chrissey; but in any case I should like her to have the money to do what she pleases with it. If she is well enough, please to give her the enclosed note, in which I have suggested to her what I have just written to you.

I am much obliged to you for your last letter, and shall be still more so if you will write me word of Chrissey's present condition.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
1st May.

Thank you for the pleasant notes of impressions concerning my story sent to me through Lewes.

I will pay attention to your caution about the danger of huddling up my stories. Conclusions are the weak point of most authors, but some of the fault lies in the very nature of a conclusion which is at best a negation.

There must be something wrong in the winding up of "Amos," for I have heard of two persons who are disappointed with the conclusion. But the story never pre-

1857]

"MR. GILFIL" FINISHED

sented itself to me as possible to be protracted after Milly's death. The drama ends there.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
1st May.

I am thinking of writing a short epilogue to "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," and I will send it to you with the proof from Jersey, where, on a strict promise that I am not to be dissected, I shall shortly join our friend Lewes.

The third story will be very different from either of the preceding, which will perhaps be an advantage, as poor Tina's sad tale was necessarily rather monotonous in its effects.

The Epilogue to "Mr. Gilfil" was written sitting on the Fortification Hill, Scilly Isles, one sunshiny morning: and on 12th May they moved on to Jersey. Such hedgerows in this island! Such orchards, white against the green slopes and shady walks by the wood-side with distracting wild flowers. We enjoy the greenery and variety of this bushy island all the better for our stay on bare Scilly, which we had gone to and fro upon till we knew it by heart. Our little lodgings are very snug — only 13s. a week — a nice little sitting-room, with a work-room adjoining for Mr. Lewes, who is at this moment in all the bliss of having discovered a parasitic worm in a cuttlefish. We dine at five, and our afternoons are almost exhausted in rambling. I hope to get up my strength in this delicious quiet, and have fewer interruptions to work from headache than I have been having since Christmas. I wonder if I should have had the happiness of seeing Cara if I had been at Richmond now. I would rather see her than any one else in the world — except poor Chrissey. Tell me when you have read the life of Currer Bell. Some people think its revelations in

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d May.

FIRST MENTION OF MR. LIGGINS [JERSEY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d May.

bad taste — making money out of the dead, wounding the feelings of the living, etc. What book is there that some people or other will not find abominable? We thought it admirable, cried over it, and felt the better for it. We read Cromwell's letters again at Scilly with great delight.

In May Mr. Lewes writes to Mr. John Blackwood — "We were both amused with the divination of the Manx seer and his friend Liggers." This is the first mention of the individual, whose real name was Liggins of Nuneaton, who afterwards became notorious for laying claim to the authorship of the "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede."

"Janet's Repentance" had been begun on the 18th April, and the first three parts were finished in Jersey.

In reference to the "Scenes of Clerical Life" there are the following entries in the Journal:—

Journal.

May 2. — Received letter from Blackwood expressing his approbation of Part IX of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story." He writes very pleasantly, says the series is attributed by many to Bulwer, and that Thackeray thinks highly of it. This was a pleasant fillip to me, who am just now ready to be dispirited on the slightest pretext.

May 21. — The other day we had a pleasant letter from Herbert Spencer, saying that he had heard "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" discussed by Baynes and Dallas, as well as previously by Pigott, all expressing warm approval and curiosity as to the author.

May 26. — Received a pleasant letter from Blackwood, enclosing one from Archer Gurney to the author of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."

First Page of the Manuscript of
"Janet's Repentance"

First Page of the Manuscript of
"John's Epistle"

Israel's Repentance

Chapter I.

"Not," said Lawyer Dempster, in a loud ringing oratorical tone, clenching against chronic hushiness, "as long as my Maker grants me power of voice & power of intellect, I will take every legal means to resist the introduction of - secularizing, methodistical doctrine into this parish; I will not supinely suffer an insult to be inflicted on our venerable pastor, who has given us sound instruction for half a century."

It was now warm every where that morning, but especially in the bar of the Red Lion at Billings, where Mr. Dempster was seated mixing his third glass of brandy & water. He was a tall & rather massive man, & the front half of ~~his~~ ^{his} large rump was so well dugged with snuff, that the cat, who had inadvertently come upon him, had been seized with a severe fit of sneezing, an accident which, being cruelly misinterpreted, had caused her to be driven convulsively from the bar. Mr. Dempster habitually held his chin tucked in & his head hanging forward, weighted down, perhaps, by a preponderant occiput & a bulging forehead, between which his closely clipped coronal surface lay like a jet & new mown lawn lawn. The only other observable features were bushy cheeks & a protruding ^{up} lip. If this now I can only say that it was snuff, &c. &c. Dempster was never caught in the act of looking at anything in particular, it would have been difficult to swear to the colour of his eyes.

"Nell! I'll not stick at giving myself trouble to pe-



1857] ARCHER GURNEY ON THE "SCENES"

I subjoin this letter, as it is the first she received in her character of a creative author, and it still bears a pencil memorandum in her writing. "This letter he brought up to me at Jersey after reading it, saying with intense joy, 'Her fame is beginning.'"

"BUCKINGHAM (BUCKS),
Thursday, 14th May, 1857.

"SIR, — Will you consider it impertinent in a brother author and old reviewer to address a few lines of earnest sympathy and admiration to you, excited by the purity of your style, originality of your thoughts, and absence of all vulgar seeking for effect in those 'Scenes of Clerical Life' now appearing in *Blackwood*? If I mistake not much, your muse of invention is no hackneyed one, and your style is too peculiar to allow of your being confounded with any of the already well-known writers of the day. Your great and characteristic charm is, to my mind, Nature. You frequently, indeed, express what I may call brilliant ideas, but they always seem to come unsought for, never, as in Lytton, for instance, to be elaborated and placed in the most advantageous light. I allude to such brief aphoristic sayings as 'Animals are such agreeable friends, they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms,'— 'All with that brisk and cheerful air which a sermon is often observed to produce when it is quite finished.' By-the-by, I am one of the cloth, and might take exception to certain hints perhaps, but these are dubious. What I see plainly I admire honestly, and trust that more good

Letter from
Rev. Archer
Gurney to
the author of
"Mr. Gilfil's
Love-
Story,"
14th May.

LORD STANLEY ON THE "SCENES" [JERSEY

Letter from
Rev. Archer
Gurney to
the author of
"Mr. Gilfil's
Love-
Story,"
14th May.

remains behind. Will you always remain equally natural? That is the doubt. Will the fear of the critic, or the public, or the literary world, which spoils almost every one, never master you? Will you always write to please yourself, and preserve the true independence which seems to mark a real supremacy of intellect? But these questions are, I fear, impertinent. I will conclude. Pardon this word of greeting from one whom you may never see or know, and believe me, your earnest admirer,

"ARCHER GURNEY.

"The Author of
'Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.'"

Journal.

June. — Blackwood writes from London that he hears nothing but approval of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story." Lord Stanley, among other people, had spoken to him about the "Clerical Scenes" at Bulwer's, and was astonished to find Blackwood in the dark as to the author.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
2d June.

I send you by the same post with this the first part of my third story, which I hope will not disappoint you. The part is, I think, rather longer than my parts have usually been, but it would have been injurious to the effect of the story to pause earlier.

Pleasant letters like yours are the best possible stimulus to an author's powers, and if I don't write better and better, the fault will certainly not lie in my editor, who seems to have been created in pre-established harmony with the organization of a susceptible contributor.

This island, too, with its grassy valleys and pretty indented coast, is not at all a bad haunt for the Muses,

1857] CHARMS OF RICHMOND PARK

if, as one may suppose, they have dropped their too scanty classical attire, and appear in long dresses and brown hats, like decent Christian women likely to inspire "Clerical Scenes."

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
2d June.

Moreover, having myself a slight zoölogical weakness, I am less alarmed than most people at the society of a zoölogical maniac. So that, altogether, your contributor is in promising circumstances, and if he does n't behave like an animal in good condition, is clearly unworthy of his keep.

I am much gratified to have made the conquest of Professor Aytoun; but with a parent's love for the depreciated child, I can't help standing up for "Amos" as better than "Gilfil."

Lewes seems to have higher expectations from the third story than from either of the preceding; but I can form no judgement myself until I have quite finished a thing, and see it aloof from my actual self. I can only go on writing what I feel, and waiting for the proof that I have been able to make others feel.

Richmond is *not* fascinating in "the season" or through the summer. It is hot, noisy, and haunted with Cockneys; but at other times we love the Park with an increasing love, and we have such a kind, good landlady there, that it always seems like going home when we return to Park Shot. She writes to us: "I hope you will make your fortune—but you must always live with me," which, considering that she gets less out of us than other lodgers, is a proof of affection in a landlady. Yes! we like our wandering life at present, and it is fructifying, and brings us material in many ways; but we keep

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
5th June.

ROSEHILL'S NEW TENANTS [JERSEY

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
5th June.

in perspective the idea of a cottage among green fields and cows, where we mean to settle down (after we have once been to Italy), and buy pots and kettles and keep a dog. Wherever we are we work hard — and at work which brings *present* money; for we have too many depending on us to be *dilettanti* or idlers.

I wish it to be understood that I should never invite any one to come and see me who did not ask for the invitation.

You wonder how my face has changed in the last three years. Doubtless it is older and uglier, but it ought not to have a bad expression, for I never have anything to call out my ill-humour or discontent, — which you know were always ready enough to come on slight call, — and I have everything to call out love and gratitude.

Letter to
Mrs. John
Cash (Miss
Mary
Sibree),
6th June.

Your letter was very sweet to me. The sense of my deficiencies in the past often presses on me with a discouraging weight, and to know that any one can remember me lovingly, helps me to believe that there has been some good to balance the evil. I like to think of you as a happy wife and mother; and since Rosehill must have new tenants, I like to think that you and yours are there rather than any one else, not only because of my own confidence in your nature, but because our dear friends love you so much as a neighbour. You know I can never feel otherwise than sorry that they should not have ended their days in that pretty home; but the inevitable regret is softened as much as possible by the fact that the home has become yours.

It is very nice to hear that Mrs. Sibree can relish anything of my writing. She was always a favourite with

me; and I remember very vividly many pleasant little conversations with her. Seventy-two! How happy you are to have a dear, aged mother, whose heart you can gladden.

Letter to
Mrs. John
Cash (Miss
Mary
Sibree),
6th June.

I was a good deal touched by the letter your brother wrote to you about accepting, or rather declining, more pupils. I feel sure that his sensitive nature has its peculiar trials and struggles in this strange life of ours, which some thick-skinned mortals take so easily.

I am very happy — happy in the highest blessing life can give us, the perfect love and sympathy of a nature that stimulates my own to healthful activity. I feel too that all the terrible pain I have gone through in past years, partly from the defects of my own nature, partly from outward things, has probably been a preparation for some special work that I may do before I die. That is a blessed hope, to be rejoiced in with trembling. But even if that hope should be unfulfilled, I am contented to have lived and suffered for the sake of what has already been. You see your kind letter has made me inclined to talk about myself, but as we do not often have any communication with each other, I know it will be a gratification to your sympathetic nature to have a few direct words from me that will assure you of my moral well-being.

I hope your little ones are just like you — just as fair and sweet-tempered.

I sent off the first part of "Janet's Repentance," but to my disappointment Blackwood did not like it so well — seemed to misunderstand the characters, and to be doubtful about the treatment of clerical matters. I wrote

Journal,
June.

"JANET'S REPENTANCE" [JERSEY

Journal,
June.

at once to beg him to give up printing the story if he felt uncomfortable about it, and he immediately sent me a very anxious, cordial letter, saying the thought of putting a stop to the series "gave him quite a turn": he "did not meet with George Eliots every day" — and so on.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
11th June.

I am not much surprised and not at all hurt by your letter received to-day with the proof. It is a great satisfaction — in fact, my only satisfaction — that you should give me your judgement with perfect frankness. I am able, I think, to enter into an editor's doubts and difficulties, and to see my stories in some degree from your point of view as well as my own. My answer is written after considering the question as far as possible on all sides, and as I feel that I shall not be able to make any other than *superficial* alterations in the proof, I will, first of all, say what I can in explanation of the spirit and future course of the present story.

The collision in the drama is not at all between "bigoted churchmanship" and evangelicalism, but between *irreligion* and religion. Religion in this case happens to be represented by evangelicalism; and the story, so far as regards the *persecution*, is a real bit in the religious history of England, that happened about eight-and-twenty years ago. I thought I had made it apparent in my sketch of Milby feelings, on the advent of Mr. Tryan, that the conflict lay between immorality and morality — *irreligion* and religion. Mr. Tryan will carry the reader's sympathy. It is through him that Janet is brought to repentance. Dempster's vices have their natural evolution in deeper and deeper moral de-

terioration (though not without softening touches), and death from intemperance. Everything is softened from the fact, so far as art is permitted to soften and yet to remain essentially true.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
11th June.

My sketches, both of Churchmen and Dissenters, with whom I am almost equally acquainted, are drawn from close observation of them in real life, and not at all from hearsay or from descriptions of novelists. If I were to undertake to alter language or character, I should be attempting to represent some vague conception of what may possibly exist in other people's minds, but has no existence in my own. Such of your marginal objections as relate to a mere detail, I can meet without difficulty by alteration; but as an artist I should be utterly powerless if I departed from my own conceptions of life and character. There is nothing to be done with the story, but either to let Dempster and Janet and the rest be as I *see* them, or to renounce it as too painful. I am keenly alive, at once to the scruples and alarms an editor may feel, and to my own utter inability to write under cramping influence, and on this double ground I should like you to consider whether it will not be better to close the series for the Magazine *now*. I dare say you will feel no difficulty about publishing a volume containing the story of "Janet's Repentance," and I shall accept that plan with no other feeling than that you have been to me the most liberal and agreeable of editors, and are the man of all others I would choose for a publisher.

My irony, so far as I understand myself, is not directed against opinions — against any class of religious views — but against the vices and weaknesses that be-

"JANET'S REPENTANCE"

[JERSEY

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
11th June.

long to human nature in every sort of clothing. But it is possible that I may not affect other minds as I intend and wish to affect them, and you are a better judge than I can be of the degree in which I may occasionally be offensive. I should like *not* to be offensive — I should like to touch every heart among my readers with nothing but loving humour, with tenderness, with belief in goodness. But I may have failed in this case of Janet, at least so far as to have made you feel its publication in the Magazine a disagreeable risk. If so, there will be no harm done by closing the series with No. 2, as I have suggested. If, however, I take your objections to be deeper than they really are — if you prefer inserting the story in spite of your partial dissatisfaction, I shall of course be happy to appear under "Maga's" wing still.

When I remember what have been the successes in fiction, even as republications from "Maga," I can hardly believe that the public will regard my pictures as exceptionally coarse. But in any case there are too many prolific writers who devote themselves to the production of pleasing pictures, to the exclusion of all disagreeable truths, for me to desire to add to their number. In this respect, at least, I may have some resemblance to Thackeray, though I am not conscious of being in any way a disciple of his, unless it constitute discipleship to think him, as I suppose the majority of people with any intellect do, on the whole the most powerful of living novelists.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
8th June.

I feel every day a greater disinclination for theories and arguments about the origin of things in the presence of all this mystery and beauty and pain and ugliness that floods one with conflicting emotions.

We are reading "Aurora Leigh" for the third time with more enjoyment than ever. I know no book that gives me a deeper sense of communion with a large as well as beautiful mind. It is in process of appearing in a third edition, and no wonder.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
8th June.

If I live five years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will outweigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others, and I can conceive no consequences that will make me repent the past. Do not misunderstand me, and suppose that I think myself heroic or great in any way. Far enough from that! Faulty, miserably faulty I am — but least of all faulty when others most blame.

On the 24th July the pleasant sojourn at Jersey came to an end. The travellers returned to 8 Park Shot, Richmond, where Miss Sara Hennell paid them a visit at the end of the month, and Dr. and Mrs. Bodichon (*née* Miss Barbara L. Smith) came, on the 4th of August. On the 12th August there is an entry in the Journal, "Finished the 'Electra' of Sophocles, and began Æschylus's 'Agamemnon,'" and then come the following letters:—

Lewes has just given me your letter of the 15th with the accompanying one from the Rev. W. P. Jones.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
17th Aug.

Mr. Tryan is not a portrait of any clergyman, living or dead. He is an ideal character, but I hope probable enough to resemble more than one evangelical clergyman of his day.

If Mr. Jones's deceased brother was like Mr. Tryan, so much the better, for in that case he was made of hu-

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
17th Aug.

man nature's finer clay. I think you will agree with me that there are few clergymen who would be depreciated by an identification with Mr. Tryan. But I should rather suppose that the old gentleman, misled by some similarity in outward circumstances, is blind to the discrepancies which must exist where no portrait was intended. As to the rest of my story, so far as its elements were suggested by real persons, those persons have been, to use good Mr. Jones's phrase, "long in eternity."

I think I told you that a persecution of the kind I have described did actually take place, and belongs as much to the common store of our religious history as the Gorham Controversy, or as Bishop Blomfield's decision about wax candles. But I only know the *outline* of the real persecution. The details have been filled in from my imagination. I should consider it a fault which would cause me lasting regret if I had used reality in any other than the legitimate way common to all artists, who draw their materials from their observation and experience. It would be a melancholy result of my fictions, if I gave *just* cause of annoyance to any good and sensible person. But I suppose there is no perfect safeguard against erroneous impressions or a mistaken susceptibility. We are all apt to forget how little there is about us that is unique, and how very strongly we resemble many other insignificant people who have lived before us. I should n't wonder if several nieces of pedantic maiden ladies saw a portrait of their aunt in Miss Pratt, but I hope they will not think it necessary, on that ground, to increase the already troublesome number of your correspondents.

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ROSA BONHEUR

We went to see Rosa Bonheur's picture the other day. What power! That is the way women should assert their rights. Writing is part of my religion, and I can write no word that is not prompted from within. At the same time I believe that almost all the best books in the world have been written with the hope of getting money for them.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th Aug.

Unless there be any strong reason to the contrary, I should like to close the series with this story. According to my calculation, which, however, may be an erroneous one, the three stories will make two good volumes — *i. e.*, good as to bulk.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
1st Sept.

I have a subject in my mind which will not come under the limitations of the title "Clerical Life," and I am inclined to take a large canvas for it and write a novel.

In case of my writing fiction for "Maga" again, I should like to be considerably beforehand with my work so that you can read a thoroughly decisive portion before beginning to print.

The days are very peaceful — peacefully busy. One always feels a deeper calm as autumn comes on. I should be satisfied to look forward to a heaven made up of long autumn afternoon walks, quite delivered from any necessity of giving a judgement on the woman question, or of reading newspapers about Indian mutinies. I am so glad there are thousands of good people in the world who have very decided opinions, and are fond of working hard to enforce them. I like to feel and think everything and do nothing, a pool of the "deep contemplative" kind.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st Sept.

MEDITATING A NEW STORY [RICHMOND]

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st Sept.

Some people *do* prosper — that is a comfort. The rest of us must fall back on the beatitudes — “Blessed are the poor” — that is Luke’s version, you know, and it is really, on the whole, more comforting than Matthew’s. I’m afraid there are few of us who can appropriate the blessings of the “poor in spirit.”

We are reading one of the most wonderful books in French or any other literature — Monteil’s “Histoire des Français des divers États” — a history written on an original plan. If you see any account of it, read that account.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
17th Oct.

I am very much gratified that my Janet has won your heart and kept up your interest in her to the end.

My new story haunts me a good deal, and I shall set about it without delay. It will be a country story — full of the breath of cows and the scent of hay. But I shall not ask you to look at it till I have written a volume or more, and then you will be able to judge whether you will prefer printing it in the Magazine, or publishing it as a separate novel when it is completed.

By the way, the sheets of the “Clerical Scenes” are not come, but I shall not want to make any other than verbal and literal corrections, so that it will hardly be necessary for me to go through the sheets *and* the proofs, which I must, of course, see.

I enclose a title-page with a motto. But if you don’t like the motto, I give it up. I’ve not set my heart on it.

I leave the number of copies to be published, and the style of getting up, entirely to your discretion. As to the terms, I wish to retain the copyright, according to the stipulation made for me by Lewes when he sent “Amos

1857]

MR. AND MRS. CALL

Barton"; and whatever you can afford to give me for the first edition, I shall prefer having as a definite payment rather than as half profits.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
17th Oct.

You stated, in a letter about "Amos Barton," your willingness to accede to either plan, so I have no hesitation in expressing my wishes.

"Open to conviction," indeed! I should think so. I am open to conviction on all points except dinner and debts. I hold that the one must be eaten and the other paid. These are my only prejudices.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Oct.

I was pleased with Mr. Call.¹ He is a man one really cares to talk to — has thoughts, says what he means, and listens to what others say. We should quite like to see him often. And I cannot tell you how much I have felt Mrs. Call's graceful as well as kind behaviour to me. Some months ago, before the new edition of the "Biographical History of Philosophy" came out, Mr. Lewes had a letter from a working-man at Leicester, I think, who said that he and some fellow students met together, on a Sunday, to read the book aloud and discuss it. He had marked some errors of the press, and sent them to Mr. Lewes for his new edition. Was n't that pretty?

"Conscience goes to the hammering in of nails" is my gospel. There can be no harm in preaching *that* to women at any rate. But I should be sorry to undertake any more specific enunciation of doctrine on a question

Letter to
the Brays,
30th Oct.

¹ Mr. W. M. W. Call, author of *Reverberations, and Other Poems*, who married Mr. Charles Hennell's widow — formerly Miss Brabant. As will be seen from the subsequent correspondence, Mr. and Mrs. Call remained amongst the Leweses' warm friends to the end, and Mr. Call is the author of an interesting paper on George Eliot in the *Westminster Review* of July, 1881.

THE "WOMAN QUESTION" [RICHMOND

Letter to
the Brays,
30th Oct.

so entangled as the "woman question." The part of the Epicurean gods is always an easy one; but because I prefer it so strongly myself, I the more highly venerate those who are struggling in the thick of the contest. "La carrière ouverte aux talents," whether the talents be feminine or masculine, I am quite confident is a right maxim. Whether "La carrière ouverte à la sottise" be equally just when made equally universal, it would be too much like "taking sides" for me to say.

There are only three entries in the journal for October.

Oct. 9. — Finished "Janet's Repentance." I had meant to carry on the series, and especially I longed to tell the story of the "Clerical Tutor," but my annoyance at Blackwood's want of sympathy in the first part (although he came round to admiration at the third part) determined me to close the series and republish them in two volumes.

Oct. 22. — Began my new novel "Adam Bede."

Oct. 29. — Received a letter from Blackwood offering me £120 for the first edition of "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th Oct.

I am quite contented with the sum (£120) you offer me for the edition, being thoroughly confident of your disposition to do the best you can for me. I perceive your hope of success for the "Scenes" is not strong, and you certainly have excellent means of knowing the probabilities in such a case.

I am not aware that the motto has been used before, but if you suspect it, we had better leave it out altogether. A stale motto would hardly be an ornament to the title-page.

How I wish I could get to you by some magic, and have one walk over the hill with you again. Letters are poor things compared with five minutes of looking and speaking, and one kiss. Nevertheless, I do like to have a little letter now and then, though I don't for a moment ask it if you have no spontaneous impulse to give it. I can't help losing belief that people love me — the unbelief is in my nature, and no sort of fork will drive it finally out. I can't help wondering that you can think of *me* in the past with much pleasure. It all seems so painful to me — made up of blunders and selfishness — and it only comes back upon me as a thing to be forgiven. That is honest painful truth, and not sentimentality. But I am thankful if others found more good than I am able to remember.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
1st Nov.

It is pleasant to have the first sheet of one's proof — to see one's paragraphs released from the tight-lacing of double columns, and expanding themselves at their ease.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
7th Nov.

I perceive clearly the desirableness of the short number — for my observation of literary affairs has gone far enough to convince me that neither critical judgement, nor practical experience, can guarantee any opinion as to rapidity of sale, in the case of an unknown author; and I shudder at the prospect of encumbering my publishers' bookshelves.

My new story is in progress — slow progress at present. A little sunshine of success would stimulate its growth, I dare say. Unhappily, I am as impressionable as I am obstinate, and as much in need of sympathy from my readers as I am incapable of bending myself to their tastes. But if I can only find a public as cordial and

TOLERATING THE INTOLERANT [RICHMOND

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
7th Nov.

agreeable in its treatment of me as my editor, I shall have nothing to wish. Even my thin skin will be comfortable then. The page is not a shabby one, after all; but I fear the fact of two volumes instead of three is a fatal feature in my style in the eyes of librarians.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
9th Nov.

One is glad to have one's book (apropos of review of Lewes's "History of Philosophy") spoken well of by papers of good circulation, because it is possible, though not certain, that such praise may help the sale; but otherwise it is hardly worth while to trouble one's self about newspaper reviews, unless they point out some error, or present that very rare phenomenon, a true appreciation, which is the most delicious form in which sympathy can reach one. So much sectarian feeling usually arises in discussions on the subject of phrenology, that I confess the associations of the word are not agreeable to me. The last refuge of intolerance is in not tolerating the intolerant; and I am often in danger of secreting that sort of venom.

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
15th Nov.

It is pleasant to have a kind word now and then, when one is not near enough to have a kind glance or a hearty shake by the hand. It is an old weakness of mine to have no faith in affection that does not express itself; and when friends take no notice of me for a long while, I generally settle down into the belief that they have become indifferent or have begun to dislike me. That is not the best mental constitution; but it might be worse — for I don't feel obliged to dislike *them* in consequence. I, for one, ought not to complain if people think worse of me than I deserve, for I have very often reason to be ashamed of my thoughts about others. They almost al-

ways turn out to be better than I expected — fuller of kindness towards me at least. In the fundamental doctrine of your book [“The Philosophy of Necessity”] — that mind presents itself under the same conditions of invariableness of antecedent and consequent as all other phenomena (the only difference being that the true antecedent and consequent are proportionately difficult to discover as the phenomena are more complex) — I think you know that I agree. And every one who knows what science means, must also agree with you that there can be no social science without the admission of that doctrine. I dislike extremely a passage in which you appear to consider the disregard of individuals as a lofty condition of mind. My own experience and development deepen every day my conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree in which we sympathize with individual suffering and individual joy. The fact that in the scheme of things we see a constant and tremendous sacrifice of individuals, is, it seems to me, only one of the many proofs that urge upon us our total inability to find in our own natures a key to the Divine mystery. I could more readily turn Christian, and worship Jesus again, than embrace a Theism which professes to explain the proceedings of God. But I don’t feel at all wise in these matters. I have a few strong impressions which serve me for my own support and guidance, but do not in the least qualify me to speak as a theorist.

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
15th Nov.

Mr. Lewes sends you his kind remembrances, and will not like you any the worse for cutting him up. He has had to perform that office for his own friends some-

THE POSITION OF PHRENOLOGY [RICHMOND

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
15th Nov.

times. I suppose phrenology is an open question, on which everybody has a right to speak his mind. Mr. Lewes, feeling the importance of the subject, desired to give it its due place in his "History of Philosophy," and doing so, he must, of course, say what *he* believes to be the truth, not what other people believe to be the truth. If you will show where he is mistaken, you will be doing him a service as well as phrenology. His arguments may be bad; but I will answer for him that he has not been guilty of any intentional unfairness. With regard to their system, phrenologists seem to me to be animated by the same sort of spirit as that of religious dogmatists, and especially in this — that in proportion as a man approximates to their opinions without identifying himself with them, they think him offensive and contemptible. It is amusing to read from the opposite side complaints against Mr. Lewes for giving too high a position to phrenology, and a confident opinion that "phrenologists, by their ridiculous pretensions, merit all the contempt that has been thrown on them." Thus doctors differ! But I am much less interested in crusades for or against phrenology than in your happiness at Ivy Cottage.¹ Happiness means all sorts of love and good feeling; and that is the best result that can ever come out of science. Do you know Buckle's "History of Civilization"? I think you would find it a suggestive book.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
24th Nov.

Anniversaries are sad things — to one who has lived long and done little. Herbert Spencer dined with us the other day — looks well, and is brimful of clever talk as usual. His volume of "Essays," is to come out soon.

¹ The Brays' new house at Coventry.

He is just now on a crusade against the notion of "species." We are reading Harriet Martineau's history with edification, and otherwise feeding our souls, which flourish very well, notwithstanding November weather.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Heunell,
24th Nov.

Nov. 28. — A glorious day, still autumnal and not wintry. We have had a delicious walk in the Park, and I think the colouring of the scenery is more beautiful than ever. Many of the oaks are still thickly covered with leaves of a rich yellow-brown; the elms, golden sometimes, still with lingering patches of green. On our way to the Park the view from Richmond Hill had a delicate blue mist over it, that seemed to hang like a veil before the sober brownish-yellow of the distant elms. As we came home, the sun was setting on a fog-bank, and we saw him sink into that purple ocean — the orange and gold passing into green above the fog-bank, the gold and orange reflected in the river in more sombre tints. The other day, as we were coming home through the Park, after having walked under a sombre, heavily-clouded sky, the western sun shone out from under the curtain, and lit up the trees and grass, thrown into relief on a background of dark-purple cloud. Then as we advanced towards the Richmond end of the Park, the level reddening rays shone on the dry fern and the distant oaks, and threw a crimson light on them. I have especially enjoyed this autumn, the delicious greenness of the turf, in contrast with the red and yellow of the dying leaves.

Journal.

Dec. 6 (Sunday). — Finished the "Agamemnon" to-day. In the evenings of late we have been reading Harriet Martineau's "Sketch of the British Empire in

Journal.

India," and are now following it up with Macaulay's articles on Clive and Hastings. We have lately read Harriet Martineau's Introduction to the "History of the Peace."

Dec. 8. — I am reading "Die Familie," by Riehl, forming the third volume of the series, the two first of which, "Land und Leute," and "Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft," I reviewed for the *Westminster*.

A letter from Blackwood to-day tells us that Major Blackwood, during his brother's absence in England, having some reasons, not specified, for being more hopeful about the "Clerical Scenes," resolved to publish 1000 instead of 750; and in consequence of this, Blackwood promises to pay me an additional £60 when 750 shall have been sold off. He reports that an elderly clergyman has written to him to say that "Janet's Repentance" is exquisite — another vote to register along with that of Mrs. Nutt's rector, who "cried over the story like a child."

Dec. 10. — Major Blackwood called — an unaffected, agreeable man. It was evident to us, when he had only been in the room a few minutes, that he knew I was George Eliot.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
11th Dec.

Lewes has read to me your last kind letter, and I am not insensible to the "practical cheerer" it contains. But I rejoice with trembling at the additional 250, lest you should have to repent of them.

I have certainly had a good deal of encouragement to believe that there are many minds, both of the more cultured sort and of the common novel-reading class, likely to be touched by my stories; but the word "many" is

very elastic, and often shrinks frightfully when measured by a financial standard.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
11th Dec.

When one remembers how long it was before Charles Lamb's Essays were known familiarly to any but the elect few, the very strongest assurance of merit or originality — supposing one so happy as to have that assurance — could hardly do more than give the hope of *ultimate* recognition.

Our affairs are very prosperous just now, making sunshine in a shady or rather a foggy place. It is a great happiness to me that Mr. Lewes gets more and more of the recognition he deserves; pleasant letters and speeches have been very numerous lately, especially about his "Sea-side Studies" which have appeared in *Blackwood*, and are soon to appear — very much improved and enlarged — in a separate volume. Dear Carlyle writes apropos of his "Frederick" — "I have had such a fourteen months as was never appointed me before in this world — sorrow, darkness, and disgust my daily companions; and no outlook visible, except getting a detestable business turned off, or else being driven mad by it." That is his exaggerated way of speaking; and writing is always painful to him. Do you know he is sixty-two! I fear this will be his last book. Tell Mr. Bray I am reading a book of Riehl's, "The Family," forming the sequel to his other volumes. He will be pleased to hear that so good a writer agrees with him on several points about the occupations of women. The book is a good one; and if I were in the way of writing articles, I should write one on it. There is so much to read, and the days are so short! I get more hungry for

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th Dec.

THE YEAR'S WORK [RICHMOND

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th Dec.

knowledge every day, and less able to satisfy my hunger. Time is like the Sibylline leaves, getting more precious the less there remains of it. That, I believe, is the correct allusion for a fine writer to make on the occasion.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
15th Dec.

I give up the motto, because it struck you as having been used before; and though I copied it into my note-book when I was re-reading "Amelia" a few months ago, it is one of those obvious quotations which never *appear* fresh, though they may actually be made for the first time.

I shall be curious to know the result of the subscription.

There are a few persons to whom I should like a copy of the volume to be sent, and I enclose a list of them.

Journal.

Dec. 17. — Read my new story to G. this evening as far as the end of the third chapter. He praised it highly. I have finished "Die Familie," by Riehl — a delightful book. I am in the "Choephoræ" now. In the evenings we are reading "History of the Thirty Years' Peace" and Béranger. Thoroughly disappointed in Béranger.

Dec. 19 (Saturday). — Alone this evening with very thankful, solemn thoughts — feeling the great and unhopèd-for blessings that have been given me in life. This last year, especially, has been marked by inward progress and outward advantages. In the spring George's "History of Philosophy" appeared in the new edition; his "Sea-side Studies" have been written with much enjoyment, and met with much admiration, and now they are on the verge of being published with bright prospects. Blackwood has also accepted his "Physiology of Common Life"; the "Goethe" has passed into

its third German edition; and best of all, G.'s head is well. I have written the "Scenes of Clerical Life" — my first book; and though we are uncertain still whether it will be a success as a separate publication, I have had much sympathy from my readers in *Blackwood* and feel a deep satisfaction in having done a bit of faithful work that will perhaps remain like a primrose root in the hedgerow, and gladden and chasten human hearts in years to come.

Buckle's is a book full of suggestive material, though there are some strangely unphilosophic opinions mixed with its hardy philosophy. For example, he holds that there is no such thing as *race* or *hereditary transmission* of qualities! (I should tell you, at the same time, that he is a necessitarian and a physiological-psychologist.) It is only by such negations as these that he can find his way to the position which he maintains at great length — that the progress of mankind is dependent entirely on the progress of knowledge, and that there has been no intrinsically moral advance. However, he presents that side of the subject which has perhaps been least adequately dwelt on.

Dec. 25 (*Christmas Day*). — George and I spent this lovely day together — lovely as a clear spring day. We could see Hampstead from the Park so distinctly, that it seemed to have suddenly come nearer to us. We ate our turkey together in a happy *solitude à deux*.

Dec. 31 (*the last night of 1857*). — The dear old year is gone, with all its *Weben* and *Streben*. Yet not gone either: for what I have suffered and enjoyed in it remains to me an everlasting possession while my soul's life re-

Journal.
Letter to
the Brays,
23d Dec.

REVIEW OF THE YEAR 1857 [RICHMOND

Journal.

mains. This time last year I was alone, as I am now, and dear George was at Vernon Hill. I was writing the introduction to "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story." What a world of thoughts and feelings since then! My life has deepened unspeakably during the last year: I feel a greater capacity for moral and intellectual enjoyment; a more acute sense of my deficiencies in the past; a more solemn desire to be faithful to coming duties than I remember at any former period of my life. And my happiness has deepened too: the blessedness of a perfect love and union grows daily. I have had some severe suffering this year from anxiety about my sister, and what will probably be a final separation from her — there has been no other real trouble. Few women, I fear, have had such reason as I have to think the long sad years of youth were worth living for the sake of middle age. Our prospects are very bright too. I am writing my new novel. G. is full of his "Physiology of Common Life." He has just finished editing Johnston, for which he is to have 100 guineas, and we have both encouragement to think that our books just coming out, "Sea-side Studies" and "Scenes of Clerical Life," will be well received. So good-bye, dear 1857! May I be able to look back on 1858 with an equal consciousness of advancement in work and in heart.

CHAPTER VIII

JAN. 2. — George has returned this evening from a week's visit to Vernon Hill. On coming up-stairs he said — "I have some very pretty news for you, — something in my pocket." I was at a loss to conjecture, and thought confusedly of possible opinions from admiring readers, when he drew the *Times* from his pocket — to-day's number, containing a review of the "Scenes of Clerical Life." He had happened to ask a gentleman in the railway carriage coming up to London to allow him to look at the *Times*, and felt quite agitated and tremulous when his eyes alighted on the review. Finding he had time to go into town before the train started, he bought a copy there. It is a highly favourable notice, and, as far as it goes, appreciatory. Journal,
1858.

When G. went into town he called at Nutt's, and Mrs. Nutt said to him, "I think you don't know our curate. *He* says the author of 'Clerical Scenes' is a High Churchman; for though Mr. Tryan is said to be Low Church, his feelings and *actions* are those of a High Churchman." (The curate himself being of course High Church.) There were some pleasant scraps of admiration also gathered for me at Vernon Hill. Doyle happening to mention the treatment of children in the stories, Helps said — "Oh, he is a great writer!"

“CLERICAL SCENES” PUBLISHED [RICHMOND

Journal,
1858.

I wonder how I shall feel about these little details ten years hence, if I am alive. At present I value them as grounds for hoping that my writing may succeed, and so give value to my life: as indications that I can touch the hearts of my fellow-men, and so sprinkle some precious grain as the result of the long years in which I have been inert and suffering. But at present fear and trembling still predominate over hope.

Jan. 5. — To-day the “Clerical Scenes” came in their two-volume dress, looking very handsome.

Jan. 8. — News of the subscription — 580, with a probable addition of 25 for Longmans. Mudie has taken 350. When we used to talk of the probable subscription, G. always said, “I dare say it will be 250!” [The final number subscribed for was 650.]

I ordered copies to be sent to the following persons — Froude, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Ruskin, Faraday, the author of “Companions of my Solitude,” Albert Smith, Mrs. Carlyle.

On the 20th of January I received the following letter from Dickens: —

“TAVISTOCK HOUSE, LONDON,
Monday, 17th Jan., 1858.

Letter from
Charles
Dickens
to George
Eliot,
17th Jan.

“MY DEAR SIR, — I have been so strongly affected by the two first tales in the book you have had the kindness to send me, through Messrs. Blackwood, that I hope you will excuse my writing to you to express my admiration of their extraordinary merit. The exquisite truth and delicacy, both of the humour and the pathos of these stories, I have never seen the like of; and they have impressed me in a manner

that I should find it very difficult to describe to you, if I had the impertinence to try.

Letter from
Charles
Dickens
to George
Eliot,
17th Jan.

"In addressing these few words of thankfulness to the creator of the Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton, and the sad love-story of Mr. Gilfil, I am (I presume) bound to adopt the name that it pleases that excellent writer to assume. I can suggest no better one: but I should have been strongly disposed, if I had been left to my own devices, to address the said writer as a woman. I have observed what seemed to me such womanly touches in those moving fictions, that the assurance on the title-page is insufficient to satisfy me even now. If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began.

"You will not suppose that I have any vulgar wish to fathom your secret. I mention the point as one of great interest to me — not of mere curiosity. If it should ever suit your convenience and inclination to show me the face of the man, or woman, who has written so charmingly, it will be a very memorable occasion to me. If otherwise, I shall always hold that impalpable personage in loving attachment and respect, and shall yield myself up to all future utterances from the same source, with a perfect confidence in their making me wiser and better.

"Your obliged and faithful servant and admirer,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"GEORGE ELIOT, Esq."

FROUDE'S OPINION [RICHMOND

Journal. Jan. 21. — To-day came the following letter from Froude: —

“NORTHDOWN HOUSE, BIDEFORD,
17th Jan., 1858.

Letter from
J. A. Froude
to George
Eliot,
17th Jan.

“DEAR SIR, — I do not know when I have experienced a more pleasant surprise than when, on opening a book parcel two mornings ago, I found it to contain ‘Scenes of Clerical Life,’ ‘From the author.’ I do not often see *Blackwood*; but in accidental glances I had made acquaintance with ‘Janet’s Repentance,’ and had found there something extremely different from general magazine stories. When I read the advertisement of the republication, I intended fully, at my leisure, to look at the companions of the story which had so much struck me, and now I find myself sought out by the person whose workmanship I had admired, for the special present of it.

“You would not, I imagine, care much for flattering speeches; and to go into detail about the book would carry me farther than at present there is occasion to go. I can only thank you most sincerely for the delight which it has given me; and both I myself, and my wife, trust that the acquaintance which we seem to have made with you through your writings may improve into something more tangible. I do not know whether I am addressing a young man or an old — a clergyman or a layman. Perhaps, if you answer this note you may give us some information about yourself. But at any rate, should business or

pleasure bring you into this part of the world, pray believe that you will find a warm welcome if you will accept our hospitality. — Once more, with my best thanks, believe me, faithfully yours,

Letter from
J. A. Froude
to George
Eliot,
17th Jan.

“J. A. FROUDE.”

I have long ceased to feel any sympathy with mere antagonism and destruction; and all crudity of expression marks, I think, a deficiency in subtlety of thought as well as in breadth of moral and poetic feeling. Mr. William Smith, the author of “Thorndale,” is an old acquaintance of Mr. Lewes’s. I should say an old *friend*, only I don’t like the too ready use of that word. Mr. Lewes admires and esteems him very highly. He is a very accomplished man — a bachelor, with a small independent income; used to write very effective articles on miscellaneous subjects in *Blackwood*. I shall like to know what you think of “Thorndale.” I don’t know whether you look out for Ruskin’s books whenever they appear. His little book on the “Political Economy of Art” contains some magnificent passages, mixed up with stupendous specimens of arrogant absurdity on some economical points. But I venerate him as one of the great teachers of the day. The grand doctrines of truth and sincerity in art, and the nobleness and solemnity of our human life, which he teaches with the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet, must be stirring up young minds in a promising way. The two last volumes of “Modern Painters” contain, I think, some of the finest writings of the age. He is strongly akin to the sublimest part of Wordsworth — whom, by-the-by, we are reading with

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
17th Jan.

DICKENS'S LETTER [RICHMOND

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
17th Jan.

fresh admiration for his beauties and tolerance for his faults. Our present plans are : to remain here till about the end of March, then to go to Munich, which I long to see. We shall live there several months, seeing the wonderful galleries in leisure moments. Our living here is so much more expensive than living abroad, that we save more than the expenses of our journeying; and as our work can be as well done there as here for some months, we lay in much more capital, in the shape of knowledge and experience, by going abroad.

Journal.

Jan. 18. — I have begun the "Eumenides," having finished the "Choephoræ." We are reading Wordsworth in the evening — at least G. is reading him to me. I am still reading aloud Miss Martineau's History.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
21st Jan.

I am sure you will be interested in Dickens's letter, which I enclose, begging you to return it as soon as you can, and not to allow any one besides yourself and Major Blackwood to share in the knowledge of its contents. There can be no harm, of course, in every one's knowing that Dickens admires the "Scenes," but I should not like any more specific allusion made to the words of a private letter. There can hardly be any climax of approbation for me after this; and I am so deeply moved by the finely-felt and finely-expressed sympathy of the letter, that the iron mask of my incognito seems quite painful in forbidding me to tell Dickens how thoroughly his generous impulse has been appreciated. If you should have an opportunity of conveying this feeling of mine to him in any way, you would oblige me by doing so. By-the-by, you probably remember sending me, some months ago, a letter from the Rev. Archer Gurney

— a very warm, simple-spoken letter — praising me for qualities which I most of all care to be praised for. I should like to send him a copy of the “Scenes,” since I could make no acknowledgement of his letter in any other way. I don’t know his address, but perhaps Mr. Langford would be good enough to look it out in the Clergy List.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
21st Jan.

Jan. 23. — There appeared a well-written and enthusiastic article on “Clerical Scenes” in the *Statesman*. We hear there was a poor article in the *Globe* — of feebly written praise — the previous week, but beyond this, we have not yet heard of any notices from the press.

Journal.

Jan. 26. — Came a very pleasant letter from Mrs. Carlyle, thanking the author of “Clerical Scenes” for the present of his book, praising it very highly, and saying that her husband had promised to read it when released from his mountain of history.

“5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
21st Jan., 1858.

“DEAR SIR, — I have to thank you for a surprise, a pleasure, and a — consolation (!) all in one book! And I do thank you most sincerely. I cannot divine what inspired the good thought to send *me* your book, since (if the name on the title-page be your real name) it could not have been personal regard; there has never been a George Eliot among my friends or acquaintance. But neither, I am sure, could *you* divine the circumstances under which I should read the book, and the particular benefit it should confer on me! I read it — at least the first

Letter from
Mrs. Carlyle
to George
Eliot,
21st Jan.

A "HUMAN" BOOK [RICHMOND

Letter from
Mrs. Carlyle
to George
Eliot,
21st Jan.

volume — during one of the most (physically) wretched nights of my life; sitting up in bed, unable to get a wink of sleep for fever and sore throat, and it helped me through that dreary night as well — better than — the most sympathetic helpful friend watching by my bedside could have done!

"You will believe that the book needed to be something more than a 'new novel' for me; that I *could* at my years, and after so much reading, read it in positive torment, and be beguiled by it of the torment! that it needed to be the one sort of book, however named, that still takes hold of me, and that grows rarer every year — a *human* book — written out of the heart of a live man, not merely out of the brain of an author — full of tenderness and pathos, without a scrap of sentimentality, of sense without dogmatism, of earnestness without twaddle — a book that makes one *feel friends* at once and for always with the man or woman who wrote it!

"In guessing at why you gave me this good gift, I have thought amongst other things, 'Oh, perhaps it was a delicate way of presenting the novel to my husband, he being over head and ears in *history*.' If that was it, I compliment you on your *tact*! for my husband is much likelier to read the 'Scenes' on *my* responsibility than on a venture of his own — though, as a general rule, never opening a novel, he has engaged to read this one whenever he has some leisure from his present task.

"I hope to know some day if the person I am addressing bears any resemblance in external things to

1858]

FARADAY'S THANKS

the idea I have conceived of him in my mind — a man of middle age, with a wife, from whom he has got those beautiful *feminine* touches in his book — a good many children, and a dog that he has as much fondness for as I have for my little Nero! For the rest — not just a clergyman, but brother or first cousin to a clergyman! How ridiculous all this *may* read beside the reality. Anyhow — I honestly confess I am very curious about you, and look forward with what Mr. Carlyle would call ‘a good, healthy, genuine desire’ to shaking hands with you some day. — In the meanwhile, I remain, your obliged

“JANE W. CARLYLE.”

Jan. 30. — Received a letter from Faraday, thanking me very gracefully for the present of the “Scenes.” Blackwood mentions, in enclosing this letter, that Simpkin & Marshall have sent for twelve additional copies — the first sign of a move since the subscription. The other night we looked into the life of Charlotte Brontë, to see how long it was before “Jane Eyre” came into demand at the libraries, and we found it was not until six weeks after publication. It is just three weeks now since I heard news of the subscription for my book.

“ROYAL INSTITUTION, 28th Jan., 1858.

“SIR, — I cannot resist the pleasure of thanking you for what I esteem a great kindness: the present of your thoughts embodied in the two volumes you have sent me. They have been, and will be again, a very pleasant relief from mental occupation among

Letter from
Mrs. Carlyle
to George
Eliot,
21st Jan.

Letter from
M. Faraday
to George
Eliot,
28th Jan.

FAVOURABLE OPINIONS [RICHMOND

Letter from
M. Faraday
to George
Eliot,
28th Jan.

my own pursuits. Such rest I find at times not merely agreeable, but essential.

“Again thanking you, I beg to remain, your very obliged servant,

“ M. FARADAY.

“GEORGE ELIOT, Esq., etc., etc.”

Journal.

Feb. 3. — Gave up Miss Martineau's History last night, after reading some hundred pages in the second volume. She has a sentimental, rhetorical style in this history which is fatiguing and not instructive. But her history of the Reform movement is very interesting.

Feb. 4. — Yesterday brought the discouraging news, that though the book is much talked of, it moves very slowly. Finished the “Eumenides.” Bessie Parkes has written asking me to contribute to the *Englishwoman's Journal*, a new monthly, which, she says, “We are beginning with £1000, and great social interest.”

Feb. 16. — To-day G. went into the City and saw Langford, for the sake of getting the latest news about our two books — his “Sea-side Studies” having been well launched about a fortnight or ten days ago, with a subscription of 800. He brought home good news. The “Clerical Scenes” are moving off at a moderate but steady pace. Langford remarked, that while the press had been uniformly favourable, not one *critical* notice had appeared. G. went to Parker's in the evening, and gathered a little gossip on the subject. Savage, author of the “Falcon Family,” and now editor of the *Examiner*, said he was reading the “Scenes” — had read some of them already in *Blackwood*, but was now reading the

volume. "G. Eliot was a writer of great merit." A bar-
 rister named Smythe said he had seen "the Bishop" Journal.
 reading them the other day. As a set-off against this,
 Mrs. Schlesinger "could n't bear the book." She is a
 regular novel reader; but hers is the first unfavourable
 opinion we have had.

Feb. 26. — We went into town for the sake of seeing
 Mr. and Mrs. Call, and having our photographs taken
 by Mayall.

Feb. 28. — Mr. John Blackwood called on us, having
 come to London for a few days only. He talked a good
 deal about the "Clerical Scenes" and George Eliot, and
 at last asked, "Well, am I to see George Eliot this
 time?" G. said, "Do you wish to see him?" "As he
 likes — I wish it to be quite spontaneous." I left the
 room, and G. following me a moment, I told him he
 might reveal me. Blackwood was kind, came back when
 he found he was too late for the train, and said he would
 come to Richmond again. He came on the following
 Friday and chatted very pleasantly — told us that
 Thackeray spoke highly of the "Scenes," and said *they*
were not written by a woman. Mrs. Blackwood is *sure*
they are not written by a woman. Mrs. Oliphant, the
 novelist, too, is confident on the same side. I gave Black-
 wood the MS. of my new novel, to the end of the second
 scene in the wood. He opened it, read the first page,
 and smiling, said, "This will do." We walked with him
 to Kew, and had a good deal of talk. Found, among
 other things, that he had lived two years in Italy when
 he was a youth, and that he admires Miss Austen.

Since I wrote these last notes, several encouraging

DELIGHT IN MR. LEWES'S BOOKS [RICHMOND

Journal.

fragments of news about the "Scenes" have come to my ears — especially that Mrs. Owen Jones and her husband — two very different people — are equally enthusiastic about the book. But both have detected the woman.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
2d March.

Perhaps we may go to Dresden, perhaps not : we leave room for the *imprévu*, which Louis Blanc found so sadly wanting in Mr. Morgan's millennial village. You are among the exceptional people who say pleasant things to their friends, and don't feel a too exclusive satisfaction in their misfortunes. We like to hear of your interest in Mr. Lewes's books — at least, *I* am very voracious of such details. I keep the pretty letters that are written to him ; and we have had some really important ones from the scientific big-wigs about the "Sea-side Studies." The reception of the book in that quarter has been quite beyond our expectations. Eight hundred copies were sold at once. There is a great deal of close hard work in the book, and every one who knows what scientific work is necessarily perceives this. Happily many have been generous enough to express their recognition in a hearty way.

I enter so deeply into everything you say about your mother. To me that old, old popular truism, "We can never have but one mother," has worlds of meaning in it, and I think with more sympathy of the satisfaction you feel in at last being allowed to wait on her than I should of anything else you could tell me. I wish we saw more of that sweet human piety that feels tenderly and reverently towards the aged. [Apropos of some incapable woman's writing she adds —] There is something more

piteous almost than soapless poverty in this application of feminine incapacity to literature. We spent a very pleasant couple of hours with Mr. and Mrs. Call last Friday. It was worth a journey on a cold dusty day to see two faces beaming kindness and happiness.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
2d March.

I enclose a letter which will interest you. It is affecting to see how difficult a matter it often is for the men who would most profit by a book to purchase it, or even get a reading of it, while stupid Jopling of Reading or elsewhere thinks nothing of giving a guinea for a work which he will simply put on his shelves.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th March.

When do you bring out your new poem? I presume you are already in the sixth canto. It is true you never told me you intended to write a poem, nor have I heard any one say so who was likely to know. Nevertheless I have quite as active an imagination as you, and I don't see why I should n't suppose you are writing a poem as well as you suppose that I am writing a novel. Seriously, I wish you would not set rumours afloat about me. They are injurious. Several people, who seem to derive their notions from Ivy Cottage,¹ have spoken to me of a supposed novel I was going to bring out. Such things are damaging to me.

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
March.

Thanks for your disclaimer. It shows me that you take a right view of the subject. There is no undertaking more fruitful of absurd mistakes than that of "guessing" at authorship; and as I have never communicated to any one so much as an *intention* of a literary kind there can be none but imaginary data for such guesses. If I withhold anything from my friends which it would

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
31st March.

¹ The Brays' new house.

BLACKWOOD AND "ADAM BEDE" [RICHMOND

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
31st March.

gratify them to know, you will believe, I hope, that I have good reasons for doing so, and I am sure those friends will understand me when I ask them to further my object — which is not a whim but a question of solid interest — by complete silence. I can't afford to indulge either in vanity or sentimentality about my work. I have only a trembling anxiety to do what is in itself worth doing, and by that honest means to win very necessary profit of a temporal kind. "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed" in due time. But till that time comes — till I tell you myself, "This is the work of my hand and brain" — don't believe anything on the subject. There is no one who is in the least likely to know what I can, could, should, or would write.

Journal.

April 1, 1858. — Received a letter from Blackwood containing warm praise of "Adam Bede," but wanting to know the rest of the story in outline before deciding whether it should go in the Magazine. I wrote in reply refusing to tell him the story.

April 7. — Started for Munich.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
17th April,
from
Munich.

We have been just to take a sip at the two Pinacotheks and at the Glyptothek. At present the Rubens Saal is what I most long to return to. Rubens gives me more pleasure than any other painter, whether that is right or wrong. To be sure, I have not seen so many pictures, and pictures of so high a rank, by any other great master. I feel sure that when I have seen as much of Raphael I shall like him better; but at present Rubens, more than any one else, makes me feel that painting is a great art, and that he was a great artist. His are such real, breathing men and women, moved by pas-

sions, not mincing and grimacing, and posing in mere aping of passion! What a grand, glowing, forceful thing life looks in his pictures — the men such grand-bearded, grappling beings, fit to do the work of the world; the women such real mothers. We stayed at Nürnberg only twenty-four hours, and I felt sad to leave it so soon. A pity the place became Protestant, so that there is only one Catholic church, where one can go in and out as one would. We turned into the famous St. Sebald's for a minute, where a Protestant clergyman was reading in a cold, formal way under the grand Gothic arches. Then we went to the Catholic church, the Frauen-Kirche, where the organ and voices were giving forth a glorious mass; and we stood with a feeling of brotherhood among the standing congregation till the last note of the organ had died out.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
17th April,
from
Munich.

April 24. — As we were reading this afternoon, Herr Oldenbourg came in, invited us to go to his house on Tuesday, and chatted pleasantly for an hour. He talked of Kaulbach, whom he has known very intimately, being the publisher of the "Reineke Fuchs." The picture of the "Hunnen Schlacht" was the first of Kaulbach's on a great scale. It created a sensation, and the critics began to call it a "Weltgeschichtliches Bild." Since then Kaulbach has been seduced into the complex, wearisome, symbolical style, which makes the frescoes at Berlin enormous puzzles.

Journal.

When we had just returned from our drive in the Englische Garten, Bodenstedt pleasantly surprised us by presenting himself. He is a charming man, and promises to be a delightful acquaintance for us in this strange

MUNICH CELEBRITIES [MUNICH

Journal.

town. He chatted pleasantly with us for half an hour, telling us that he is writing a work, in five volumes, on the "Contemporaries of Shakespeare," and indicating the nature of his treatment of the Shakespearian drama — which is historical and analytical. Presently he proposed that we should adjourn to his house and have tea with him; and so we turned out all together in the bright moonlight, and enjoyed his pleasant chat until ten o'clock. His wife was not at home, but we were admitted to see the three sleeping children — one a baby about a year and a half old — a lovely waxen thing. He gave the same account of Kaulbach as we had heard from Oldenbourg: spoke of Genelli as superior in genius, though he has not the fortune to be recognized: recited some of Hermann Lingg's poetry, and spoke enthusiastically of its merits. There was not a word of detraction about any one — nothing to jar on one's impression of him as a refined noble-hearted man.

April 27. — This has been a red-letter day. In the morning Professor Wagner took us over his "Petrifacien Sammlung," giving us interesting explanations; and before we left him we were joined by Professor Martius, an animated clever man, who talked admirably, and invited us to his house. Then we went to Kaulbach's studio, talked with him, and saw with especial interest the picture he is preparing as a present to the New Museum. In the evening, after walking in the Theresien Wiese, we went to Herr Oldenbourg's, and met Liebig the chemist, Geibel and Heyse the poets, and Carrière, the author of a work on the Reformation. Liebig is charming, with well-cut features, a low quiet voice, and

gentle manners. It was touching to see his hands, the *Journal* nails black from the roots, the skin all grimed.

Heyse is like a painter's poet, ideally beautiful; rather brilliant in his talk, and altogether pleasing. Geibel is a man of rather coarse texture, with a voice like a kettle-drum, and a steady determination to deliver his opinions on every subject that turned up. But there was a good deal of ability in his remarks.

April 30. — After calling on Frau Oldenbourg, and then at Professor Bodenstedt's, where we played with his charming children for ten minutes, we went to the theatre to hear Prince Radziwill's music to the "Faust." I admired especially the earlier part, the Easter-morning song of the spirits, the Beggar's song, and other things, until after the scene in Auerbach's cellar, which is set with much humour and fancy. But the scene between Faust and Marguerite is bad — "Meine Ruh ist hin" quite pitiable, and the "König im Thule" not good. Gretchen's second song, in which she implores help of the *Schmerzenreiche*, touched me a good deal.

On Friday, Bodenstedt called with Baron Schack to take us to Genelli's, the artist of whose powers Bodenstedt had spoken to us with enthusiastic admiration. The result to us was nothing but disappointment: the sketches he showed us seemed to us quite destitute of any striking merit. On Sunday we dined with Liebig, and spent the evening at Bodenstedt's, where we met Professor Bluntschli, the jurist, a very intelligent and agreeable man, and Melchior Meyr, a maker of novels and tragedies, otherwise an ineffectual personage.

Our life here is very agreeable — full of pleasant

ADMIRATION OF LIEBIG [MUNICH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th May.

novelty, although we take things quietly and observe our working hours just as if we were at Richmond. People are so kind to us that we feel already quite at home, sip *baierisch Bier* with great tolerance, and talk bad German with more and more *aplomb*. The place, you know, swarms with professors of all sorts — all *gründlich*, of course, and one or two of them great. There is no one we are more charmed with than Liebig. Mr. Lewes had no letter to him — we merely met him at an evening party; yet he has been particularly kind to us, and seems to have taken a benevolent liking to me. We dined with him and his family yesterday, and saw how men of European celebrity may put up with greasy cooking in private life. He lives in very good German style, however; has a handsome suite of apartments, and makes a greater figure than most of the professors. His manners are charming — easy, graceful, benignant, and all the more conspicuous because he is so quiet and low-spoken among the loud talkers here. He looks best in his laboratory, with his velvet cap on, holding little phials in his hand, and talking of Kreatine and Kreatinine in the same easy way that well-bred ladies talk scandal. He is one of the professors who has been called here by the present king — Max — who seems to be a really sensible man among kings; gets up at five o'clock in the morning to study, and every Saturday evening has a gathering of the first men in science and literature, that he may benefit by their opinions on important subjects. At this *Tafel-runde* every man is required to say honestly what he thinks; every one may contradict every one else; and if the king suspects any one of a polite in-

sincerity, the too polished man is invited no more. Liebig, the three poets — Geibel, Heyse, and Bodenstedt — and Professor Löher, a writer of considerable mark, are always at the *Tafel-runde* as an understood part of their functions; the rest are invited according to the king's direction. Bodenstedt is one of our best friends here — enormously instructed, after the fashion of Germans, but not at all stupid with it.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th May.

We were at the Siebolds' last night to meet a party of celebrities, and, what was better, to see the prettiest little picture of married life — the great comparative anatomist (Siebold) seated at the piano in his spectacles playing the difficult accompaniments to Schubert's songs, while his little round-faced wife sang them with much taste and feeling. They are not young. Siebold is grey, and probably more than fifty — his wife perhaps nearly forty; and it is all the prettier to see their admiration of each other. She said to Mr. Lewes, when he was speaking of her husband, "Ja, er ist ein netter Mann, nicht wahr?"¹

We take the art in very small draughts at present — the German hours being difficult to adjust to our occupations. We are obliged to dine at *one!* and of course when we are well enough must work till then. Two hours afterwards all the great public exhibitions are closed, except the churches. I *cannot* admire much of the modern German art. It is for the most part elaborate lifelessness. Kaulbach's great compositions are huge charades; and I have seen nothing of his equal to his own "Reineke Fuchs." It is an unspeakable relief, after

¹ "He is really a charming man, is he not?"

MODERN GERMAN ART [MUNICH]

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th May.

staring at one of his pictures — the “Destruction of Jerusalem,” for example, which is a regular child’s puzzle of symbolism — to sweep it all out of one’s mind, — which is very easily done, for nothing grasps you in it, — and call up in your imagination a little Gerard Dow that you have seen hanging in a corner of one of the cabinets. We have been to his atelier, and he has given us a proof of his “Irrenhaus,”¹ a strange sketch, which he made years ago — very terrible and powerful. He is certainly a man of great faculty, but is, I imagine, carried out of his true path by the ambition to produce “Weltgeschichtliche Bilder,” which the German critics may go into raptures about. His “Battle of the Huns,” which is the most impressive of all his great pictures, was the first of the series. He painted it simply under the inspiration of the grand myth about the spirits of the dead warriors rising and carrying on the battle in the air. Straightway the German critics began to smoke furiously that vile tobacco which they call *ästhetik*, declared it a “Weltgeschichtliches Bild,” and ever since Kaulbach has been concocting these pictures in which, instead of taking a single moment of reality and trusting to the infinite symbolism that belongs to all nature, he attempts to give you at one view a succession of events — each represented by some group which may mean “Whichever you please, my little dear.”

I must tell you something else which interested me greatly, as the first example of the kind that has come under my observation. Among the awful mysterious names, hitherto known only as marginal references,

¹ Picture of interior of a Lunatic Asylum.

whom we have learned to clothe with ordinary flesh and blood, is Professor Martius (Spix and Martius), now an old man, and rich after the manner of being rich in Germany. He has a very sweet wife — one of those women who remain pretty and graceful in old age — and a family of three daughters and one son, all more than grown up. I learned that she is Catholic, that her daughters are Catholic, and her husband and son Protestant — the children having been so brought up according to the German law in cases of mixed marriage. I can't tell you how interesting it was to me to hear her tell of her experience in bringing up her son conscientiously as a Protestant, and then to hear her and her daughters speak of the exemplary priests who had shown them such tender fatherly care when they were in trouble. They are the most harmonious, affectionate family we have seen; and one delights in such a triumph of human goodness over the formal logic of theorists.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th May.

May 13. — Geibel came and brought me the two Journal. volumes of his poems, and stayed chatting for an hour. We spent the evening quietly at home.

May 14. — After writing, we went for an hour to the Pinacothek, and looked at some of the Flemish pictures. In the afternoon we called at Liebig's, and he went a long walk with us — the long chain of snowy mountains in the hazy distance. After supper I read Geibel's "Junius Lieder."

May 15. — Read the 18th chapter of "Adam Bede" to G. He was much pleased with it. Then we walked in the Englische Garten, and heard the band, and saw the Germans drinking their beer. The park was lovely.

Journal.

May 23. — Through the cold wind and white dust we went to the Jesuits' church to hear the music. It is a fine church in the Renaissance style, the vista terminating with the great altar, very fine, with all the crowd of human beings covering the floor. Numbers of men!

In the evening we went to Bodenstedt's, and saw his wife for the first time — a delicate creature, who sang us some charming Bavarian *Volkslieder*. On Monday we spent the evening at Löhers' — Baumgarten, *ein junger Historiker*, Oldenbourg, and the Bodenstedts meeting us.

May 26. — This evening I have read aloud "Adam Bede," chap. xx. We have begun Ludwig's "Zwischen Himmel und Erde."

May 27. — We called on the Siebolds to-day, then walked in the Theresien Wiese, and saw the mountains gloriously. Spent the evening at Prof. Martius's, where Frau Erdl played Beethoven's Andante and the Moonlight Sonata admirably.

May 28. — We heard from Blackwood this morning. Good news in general, but the sale of our books not progressing at present.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th May.

It is invariably the case that when people discover certain points of coincidence in a fiction with facts that happen to have come to their knowledge, they believe themselves able to furnish a key to the whole. That is amusing enough to the author, who knows from what widely sundered portions of experience — from what a combination of subtle, shadowy suggestions, with certain actual objects and events, his story has been formed. It would be a very difficult thing for me to furnish a key to my stories myself. But where there is no exact memory

of the past, any story with a few remembered points of character or of incident may pass for a history.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th May.

We pay for our sight of the snowy mountains here by the most capricious of climates. English weather is steadfast compared with Munich weather. You go to dinner here in summer and come away from it in winter. You are languid among trees and feathery grass at one end of the town, and are shivering in a hurricane of dust at the other. This inconvenience of climate, with the impossibility of dining (well) at any other hour than one o'clock, is not friendly to the stomach — that great seat of the imagination. And I shall never advise an author to come to Munich except *ad interim*. The great Saal, full of Rubens's pictures, is worth studying; and two or three precious bits of sculpture, and the sky on a fine day, always puts one in a good temper — it is so deliciously clear and blue, making even the ugliest buildings look beautiful by the light it casts on them.

May 30. — We heard "William Tell" — a great en- Journal.
joyment to me.

June 13. — This morning I am entering on my history of the birthday, with some fear and trembling. In the evening we walked, between eight and half-past nine, in the Wiese, looking toward Nymphenburg. The light delicious — the west glowing; the faint crescent moon and Venus pale above it; the larks filling the air with their songs, which seemed only a little way above the ground.

Words are very clumsy things. I like less and less to handle my friends' sacred feelings with them. For even those who call themselves intimate know very little about

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th June.

LEAVES FOR DRESDEN [MUNICH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th June.

each other — hardly ever know just *how* a sorrow is felt, and hurt each other by their very attempts at sympathy or consolation. We can bear no hand on our bruises. And so I feel I have no right to say that I know *how* the loss of your mother — “the only person who ever leaned on you” — affects you. I only know that it must make a deeply felt crisis in your life, and I know that the better from having felt a great deal about my own mother and father, and from having the keenest remembrance of all that experience. But for this very reason I know that I can’t measure what the event is to you; and if I were near you I should only kiss you and say nothing. People talk of the feelings dying out as one gets older; but at present my experience is just the contrary. All the serious relations of life become so much more real to me — pleasure seems so slight a thing, and sorrow and duty and endurance so great. I find the least bit of real human life touch me in a way it never did when I was younger.

Journal.

July 7. — This morning we left Munich, setting out in the rain to Rosenheim by railway. The previous day we dined and sat a few hours with the dear charming Siebolds, and parted from them with regret — glad to leave Munich, but not to leave the friends who had been so kind to us. For a week before, I had been ill — almost a luxury, because of the love that tended me. But the general languor and sense of depression, produced by Munich air and way of life, was no luxury, and I was glad to say a last good-bye to the quaint pepper-boxes of the Frauen-Kirche.

Since I wrote to you last I have lived through a great

1858] HAPPY CHANGE FROM MUNICH

deal of exquisite pleasure. First an attack of illness during our last week at Munich, which I reckon among my pleasures because I was nursed so tenderly. Then a fortnight's unspeakable journey to Salzburg, Ischl, Linz, Vienna, Prague, and finally Dresden, which is our last resting-place before returning to Richmond, where we hope to be at the beginning of September. Dresden is a proper climax; for all other art seems only a preparation for feeling the superiority of the Madonna di San Sisto the more. We go three days a-week to the gallery, and every day — after looking at other pictures — we go to take a parting draught of delight at Titian's Zinsgro-schen and the *Einzig*e Madonna. In other respects I am particularly enjoying our residence here — we are so quiet, having determined to know no one and give ourselves up to work. We both feel a happy change in our health from leaving Munich, though I am reconciled to our long stay there by the fact that Mr. Lewes gained so much from his intercourse with the men of science there, especially Bischoff, Siebold, and Harless. I remembered your passion for autographs, and asked Liebig for his on your account. I was not sure that you would care enough about the handwriting of other luminaries; for there is such a thing as being European and yet obscure — a fixed star visible only from observatories.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th July,
from
Dresden.

You will be interested to hear that I saw Strauss at Munich. He came for a week's visit before we left. I had a quarter of an hour's chat with him alone, and was very agreeably impressed by him. He looked much more serene, and his face had a far sweeter expression, than when I saw him in that dumb way at Cologne. He

THE SISTINE MADONNA [DRESDEN

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th July,
from
Dresden.

speaks with very choice words, like a man strictly truthful in the use of language. Will you undertake to tell Mrs. Call from me that he begged me to give his kindest remembrances to her and to her father,¹ of whom he spoke with much interest and regard as his earliest English friend? I dare not begin to write about other things or people that I have seen in these crowded weeks. They must wait till I have you by my side again, which I hope will happen some day.

Journal,
July.

At Dresden we secured our lodgings — a whole apartment of six rooms, all to ourselves, for 18*s.* per week! — where we enjoyed six weeks' quiet work, undisturbed by visits and visitors. We were as happy as princes — are not — George writing at the far corner of the great salon, I at my *Schrank* in my own private room, with closed doors. Here I wrote the latter half of the second volume of "Adam Bede" in the long mornings that our early hours — rising at six o'clock — secured us. Three mornings in the week we went to the Picture Gallery from twelve till one. The first day we went was a Sunday, when there is always a crowd in the Sistine Madonna Cabinet. I sat down on the sofa opposite the picture for an instant; but a sort of awe, as if I were suddenly in the living presence of some glorious being, made my heart swell too much for me to remain comfortably, and we hurried out of the room. On subsequent mornings we always came, in the last minutes of our stay, to look at this sublimest picture; and while the others, except the "Christo della Moneta" and Holbein's Madonna, lost much of their first interest, this

¹ Dr. Brabant.

became harder and harder to leave. Holbein's Madonna is very exquisite — a divinely gentle, golden-haired blonde, with eyes cast down, in an attitude of unconscious, easy grace — the loveliest of all the Madonnas in the Dresden Gallery, except the Sistine. By the side of it is a wonderful portrait by Holbein, which I specially enjoyed looking at. It represents nothing more lofty than a plain, weighty man of business, a goldsmith; but the eminently fine painting brings out all the weighty, calm, good sense that lies in a first-rate character of that order.

Journal.
July.

It was a charming life, our six weeks at Dresden. There were the open-air concerts at the Grosser Garten and the Brühl'sche Terrace; the Sommer Theater, where we saw our favourite comic actor Merbitz; the walks into the open country, and the grand stretch of sky all round; the Zouaves, with their wondrous make-ups as women; Räder, the humorous comedian at the Link'sche Bad Theater; our quiet afternoons in our pleasant salon — all helping to make an agreeable fringe to the quiet working time.

From Dresden, one showery day at the end of August, we set off to Leipzig, the first stage on our way home. Here we spent two nights; had a glimpse of the old town with its finest market; dined at Brockhaus's; saw the picture-gallery, carrying away a lasting delight in Calame's great landscapes and De Dreux's dogs, which are far better worth seeing than De la Roche's "Napoleon at Fontainebleau" — considered the glory of the gallery; went with Victor Carus to his museum and saw an Amphioxus; and finally spent the evening at an open-air con-

RETURN HOME

[RICHMOND

Journal,
July.

cert in Carus's company. Early in the morning we set off by railway, and travelled night and day till we reached home on the 2d September.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
5th Sept.,
from
Richmond.

Will you not write to the author of "Thorndale" and express your sympathy? He is a very diffident man, who would be susceptible to that sort of fellowship; and one should give a gleam of happiness where it is possible. I shall write you nothing worth reading for the next three months, so here is an opportunity for you to satisfy a large appetite for generous deeds. You can write to me a great many times without getting anything worth having in return.

Thanks for the verses on Buckle. I'm afraid I feel a malicious delight in them, for he is a writer who inspires me with personal dislike: not to put too fine a point on it, he impresses me as an irreligious, conceited man.

Long ago I had offered to write about Newman, but gave it up again.

The second volume of "Adam Bede" had been sent to Blackwood on 7th September, the third had followed two months later, and there are the following entries in the Journal in November:—

Journal.

Nov. 1. — I have begun Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great," and have also been thinking much of my own life to come. This is a moment of suspense, for I am awaiting Blackwood's opinion and proposals concerning "Adam Bede."

Nov. 4. — Received a letter from Blackwood containing warm praise of my third volume, and offering £800 for the copyright of "Adam Bede" for four years. I wrote to accept.

Nov. 10. — Wilkie Collins and Mr. Pigott came to dine with us after a walk by the river. I was pleased with Wilkie Collins, — there is a sturdy uprightness about him that makes all opinion and all occupation respectable. Journal.

Nov. 16. — Wrote the last word of "Adam Bede" and sent it to Mr. Langford. *Jubilate.*

The germ of "Adam Bede" was an anecdote told me by my Methodist Aunt Samuel (the wife of my father's younger brother), — an anecdote from her own experience. We were sitting together one afternoon during her visit to me at Griff, probably in 1839 or 1840, when it occurred to her to tell me how she had visited a condemned criminal, — a very ignorant girl, who had murdered her child and refused to confess; how she had stayed with her praying through the night, and how the poor creature at last broke out into tears, and confessed her crime. My aunt afterwards went with her in the cart to the place of execution; and she described to me the great respect with which this ministry of hers was regarded by the official people about the gaol. The story, told by my aunt with great feeling, affected me deeply, and I never lost the impression of that afternoon and our talk together; but I believe I never mentioned it, through all the intervening years, till something prompted me to tell it to George in December, 1856, when I had begun to write the "Scenes of Clerical Life." He remarked that the scene in the prison would make a fine element in a story; and I afterwards began to think of blending this and some other recollections of my aunt in one story, with some points in my father's early life

History of
"Adam
Bede."

THE CHARACTER OF DINAH [RICHMOND

History of
"Adam
Bede."

and character. The problem of construction that remained was to make the unhappy girl one of the chief *dramatis personæ*, and connect her with the hero. At first I thought of making the story one of the series of "Scenes," but afterwards, when several motives had induced me to close these with "Janet's Repentance," I determined on making what we always called in our conversation "My Aunt's Story" the subject of a long novel, which I accordingly began to write on the 22d October, 1857.

The character of Dinah grew out of my recollections of my aunt, but Dinah is not at all like my aunt, who was a very small, black-eyed woman, and (as I was told, for I never heard her preach) very vehement in her style of preaching. She had left off preaching when I knew her, being probably sixty years old, and in delicate health; and she had become, as my father told me, much more gentle and subdued than she had been in the days of her active ministry and bodily strength, when she could not rest without exhorting and remonstrating in season and out of season. I was very fond of her, and enjoyed the few weeks of her stay with me greatly. She was loving and kind to me, and I could talk to her about my inward life, which was closely shut up from those usually round me. I saw her only twice again, for much shorter periods—once at her own home at Wirksworth in Derbyshire, and once at my father's last residence, Foleshill.

The character of Adam and one or two incidents connected with him were suggested by my father's early life; but Adam is not my father any more than Dinah is my aunt. Indeed, there is not a single portrait in "Adam

Bede"; only the suggestions of experience wrought up into the new combinations. When I began to write it, the only elements I had determined on, besides the character of Dinah, were the character of Adam, his relation to Arthur Donnithorne, and their mutual relations to Hetty — *i. e.*, to the girl who commits child-murder,— the scene in the prison being, of course, the climax towards which I worked. Everything else grew out of the characters and their mutual relations. Dinah's ultimate relation to Adam was suggested by George, when I had read to him the first part of the first volume: he was so delighted with the presentation of Dinah, and so convinced that the readers' interest would centre in her, that he wanted her to be the principal figure at the last. I accepted the idea at once, and from the end of the third chapter worked with it constantly in view.

History of
"Adam
Bede."

The first volume was written at Richmond, and given to Blackwood in March. He expressed great admiration of its freshness and vividness, but seemed to hesitate about putting it in the Magazine, which was the form of publication he, as well as myself, had previously contemplated. He still *wished* to have it for the Magazine, but desired to know the course of the story. At *present* he saw nothing to prevent its reception in "Maga," but he would like to see more. I am uncertain whether his doubts rested solely on Hetty's relation to Arthur, or whether they were also directed towards the treatment of Methodism by the Church. I refused to tell my story beforehand, on the ground that I would not have it judged apart from my *treatment*, which alone determines the moral quality of art; and ultimately I proposed that

SCENE IN THE WOOD [RICHMOND]

History of
"Adam
Bede."

the notion of publication in "Maga" should be given up, and that the novel should be published in three volumes at Christmas, if possible. He assented.

I began the second volume in the second week of my stay at Munich, about the middle of April. While we were at Munich, George expressed his fear that Adam's part was too passive throughout the drama, and that it was important for him to be brought into more direct collision with Arthur. This doubt haunted me, and out of it grew the scene in the wood between Arthur and Adam; the fight came to me as a *necessity* one night at the Munich opera, when I was listening to "William Tell." Work was slow and interrupted at Munich, and when we left I had only written to the beginning of the dance on the Birthday Feast; but at Dresden I wrote uninterruptedly and with great enjoyment in the long, quiet mornings, and there I nearly finished the second volume — all, I think, but the last chapter, which I wrote here in the old room at Richmond in the first week of September, and then sent the MS. off to Blackwood. The opening of the third volume — Hetty's journey — was, I think, written more rapidly than the rest of the book, and was left without the slightest alteration of the first draught. Throughout the book I have altered little; and the only cases I think in which George suggested more than a verbal alteration, when I read the MS. aloud to him, were the first scene at the Farm, and the scene in the wood between Arthur and Adam, both of which he recommended me to "space out" a little, which I did.

When, on October 29, I had written to the end of the

1858] AUTHOR'S LOVE OF "ADAM BEDE"

love-scene at the Farm, between Adam and Dinah, I sent the MS. to Blackwood, since the remainder of the third volume could not affect the judgement passed on what had gone before. He wrote back in warm admiration, and offered me, on the part of the firm, £800 for four years' copyright. I accepted the offer. The last words of the third volume were written and despatched on their way to Edinburgh, November the 16th, and now on the last day of the same month I have written this slight history of my book. I love it very much, and am deeply thankful to have written it, whatever the public may say to it — a result which is still in darkness, for I have at present had only four sheets of the proof. The book would have been published at Christmas, or rather early in December, but that Bulwer's "What will he do with it?" was to be published by Blackwood at that time, and it was thought that this novel might interfere with mine.

History of
"Adam
Bede."

The manuscript of "Adam Bede" bears the following inscription : — "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the MS. of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life."

I shall be much obliged if you will accept for me Tauchnitz's offer of £30 for the English reprint of "Clerical Scenes." And will you also be so good as to desire that Tauchnitz may register the book in Germany, as I understand that is the only security against its being translated without our knowledge; and I shudder at the idea of my books being turned into hideous German by an incompetent translator.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
25th Nov.

THE DIALECT IN "ADAM BEDE" [RICHMOND

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
25th Nov.

I return the proofs by to-day's post. The dialect must be toned down all through in correcting the proofs, for I found it impossible to keep it subdued enough in writing. I am aware that the spelling which represents a dialect perfectly well to those who know it by the ear, is likely to be unintelligible to others. I hope the sheets will come rapidly and regularly now, for I dislike lingering, hesitating processes.

Your praise of my ending was very warming and cheering to me in the foggy weather. I'm sure if I have written well, your pleasant letters have had something to do with it. Can anything be done in America for "Adam Bede"? I suppose not — as my name is not known there.

Journal.

Nov. 25. — We had a visit from Mr. Bray, who told us much that interested us about Mr. Richard Congreve, and also his own affairs.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
26th Nov.

I am very grateful to you for sending me a few authentic words from your own self. They are unspeakably precious to me. I mean that quite literally, for there is no putting into words any feeling that has been of long growth within us. It is easy to say how we love *new* friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old. I have been thinking of you incessantly in the waking hours, and feel a growing hunger to know more precise details about you. I am of a too sordid and anxious disposition, prone to dwell almost exclusively on fears instead of hopes, and to lay in a larger stock of resignation than of any other form of confidence. But I try to extract some comfort this morning from my consciousness of this

disposition, by thinking that nothing is ever so bad as my imagination paints it. And then I know there are incommunicable feelings within us capable of creating our best happiness at the very time others can see nothing but our troubles. And so I go on arguing with myself, and trying to live inside *you* and looking at things in all the lights I can fancy you seeing them in, for the sake of getting cheerful about you in spite of Coventry.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
26th Nov.

The well-flavoured molluscs came this morning. It was very kind of you : and if you remember how fond I am of oysters, your good-nature will have the more pleasure in furnishing my *gourmandise* with the treat. I have a childish delight in any little act of genuine friendliness towards us — and yet not childish, for how little we thought of people's goodness towards us when we were children. It takes a good deal of experience to tell one the rarity of a thoroughly disinterested kindness.

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
Christmas
Day.

I see with you entirely about the preface : indeed I had myself anticipated the very effects you predict. The deprecatory tone is not one I can ever take willingly, but I am conscious of a shrinking sort of pride which is likely to warp my judgement in many personal questions, and on that ground I distrusted my own opinion.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th Dec.

Mr. Lewes went to Vernon Hill yesterday for a few days' change of air, but before he went, he said, "Ask Mr. Blackwood what he thinks of putting a mere advertisement at the beginning of the book to this effect : As the story of 'Adam Bede' will lose much of its effect if the development is foreseen, the author requests those critics who may honour him with a notice to abstain

MRS. POYSER'S DIALOGUE [RICHMOND

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th Dec.

from telling the story." I write my note of interrogation accordingly " ?"

Pray do not begin to read the second volume until it is all in print. There is necessarily a lull of interest in it to prepare for the crescendo. I am delighted that you like my Mrs. Poyser. I'm very sorry to part with her and some of my other characters — there seems to be so much more to be done with them. Mr. Lewes says she gets better and better as the book goes on; and I was certainly conscious of writing her dialogue with heightening gusto. Even in our imaginary worlds there is the sorrow of parting.

I hope the Christmas weather is as bright in your beautiful Edinburgh as it is here, and that you are enjoying all other Christmas pleasures too without disturbance.

I have not yet made up my mind what my next story is to be, but I must not lie fallow any longer when the new year is come.

Journal.

Dec. 25 (Christmas Day). — George and I spent this wet day very happily alone together. We are reading Scott's life in the evenings with much enjoyment. I am reading through Horace in this pause.

Dec. 31. — The last day of the dear old year, which has been full of expected and unexpected happiness. "Adam Bede" has been written, and the second volume is in type. The first number of George's "Physiology of Common Life" — a work in which he has had much happy occupation — is published to-day; and both his position as a scientific writer and his inward satisfaction in that part of his studies have been much heightened

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during the past year. Our double life is more and more Journal. blessed — more and more complete.

I think this chapter cannot more fitly conclude than with the following extract from Mr. G. H. Lewes's Journal, with which Mr. Charles Lewes has been good enough to furnish me:—

“*Jan. 28, 1859.* — Walked along the Thames towards Kew to meet Herbert Spencer, who was to spend the day with us, and we chatted with him on matters personal and philosophical. I owe him a debt of gratitude. My acquaintance with him was the brightest ray in a very dreary, *wasted* period of my life. I had given up all ambition whatever, lived from hand to mouth, and thought the evil of each day sufficient. The stimulus of his intellect, especially during our long walks, roused my energy once more and revived my dormant love of science. His intense theorizing tendency was contagious, and it was only the stimulus of a *theory* which could then have induced me to work. I owe Spencer another and a deeper debt. It was through him that I learned to know Marian — to know her was to love her, — and since then my life has been a new birth. To her I owe all my prosperity and all my happiness. God bless her!”

CHAPTER IX

Journal,
1859.

JAN. 12. — We went into town to-day and looked in the "Annual Register" for cases of *inundation*. Letter from Blackwood to-day speaking of renewed delight in "Adam Bede," and proposing 1st Feb. as the day of publication. Read the article in yesterday's *Times* on George's "Sea-side Studies" — highly gratifying. We are still reading Scott's life with great interest; and G. is reading to me Michelet's book "De l'Amour."

Jan. 15. — I corrected the last sheets of "Adam Bede," and we afterwards walked to Wimbledon to see our new house, which we have taken for seven years. I hired the servant — another bit of business done: and then we had a delightful walk across Wimbledon Common and through Richmond Park homeward. The air was clear and cold — the sky magnificent.

Jan. 31. — Received a cheque for £400 from Blackwood, being the first instalment of the payment for four years' copyright of "Adam Bede." To-morrow the book is to be subscribed, and Blackwood writes very pleasantly — confident of its "great success." Afterwards we went into town, paid money into the bank, and ordered part of our china and glass towards house-keeping.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
31st Jan.

Enclosed is the formal acknowledgement, bearing my signature, and with it let me beg you to accept my thanks — *not* formal but heartfelt — for the generous way in

which you have all along helped me with words and with deeds.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
31st Jan.

The impression "Adam Bede" has made on you and Major Blackwood — of whom I have always been pleased to think as concurring with your views — is my best encouragement, and counterbalances, in some degree, the depressing influences to which I am peculiarly sensitive. I perceive that I have not the characteristics of the "popular author," and yet I am much in need of the warmly expressed sympathy which only popularity can win.

A good subscription would be cheering, but I can understand that it is not decisive of success or non-success. Thank you for promising to let me know about it as soon as possible.

Feb. 6. — Yesterday we went to take possession of Holly Lodge, Wandsworth, which is to be our dwelling, we expect, for years to come. It was a deliciously fresh bright day — I will accept the omen. A letter came from Blackwood telling me the result of the subscription to "Adam Bede," which was published on the 1st. : 730 copies, Mudie having taken 500 on the publisher's terms — *i. e.*, ten per cent on the sale price. At first he had stood out for a larger reduction, and would only take 50, but at last he came round. In this letter Blackwood told me the first *ab extra* opinion of the book, which happened to be precisely what I most desired. A cabinet-maker (brother to Blackwood's managing clerk) had read the sheets, and declared that the writer must have been brought up to the business, or at least had listened to the workmen in their workshop.

DR. JOHN BROWN [WANDSWORTH

Journal.

Feb. 12. — Received a cheering letter from Blackwood, saying that he finds “Adam Bede” making just the impression he had anticipated among his own friends and connections, and enclosing a parcel from Dr. John Brown “To the author of ‘Adam Bede.’” The parcel contained “Rab and his Friends,” with an inscription.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
13th Feb.

Will you tell Dr. John Brown, that when I read an account of “Rab and his Friends” in a newspaper, I wished I had the story to read at full length; and I thought to myself the writer of “Rab” would perhaps like “Adam Bede.”

When you have told him this, he will understand the peculiar pleasure I had on opening the little parcel with “Rab” inside, and a kind word from Rab’s friend. I have read the story twice — once aloud, and once to myself, very slowly, that I might dwell on the pictures of Rab and Ailie, and carry them about with me more distinctly. I will not say any commonplace words of admiration about what has touched me so deeply: there is no adjective of that sort left undefiled by the newspapers. The writer of “Rab” *knows* that I must love the grim old mastiff with the short tail and the long dewlaps — that I must have felt present at the scenes of Ailie’s last trial.

Thanks for your cheering letter. I will be hopeful — if I can.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th Feb.

You have the art of writing just the sort of letters I care for — sincere letters, like your own talk. We are tolerably settled now, except that we have only a temporary servant; and I shall not be quite at ease until I have a trustworthy woman who will manage without

incessant dogging. Our home is very comfortable, with far more of vulgar indulgencies in it than I ever expected to have again ; but you must not imagine it a snug place, just peeping above the holly bushes. Imagine it rather as a tall cake, with a low garnish of holly and laurel. As it is, we are very well off, with glorious breezy walks, and wide horizons, well ventilated rooms and abundant water. If I allowed myself to have any longings beyond what is given, they would be for a nook quite in the country, far away from palaces — Crystal or otherwise — with an orchard behind me full of old trees, and rough grass and hedgerow paths among the endless fields where you meet nobody. We talk of such things sometimes, along with old age and dim faculties, and a small independence to save us from writing drivel for dishonest money. In the meantime the business of life shuts us up within the environs of London and within sight of human advancements, which I should be so very glad to believe in without seeing.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th Feb.

Pretty Arabella Goddard we heard play at Berlin — play the very things you heard as a *bonne bouche* at the last — none the less delightful from being so unlike the piano playing of Liszt and Clara Schumann, whom we had heard at Weimar, — both great, and one the greatest.

Thank you for sending me that authentic word about Miss Nightingale. I wonder if she would rather rest from her blessed labours, or live to go on working? Sometimes, when I read of the death of some great sensitive human being, I have a triumph in the sense that they are at rest ; and yet, along with that, such deep sad-

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th Feb.

ness at the thought that the rare nature is gone for ever into darkness, and we can never know that our love and reverence can reach him, that I seem to have gone through a personal sorrow when I shut the book and go to bed. I felt in that way the other night when I finished the life of Scott aloud to Mr. Lewes. He had never read the book before, and has been deeply stirred by the picture of Scott's character — his energy and steady work, his grand fortitude under calamity, and the spirit of strict honour to which he sacrificed his declining life. He loves Scott as well as I do.

We have met a pleasant-faced, bright-glancing man, whom we set down to be worthy of the name, Richard Congreve. I am curious to see if our *Ahnung* will be verified.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
24th Feb.

One word of gratitude to *you* first before I write any other letters. Heaven and earth bless you for trying to help me. I have been blasphemous enough sometimes to think that I had never been good and attractive enough to win any little share of the honest, disinterested friendship there is in the world: one or two examples of late had given that impression, and I am prone to rest in the least agreeable conviction the premisses will allow. I need hardly tell you what I want, you know it so well: a servant who will cause me the least possible expenditure of time on household matters. I wish I were not an anxious, fidgety wretch, and could sit down content with dirt and disorder. But anything in the shape of an *anxiety* soon grows into a monstrous vulture with me, and makes itself more present to me than my rich sources of happiness — such as too few mortals are blessed with.

You know me. Since I wrote this, I have just had a letter from my sister Chrissey — ill in bed, consumptive — regretting that she ever ceased to write to me. It has ploughed up my heart.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
24th Feb.

Mrs. Carlyle's ardent letter will interest and amuse you. I reckon it among my best triumphs that she found herself "in charity with the whole human race" when she laid the book down. I want the philosopher himself to read it, because the *pre-philosophic* period — the childhood and poetry of his life — lay among the furrowed fields and pious peasantry. If he *could* be urged to read a novel! I should like, if possible, to give him the same sort of pleasure he has given me in the early chapters of "Sartor," where he describes little Diogenes eating his porridge on the wall in sight of the sunset, and gaining deep wisdom from the contemplation of the pigs and other "higher animals" of *Entepfuhl*.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
24th Feb.

Your critic was *not* unjustly severe on the "Mirage Philosophy" — and I confess the "Life of Frederick" was a painful book to me in many respects; and yet I shrink, perhaps superstitiously, from any written or spoken word which is as strong as my inward criticism.

I needed your letter very much — for when one lives apart from the world, with no opportunity of observing the effect of books except through the newspapers, one is in danger of sinking into the foolish belief that the day is past for the recognition of genuine truthful writing, in spite of recent experience that the newspapers are no criterion at all. One such opinion as Mr. Caird's outweighs a great deal of damnatory praise from ignorant journalists.

SENSIBILITY TO CRITICISM [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
24th Feb.

It is a wretched weakness of my nature to be so strongly affected by these things; and yet how is it possible to put one's best heart and soul into a book and be hardened to the result—be indifferent to the proof whether or not one has really a vocation to speak to one's fellow-men in that way? Of course one's vanity is at work; but the main anxiety is something entirely distinct from vanity.

You see I mean you to understand that my feelings are very respectable, and such as it will be virtuous in you to gratify with the same zeal as you have always shown. The packet of newspaper notices is not come yet. I will take care to return it when it *has* come.

The best news from London hitherto is that Mr. Dallas is an enthusiastic admirer of Adam. I ought to except Mr. Langford's reported opinion, which is that of a person who has a voice of his own, and is not a mere echo.

Otherwise, Edinburgh has sent me much more encouraging breezes than any that have come from the sweet south. I wonder if all your other authors are as greedy and exacting as I am. If so, I hope they appreciate your attention as much. Will you oblige me by writing a line to Mrs. Carlyle for me. I don't like to leave her second letter (she wrote a very kind one about the "Clerical Scenes") without any sort of notice. Will you tell her that the sort of effect she declares herself to have felt from "Adam Bede" is just what I desire to produce—gentle thoughts and happy remembrances; and I thank her heartily for telling me, so warmly and generously, what she has felt. That is not a pretty mes-

sage: revise it for me, pray, for I am weary and ailing, and thinking of a sister who is slowly dying.

The folio of notices duly came, and are returning by to-day's post. The friend at my elbow ran through them for me, and read aloud some specimens to me, some of them ludicrous enough. The *Edinburgh Courant* has the ring of sincere enjoyment in its tone; and the writer there makes himself so amiable to me, that I am sorry he has fallen into the mistake of supposing that Mrs. Poyser's original sayings are remembered proverbs! I have no stock of proverbs in my memory; and there is not one thing put into Mrs. Poyser's mouth that is not fresh from my own mint. Please to correct that mistake if any one makes it in your hearing.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
25th Feb.

I have not ventured to look into the folio myself; but I learn that there are certain threatening marks, in ink, by the side of such stock sentences as "best novel of the season," or "best novel we have read for a long time," from such authorities as the *Sun*, or *Morning Star*, or other orb of the newspaper firmament — as if these sentences were to be selected for reprint in the form of advertisement. I shudder at the suggestion. Am I taking a liberty in entreating you to keep a sharp watch over the advertisements, that no hackneyed puffing phrase of this kind may be tacked to my book? One sees them garnishing every other advertisement of trash: surely no being "above the rank of an idiot" can have his inclination coerced by them; and it would gall me, as much as any trifle could, to see my book recommended by an authority who does n't know how to write decent English. I believe that your taste and judgement will concur

LETTER FROM A WORKINGMAN [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
25th Feb.

with mine in the conviction that no quotations of this vulgar kind can do credit to a book; and that unless something looking like the real opinion of a tolerably educated writer, in a respectable journal, can be given, it would be better to abstain from "opinions of the press" altogether. I shall be grateful to you if you will save me from the results of any agency but your own — or at least of any agency that is not under your rigid criticism in this matter.

Pardon me if I am overstepping the author's limits in this expression of my feelings. I confide in your ready comprehension of the irritable class you have to deal with.

Journal.

Feb. 26. — Laudatory reviews of "Adam Bede" in the *Athenæum*, *Saturday*, and *Literary Gazette*. The *Saturday* criticism is characteristic: Dinah is not mentioned!

The other day I received the following letter, which I copy, because I have sent the original away: —

"To the Author of 'Adam Bede.'

"CHESTER ROAD, SUNDERLAND.

Letter from
E. Hall
to George
Eliot.

"DEAR SIR, — I got the other day a hasty read of your 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and since that a glance at your 'Adam Bede,' and was delighted more than I can express; but being a poor man, and having enough to do to make 'ends meet,' I am unable to get a read of your inimitable books.

"Forgive, dear sir, my boldness in asking you to give us a cheap edition. You would confer on us a great boon. I can get plenty of trash for a few

pence, but I am sick of it. I felt so different when I shut your books, even though it was but a kind of 'hop, skip, and jump' read.

Letter from
E. Hall
to George
Eliot.

"I feel so strongly in this matter, that I am determined to risk being thought rude and officious, and write to you.

"Many of my working brethren feel as I do, and I express their wish as well as my own. Again asking your forgiveness for intruding myself upon you — I remain, with profoundest respect, yours, etc.,

"E. HALL."

I have written to Chrissey, and shall hear from her again. I think her writing was the result of long, quiet thought — the slow return of a naturally just and affectionate mind to the position from which it had been thrust by external influence. She says: "My object in writing to you is to tell you how very sorry I have been that I ceased to write, and neglected one who, under all circumstances, was kind to me and mine. *Pray believe* me when I say it will be the greatest comfort I can receive to know that you are *well* and *happy*. Will you write once more?" etc. I wrote immediately, and I desire to avoid any word of reference to anything with which she associates the idea of alienation. The past is abolished from my mind. I only want her to feel that I love her and care for her. The servant trouble seems less mountainous to me than it did the other day. I was suffering physically from unusual worrit and muscular exertion in arranging the house, and so was in a ridiculously desponding state. I have written no end

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Feb.

THE "POPULAR AUTHOR" [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Feb.

of letters in answer to servants' advertisements, and we have put our own advertisement in the *Times* — all which amount of force, if we were not philosophers and therefore believers in the conservation of force, we should declare to be lost. It is so pleasant to know these high doctrines — they help one so much. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Congreve have called on us. We shall return the call as soon as we can.

Journal.

March 8. — Letter from Blackwood this morning saying that "'Bedesman' has turned the corner and is coming in a winner." Mudie has sent for 200 additional copies (making 700), and Mr. Langford says the West End libraries keep sending for more.

March 14. — My dear sister wrote to me about three weeks ago, saying she regretted that she had ever ceased writing to me, and that she has been in a consumption for the last eighteen months. To-day I have a letter from my niece Emily, telling me her mother had been taken worse, and cannot live many days.

March 16. — Blackwood writes to say I am "a popular author, as well as a great author." They printed 2090 of "Adam Bede," and have disposed of more than 1800, so that they are thinking about a second edition. A very feeling letter from Froude this morning. I happened this morning to be reading the 30th Ode, B. III, of Horace — "Non omnis moriar."

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
17th March.

The news you have sent me is worth paying a great deal of pain for, past and future. It comes rather strangely to me, who live in such unconsciousness of what is going on in the world. I am like a deaf person, to whom some one has just shouted that the company

1859] LETTER TO MR. J. A. FROUDE

round him have been paying him compliments for the last half hour. Let the best come, you will still be the person outside my own home who *first* gladdened me about "Adam Bede"; and my success will always please me the better because you will share the pleasure.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
17th March.

Don't think I mean to worry you with many such requests — but will you copy for me the enclosed short note to Froude? I know you will, so I say "thank you."

DEAR SIR, — My excellent friend and publisher, Mr. Blackwood, lends me his pen to thank you for your letter, and for his sake I shall be brief.

Letter to
J.A.Froude,
from George
Eliot.

Your letter has done me real good — the same sort of good as one has sometimes felt from a silent pressure of the hand and a grave look in the midst of smiling congratulations.

I have nothing else I care to tell you that you will not have found out through my books, except this one thing: that, so far as I am aware, you are only the *second* person who has shared my own satisfaction in Janet. I think she is the least popular of my characters. You will judge from that, that it was worth your while to tell me what you felt about her.

I wish I could help you with words of equal value, but, after all, am I not helping you by saying that it was well and generously done of you to write to me? — Ever faithfully yours,

GEORGE ELIOT.

It was worth your while to write me those feeling words, for they are the sort of things that I keep in my memory and feel the influence of a long, long while.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st March.

QUOTED IN HOUSE OF COMMONS [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st March.

Chrissey's death has taken from me the possibility of many things towards which I looked with some hope and yearning in the future. I had a very special feeling towards her — stronger than any third person would think likely.

Journal.

March 24. — Mr. Herbert Spencer brought us word that "Adam Bede" had been quoted by Mr. Charles Buxton in the House of Commons: "As the farmer's wife says in 'Adam Bede,' 'It wants to be hatched over again and hatched different.'"

March 26. — George went into town to-day and brought me home a budget of good news that compensated for the pain I had felt in the coldness of an old friend. Mr. Langford says that Mudie "thinks he must have another hundred or two of 'Adam' — has read the book himself, and is delighted with it." Charles Reade says it is "the finest thing since Shakespeare" — placed his finger on Lisbeth's account of her coming home with her husband from their marriage — praises enthusiastically the style — the way in which the author handles the Saxon language. Shirley Brooks also delighted. John Murray says there has never been such a book. Mr. Langford says there must be a second edition, in 3 vols., and they will print 500: whether Mudie takes more or not, they will have sold all by the end of a month. Lucas delighted with the book, and will review it in the *Times* the first opportunity.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th March.

I should like you to convey my gratitude to your reviewer. I see well he is a man whose experience and study enable him to relish parts of my book, which I

should despair of seeing recognized by critics in London back drawing-rooms. He has gratified me keenly by laying his finger on passages which I wrote either with strong feeling or from intimate knowledge, but which I had prepared myself to find entirely passed over by reviewers. Surely I am not wrong in supposing him to be a clergyman? There was one exemplary lady Mr. Langford spoke of, who, after reading "Adam," came the next day and bought a copy both of that and the "Clerical Scenes." I wish there may be three hundred matrons as good as she! It is a disappointment to me to find that "Adam" has given no impulse to the "Scenes," for I had sordid desires for money from a second edition, and had dreamed of its coming speedily.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th March.

About my new story, which will be a novel as long as "Adam Bede," and a sort of companion picture of provincial life, we must talk when I have the pleasure of seeing you. It will be a work which will require time and labour.

Do write me good news as often as you can. I owe thanks to Major Blackwood for a very charming letter.

The other day I received a letter from an old friend in Warwickshire, containing some striking information about the author of "Adam Bede." I extract the passage for your amusement:—

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
10th April.

"I want to ask you if you have read 'Adam Bede,' or the 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and whether you know that the author is Mr. Liggins? . . . A deputation of Dissenting parsons went over *to ask him to write for the 'Eclectic,'* and they found him washing his slop-basin at a pump. He has no servant, and does everything for

LIGGINS AS "GEORGE ELIOT" [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
10th April.

himself; but one of the said parsons said that he inspired them with a reverence that would have made any impertinent question impossible. The son of a baker, of no mark at all in his town, so that it is possible you may not have heard of him. You know he calls himself 'George Eliot.' It sounds strange to hear the *Westminster* doubting whether he is a woman, when *here he is so well known*. But I am glad it has mentioned him. *They say he gets no profit out of 'Adam Bede,' and gives it freely to Blackwood, which is a shame*. We have not read him yet, but the extracts are irresistible."

Conceive the real George Eliot's feelings, conscious of being a base worldling — not washing his own slop-basin, and *not* giving away his MS.! not even intending to do so, in spite of the reverence such a course might inspire. I hope you and Major Blackwood will enjoy the myth.

Mr. Langford sent me a letter the other day from Miss Winkworth, a grave lady, who says she never reads novels — except a few of the most famous, but that she has read "Adam" three times running. One likes to know such things: they show that the book tells on people's hearts, and may be a real instrument of culture. I sing my Magnificat in a quiet way, and have a great deal of deep, silent joy; but few authors, I suppose, who have had a real success, have known less of the flush and the sensations of triumph that are talked of as the accompaniments of success. I think I should soon begin to believe that *Liggins* wrote my books — it is so difficult to believe what the world does *not* be-

lieve, so easy to believe what the world keeps repeating.

The very day you wrote we were driving in an open carriage from Ryde to the Sandrock Hotel, taking in a month's delight in the space of five hours. Such skies — such songs of larks — such beds of primroses! *I* am quite well now — set up by iron and quinine, and polished off by the sea-breezes. I have lost my *young* dislike to the spring, and am as glad of it as the birds and plants are. Mr. Lewes has read "Adam Bede," and is as dithyrambic about it as others appear to be, so *I* must refresh my soul with it now as well as with the spring-tide. Mr. Liggins I remember as a vision of my childhood — a tall, black-coated, genteel young clergyman-in-embryo.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th April.

Mr. Lewes is "making himself into four" in writing answers to advertisements and other exertions which he generously takes on himself to save me. A model husband!

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th April.

We both like your literal title, "Thoughts in aid of Faith," very much, and hope to see a little book under that title before the year is out — a book as thorough and effective in its way as "Christianity and Infidelity."

Rewriting is an excellent process frequently both for the book and its author; and to prevent you from grudging the toil, I will tell you that so old a writer as Mr. Lewes now *rewrites* everything of *importance*, though in all the earlier years of his authorship he would never take that trouble.

We are so happy in the neighbourhood of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Congreve. She is a sweet, intelligent,

THE LIGGINS MYTH [WANDSWORTH

gentle woman. I already love her : and his fine beaming face does me good, like a glimpse of an Olympian.

Journal.

April 17. — I have left off recording the history of “Adam Bede,” and the pleasant letters and words that came to me — the success has been so triumphantly beyond anything I had dreamed of, that it would be tiresome to put down particulars. Four hundred of the second edition (of 750) sold in the first week, and twenty besides ordered when there was not a copy left in the London house. This morning Hachette has sent to ask my terms for the liberty of translation into French. There was a review in the *Times* last week, which will naturally give a new stimulus to the sale; and yesterday I sent a letter to the *Times* denying that Mr. Liggins is the author, as the world and Mr. Anders had settled it. But I must trust to the letters I have received and preserved for giving me the history of the book if I should live long enough to forget details.

Shall I ever write another book as true as “Adam Bede”? The weight of the future presses on me, and makes itself felt even more than the deep satisfaction of the past and present.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
20th April.

This myth about Liggins is getting serious, and must be put a stop to. We are bound not to allow sums of money to be raised on a false supposition of this kind. Don't you think it would be well for *you* to write a letter to the *Times*, to the effect that, as you find in some stupid quarters my letter has not been received as a *bona-fide* denial, you declare Mr. Liggins not to be the author of “Clerical Scenes” and “Adam Bede”; further, that any future applications to you concerning

George Eliot will not be answered, since that writer is not in need of public benevolence. Such a letter might save us from future annoyance and trouble, for I am rather doubtful about Mr. Liggins's character. The last report I heard of him was that he spent his time in smoking and drinking. I don't know whether that is one of the data for the Warwickshire logicians who have decided him to be the author of my books.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
20th April.

April 29. — To-day Blackwood sent me a letter from Bulwer, which I copy because I have to send back the original, and I like to keep in mind the generous praise of one author for another.

Journal.

"MALVERN, *April 24*, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I ought long since to have thanked you for 'Adam Bede.' But I never had a moment to look at it, till arriving here, and ordered by the doctors to abstain from all 'work.'

Letter from
E. B. Lytton
to John
Blackwood.

"I owe the author much gratitude for some very pleasing hours. The book indeed is worthy of great admiration. There are touches of beauty in the conception of human character that are exquisite, and much wit and much poetry embedded in the 'dialect,' which nevertheless the author over-uses.

"The style is remarkably good whenever it is English and not provincial — racy, original, and nervous.

"I congratulate you on having found an author of such promise, and published one of the very ablest works of fiction I have read for years. — Yours truly,

E. B. L.

"I am better than I was, but thoroughly done up."

TITLE OF THE NEW NOVEL [WANDSWORTH

Journal.

April 29. — Finished a story — “The Lifted Veil” — which I began one morning at Richmond as a resource when my head was too stupid for more important work.

Resumed my new novel, of which I am going to re-write the two first chapters. I shall call it provisionally “The Tullivers,” for the sake of a title *quelconque*, or perhaps “St. Ogg’s on the Floss.”

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
29th April.

Thank you for sending me Sir Edward Lytton’s letter, which has given me real pleasure. The praise is doubly valuable to me for the sake of the generous feeling that prompted it. I think you judged rightly about writing to the *Times*. I would abstain from the remotest appearance of a “dodge.” I am anxious to know of any *positive* rumours that may get abroad; for while I would willingly, if it were possible — which it clearly is not — retain my incognito as long as I live, I can suffer no one to bear my arms on his shield.

There is *one* alteration, or rather an addition — merely of a sentence — that I wish to make in the 12s. edition of “Adam Bede.” It is a sentence in the chapter where Adam is making the coffin at night, and hears the willow wand. Some readers seem not to have understood what I meant — namely, that it was in Adam’s peasant blood and nurture to believe in this, and that he narrated it with awed belief to his dying day. That is not a fancy of my own brain, but a matter of observation, and is, in my mind, an important feature in Adam’s character. There is nothing else I wish to touch. I will send you the sentence some day soon, with the page where it is to be inserted.

1859] FRIENDSHIP WITH MRS. CONGREVE

May 3. — I had a letter from Mrs. Richard Congreve, telling me of her safe arrival, with her husband and sister,¹ at Dieppe. This new friend, whom I have gained by coming to Wandsworth, is the chief charm of the place to me. Her friendship has the same date as the success of "Adam Bede" — two good things in my lot that ought to have made me less sad than I have been in this house.

Your letter came yesterday at tea-time, and made the evening happier than usual. We had thought of you not a little as we listened to the howling winds, especially as the terrible wrecks off the Irish coast had filled our imaginations disagreeably. *Now* I can make a charming picture of you all on the beach, except that I am obliged to fancy *your* face looking still too languid after all your exertion and sleeplessness. I remember the said face with peculiar vividness, which is very pleasant to me. "Rough" has been the daily companion of our walks, and wins on our affections, as other fellow mortals do, by a mixture of weaknesses and virtues — the weaknesses consisting chiefly in a tendency to become invisible every ten minutes and in a forgetfulness of reproof, which, I fear, is the usual accompaniment of meekness under it. All this is good discipline for us selfish solitaries, who have been used to stroll along, thinking of nothing but ourselves.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
4th May.

We walked through your garden to-day, and I gathered a bit of your sweetbrier, of which I am at this moment enjoying the scent as it stands on my desk. I am enjoying, too, another sort of sweetness, which I also

Miss Emily Bury, now Mrs. Geddes.

AUTHORSHIP DISCOVERED [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
grave,
4th May.

owe to you — of that subtle, haunting kind which is most like the scent of my favourite plants — the belief that you do really care for me across the seas there, and will associate me continually with your home. Faith is not easy to me, nevertheless I believe everything you say and write.

Write to me as often as you can — that is, as often as you feel any prompting to do so. You were a dear presence to me, and will be a precious thought to me all through your absence.

Journal.

May 4. — To-day came a letter from Barbara Bodichon, full of joy in my success, in the certainty that "Adam Bede" was mine, though she had not read more than extracts in reviews. This is the first delight in the book as *mine*, over and above the fact that the book is good.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th May.

God bless you, dearest Barbara, for your love and sympathy. You are the first friend who has given any symptom of knowing me — the first heart that has recognized me in a book which has come from my heart of hearts. But keep the secret solemnly till I give you leave to tell it, and give way to no impulses of triumphant affection. You have sense enough to know how important the incognito has been, and we are anxious to keep it up a few months longer. Curiously enough my old Coventry friends, who have certainly read the *Westminster* and the *Times*, and have probably by this time read the book itself, have given no sign of recognition. But a certain Mr. Liggins, whom rumour has fixed on as the author of my books, and whom *they* have believed in, has probably screened me from their vision.

1859] JOY IN MME. BODICHON'S LETTER

I am a very blessed woman, am I not, to have all this reason for being glad that I have lived? I have had no time of exultation—on the contrary, these last months have been sadder than usual to me; and I have thought more of the future and the much work that remains to be done in life than of anything that has been achieved. But I think your letter to-day gave me more joy—more heart-glow—than all the letters or reviews or other testimonies of success that have come to me since the evenings when I read aloud my manuscript to my dear, dear husband, and he laughed and cried alternately, and then rushed to me to kiss me. He is the prime blessing that has made all the rest possible to me, giving me a response to everything I have written—a response that I could confide in, as a proof that I had not mistaken my work.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th May.

You must not think me too soft-hearted, when I tell you that it would make me uneasy to leave Mr. Anders without an assurance that his apology is accepted. “Who with repentance is not satisfied,” etc.; that doctrine is bad for the sinning, but good for those sinned against. Will you oblige me by allowing a clerk to write something to this effect in the name of the firm?—“We are requested by George Eliot to state, in reply to your letter of the 16th, that he accepts your assurance that the publication of your letter to the reviewer of ‘Adam Bede’ in the *Times* was unintentional on your part.”

Letter to
Major Black-
wood,
6th May.

Yes, I *am* assured now that “Adam Bede” was worth writing—worth living through long years to write. But now it seems impossible to me that I shall ever

DULWICH PICTURE-GALLERY [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Major Black-
wood,
6th May.

write anything so good and true again. I have arrived at faith in the past, but not at faith in the future.

A friend in Algiers¹ has found me out — “will go to the stake on the assertion that I wrote ‘Adam Bede’” — simply on the evidence of a few extracts. So far as I know, this is the first case of detection on purely internal evidence. But the secret is safe in that quarter.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again during some visit that you will pay to town before very long. It would do me good to have you shake me by the hand as the ascertained George Eliot.

Journal.

May 9. — We had a delicious drive to Dulwich, and back by Sydenham. We staid an hour in the gallery at Dulwich, and I satisfied myself that the Saint Sebastian is no exception to the usual “petty prettiness” of Guido’s conceptions. The Cuyp glowing in the evening sun, the Spanish beggar boys of Murillo, and Gainsborough’s portrait of Mrs. Sheridan and her sister, are the gems of the gallery. But better than the pictures was the fresh greenth of the spring, — the chestnuts just on the verge of their flowering beauty, the bright leaves of the limes, the rich yellow-brown of the oaks, the meadows full of buttercups. We saw for the first time Clapham Common, Streatham Common, and Tooting Common, — the two last like parks rather than commons.

May 19. — A letter from Blackwood, in which he proposes to give me another £400 at the end of the year, making in all £1200, as an acknowledgement of “Adam Bede’s” success.

¹ Madame Bodichon.

1859] APPRECIATION OF THE BLACKWOODS

Mrs. Congreve is a sweet woman, and I feel that I have acquired a friend in her — after recently declaring that we would never have any *friends* again, only *acquaintances*.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st May.

We don't think of going to the festival, not for want of power to enjoy Handel, — there are few things that I care for more in the way of music than his choruses, performed by a grand orchestra, — but because we are neither of us fit to encounter the physical exertion and inconveniences. It is a cruel thing the difficulty and dearness of getting any music in England — concerted music, which is the only music I care for much now. At Dresden we could have thoroughly enjoyable instrumental music every evening for twopence; and I owed so many thoughts and inspirations of feeling to that stimulus.

Thank you: first, for acting with that fine integrity which makes part of my faith in you; secondly, for the material sign of that integrity. I don't know which of those two things I care for most — that people should act nobly towards me, or that I should get honest money. I certainly care a great deal for the money, as I suppose all anxious minds do that love independence and have been brought up to think debt and begging the two deepest dishonours short of crime.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
21st May.

I look forward with quite eager expectation to seeing you — we have so much to say. Pray give us the first day at your command. The excursion, as you may imagine, is not ardently longed for in this weather, but when “merry May” is quite gone, we may surely hope for some sunshine; and then I have a pet project of

AUTHORSHIP ACKNS BUSINESS [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
8th June.

now, — so I mean by the banks of a river, not without by caring as well as hygienic purposes.

Pray bring me all the Liggins Correspondence. I have an amusing letter or two to show you, — one from a gentleman who has sent me his works; happily the only instance of the kind. For as Charles Lamb complains, it is always the people whose books *don't* sell who are anxious to send them to one, with their “foolish auto-graphs” inside.

Journal.

May 27. — Blackwood came to dine with us on his arrival in London, and we had much talk. A day or two before he had sent me a letter from Professor Aytoun, saying that he had neglected his work to read the first volume of “Adam Bede”; and he actually sent the other two volumes out of the house to save himself from temptation. Blackwood brought with him a correspondence he has had with various people about Liggins, beginning with Mr. Bracebridge, who will have it that Liggins is the author of “Adam Bede” in spite of all denials.

June 5. — Blackwood came, and we concocted two letters to send to the *Times*, in order to put a stop to the Liggins affair.

Letter to
Major Black-
wood,
6th June.

The “Liggins business” *does* annoy me, because it subjects you and Mr. John Blackwood to the reception of insulting letters, and the trouble of writing contradictions. Otherwise, the whole affair is really a subject for a Molière comedy — “The Wise Men of Warwickshire,” who might supersede “The Wise Men of Gotham.”

The letter you sent me was a very pleasant one from Mrs. Gaskell, saying that since she came up to town she

1859]

MRS. GASKELL'S FRIENDS

has had the compliment paid her of being because I am feeling
have written "Adam Bede." "I have hit of helping you
it; but really, I think that, as you want to keep your interest-
real name a secret, it would be very pleasant for me to
blush acquiescence. Will you give me leave?"

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
24th June.

I hope the inaccuracy with which she writes my name
is not characteristic of a genius for fiction, though I once
heard a German account for the bad spelling in Goethe's
early letters by saying that it was "genial" — their word
for whatever is characteristic of genius.

I was glad you wrote to me from Avignon of all the
places you have visited because Avignon is one of my
most vivid remembrances from out the dimness of ten
years ago. Lucerne would be a strange region to me but
for Calame's pictures. Through them I have a vision of
it, but of course when I see it 't will be another Luzern.
Mr. Lewes obstinately nurses the project of carrying me
thither with him, and depositing me within reach of you
while he goes to Hofwyl. But at present I say "No."
We have been waiting and waiting for the skies to let us
take a few days' ramble by the river, but now I fear we
must give it up till all the freshness of young summer is
gone. July and August are the two months I care least
about for leafy scenery.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
8th June.

However, we are kept at home this month partly by
pleasures: the Handel Festival, for which we have in-
dulged ourselves with tickets, and the sight of old friends
— Mrs. Bodichon among the rest, and for her we hope
to use your kind loan of a bedroom. We are both of us
in much better condition than when you said good-bye
to us, and I have many other sources of gladness just

AUTHORSHIP ACKNOWLEDGED [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
8th June.

now, — so I mean to make myself disagreeable no longer by caring about petty troubles. If one could but order cheerfulness from the druggist's! or even a few doses of coldness and distrust, to prevent one from foolish confidence in one's fellow-mortals!

I want to get rid of this house — cut cables and drift about. I dislike Wandsworth, and should think with unmitigated regret of our coming here if it were not for you. But you are worth paying a price for.

There! I have written about nothing but ourselves this time! *You* do the same, and then I think I will promise . . . not to write again, but to ask you to go on writing to me without an answer.

How cool and idle you are this morning! I am warm and busy, but always at all temperatures — Yours affectionately.

Journal.

June 20. — We went to the Crystal Palace to hear the "Messiah," and dined afterwards with the Brays and Sara Hennell. I told them I was the author of "Adam Bede" and "Clerical Scenes," and they seemed overwhelmed with surprise. This experience has enlightened me a good deal as to the ignorance in which we all live of each other.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
24th June.

There is always an after sadness belonging to brief and interrupted intercourse between friends — the sadness of feeling that the blundering efforts we have made towards mutual understanding have only made a new veil between us — still more, the sadness of feeling that some pain may have been given which separation makes a permanent memory. We are quite unable to represent ourselves truly. Why should we complain that our

1850] BLUNDERS BETWEEN FRIENDS

friends see a false image? I say this, because I am feeling painfully this morning, that instead of helping you when you brought before me a matter so deeply interesting to you, I have only blundered, and that I have blundered, as most of us do, from too much egoism and too little sympathy. If my mind had been more open to receive impressions, instead of being in over haste to give them, I should more readily have seen what your object was in giving me that portion of your MS., and we might have gone through the necessary part of it on Tuesday. It seems no use to write this now, and yet I can't help wanting to assure you, that if I am too imperfect to do and feel the right thing at the right moment, I am not without the slower sympathy that becomes all the stronger from a sense of previous mistake.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
24th June.

I am told peremptorily that I am to go to Switzerland next month, but now I have read your letter, I can't help thinking more of your illness than of the pleasure in prospect — according to my foolish nature, which is always prone to live in past pain.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
27th June.

We shall not arrive at Lucerne till the 12th, at the earliest, I imagine, so I hope we are secured from the danger of alighting precisely on the days of your absence. That would be cruel, for I shall only be left at Lucerne for three days. You must positively have nothing more interesting to do than to talk to me and let me look at you. Tell your sister I shall be all ears and eyes and no tongue, so she will find me the most *aimable* of conversers.

I think it must be that the sunshine makes your absence more conspicuous, for this place certainly be-

PORTRAITURE IN HER BOOKS [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
27th June.

comes drearier to me as the summer advances. The dusty roads are all longer, and the shade is further off. No more now about anything — except that Mr. Lewes commands me to say he has just read the “Roman Empire of the West” with much interest, and is going now to flesh his teeth in the “Politique” (Auguste Comte’s).

Letter to
the Brays,
Monday
evening, end
of June.

DEAR FRIENDS, — All three of you — thanks for your packet of heartfelt kindness. That is the best of your kindness — there is no sham in it. It was inevitable to me to have that outburst when I saw you for a little while after the long silence, and felt that I must tell you then or be forestalled, and leave you to gather the truth amidst an inextricable mixture of falsehood. But I feel that the influence of talking about my books, even to you and Mrs. Bodichon, has been so bad to me that I should like to be able to keep silence concerning them for evermore. If people were to buzz round me with their remarks, or compliments, I should lose the repose of mind and truthfulness of production, without which no good healthy books can be written. Talking about my books, I find, has much the same malign effect on me as talking of my feelings or my religion.

I should think Sara’s version of my brother’s words concerning “Adam Bede” is the correct one — “*that there are things in it about my father*” (*i. e.*, being interpreted, things my father told us about his early life), not “portrait” of my father. There is not a single portrait in the book, nor will there be in any future book of mine. There are portraits in the “Clerical Scenes”; but that was my first bit of art, and my hand was not well in. I did not know so well how to manipulate my materials.

As soon as the Liggins falsehood is annihilated, of course there will be twenty new ones in its place; and one of the first will be that I was not the sole author. The only safe thing for my mind's health is to shut my ears and go on with my work.

Letter to
the Brays,
Monday
evening, end
of June.

Thanks for your letters. They have given me one pleasure — that of knowing that Mr. Liggins has not been *greatly* culpable — though Mr. Bracebridge's statement, that only "some small sums" have been collected, does not accord with what has been written to Mr. Blackwood from other counties. But "Oh, I am sick!" Take no more trouble about me, and let every one believe — as they will, in spite of your kind efforts — *what they like to believe*. I can't tell you how much melancholy it causes me that people are, for the most part, so incapable of comprehending the state of mind which cares for that which is essentially human in all forms of belief, and desires to exhibit it under all forms with loving truthfulness. Freethinkers are scarcely wider than the orthodox in this matter, — they all want to see themselves and their own opinions held up as the true and the lovely. On the same ground that an idle woman, with flirtations and flounces, likes to read a French novel, because she can imagine herself the heroine, grave people, with opinions, like the most admirable character in a novel to be their mouthpiece. If art does not enlarge men's sympathies, it does nothing morally. I have had heart-cutting experience that *opinions* are a poor cement between human souls: and the only effect I ardently long to produce by my writings is, that those who read them should be better able to *imagine* and to *feel* the

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
5th July.

TRIP TO LUCERNE [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
5th July.

pains and the joys of those who differ from themselves in everything but the broad fact of being struggling, erring, human creatures.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
6th July.

We shall not start till Saturday, and shall not reach Lucerne till the *evening* of the 11th. There is a project of our returning through Holland, but the attractions of Lucerne are sure to keep us there as long as possible. We have given up Zurich in spite of Moleschott and science. The other day I said to Mr. Lewes, "Every now and then it comes across me, like the recollection of some precious little store laid by, that there is Mrs. Congreve in the world." That is how people talk of you in your absence.

Journal.

July 9. — We started for Switzerland. Spent a delightful day in Paris. To the Louvre first, where we looked chiefly at the "Marriage at Cana," by Paul Veronese. This picture, the greatest I have seen of his, converted me to high admiration of him.

July 12. — Arrived at Lucerne in the evening. Glad to make a home at the charming Schweizerhof on the banks of the Lake. G. went to call on the Congreves, and in the afternoon Mrs. Congreve came to chat with us. In the evening we had a boat on the Lake.

July 13. — G. set off for Hofwyl at five o'clock, and the three next days were passed by me in quiet chat with the Congreves and quiet resting on my own sofa.

July 19. — Spent the morning in Bâle, chiefly under the chestnut trees, near the Cathedral, I reading aloud Flourens's sketch of Cuvier's labours. In the afternoon to Paris.

July 21. — Holly Lodge, Wandsworth. Found a

charming letter from Dickens, and pleasant letters from Blackwood: nothing to annoy us. Before we set off we had heard the excellent news that the fourth edition of "Adam Bede" (5000) had all been sold in a fortnight. The fifth edition appeared last week. Journal.

We reached here last evening, and though I was a good deal over-done in getting to Lucerne, I have borne the equally rapid journey back without headache — a proof that I am strengthened. I had three quiet days of talk with the Congreves at Lucerne, while Mr. Lewes went to Hofwyl. Mrs. Congreve is one of those women of whom there are few — rich in intelligence, without pretension, and quivering with sensibility, yet calm and quiet in her manners. Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
23d July.

I thank you for your offer about the money for "Adam," but I have intentions of stern thrift, and mean to want as little as possible. When "Maggie" is done, and I have a month or two of leisure, I should like to transfer our present house, into which we were driven by haste and economy, to some one who likes houses full of eyes all round him. I long for a house with some shade and grass close round it — I don't care how rough — and the sight of Swiss houses has heightened my longing. But at present I say Avaunt to all desires. Letter to
John Black-
wood,
23d July.

While I think of it, let me beg of you to mention to the superintendent of your printing-office, that in case of another reprint of "Adam," I beg the word "sperrit" (for "spirit") may be particularly attended to. Adam never said "speerit," as he is made to do in the cheaper edition, at least in one place — his speech at the birth-

FAME IN DREAMS [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
23d July.

day dinner. This is a small matter: but it is a point I care about.

Words fail me about the not impossible Pug, for some compunction at having mentioned my unreasonable wish will mingle itself paradoxically with the hope that it may be fulfilled.

I hope we shall have other interviews to remember this time next year, and that you will find me without aggravated symptoms of the "author's malady" — a determination to talk of my own books, which I was alarmingly conscious of when you and the Major were here. After all, I fear authors must submit to be something of monsters — not quite simple, healthy human beings; but I will keep my monstrosity within bounds if possible.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
26th July.

The things you tell me are just such as I need to know — I mean about the help my book is to the people who read it. The weight of my future life, — the self-questioning whether my nature will be able to meet the heavy demands upon it, both of personal duty and intellectual production, — presses upon me almost continually in a way that prevents me even from tasting the quiet joy I might have in the *work done*. Buoyancy and exultation, I fancy, are out of the question when one has lived so long as I have. But I am the better for every word of encouragement, and am helped over many days by such a note as yours. I often think of my dreams when I was four or five and twenty. I thought then how happy fame would make me! I feel no regret that the fame, as such, brings no pleasure; but it *is* a grief to me that I do not constantly feel strong in thankfulness that my past life

has vindicated its uses, and given me reason for gladness that such an unpromising woman child was born into the world. I ought not to care about small annoyances, and it is chiefly egoism that makes them annoyances. I had quite an *enthusiastic* letter from Herbert Spencer the other day about "Adam Bede." He says he feels the better for reading it — really words to be treasured up. I can't bear the idea of appearing further in the papers. And there is no one now except people who would not be convinced, though one rose from the dead, to whom any statement apropos of Liggins would be otherwise than superfluous. I dare say some "investigator" of the Bracebridge order will arise after I am dead and revive the story — and perhaps posterity will believe in Liggins. Why not? A man a little while ago wrote a pamphlet to prove that the Waverley novels were chiefly written, not by Walter Scott, but by Thomas Scott and his wife Elizabeth. The main evidence being that several people thought Thomas cleverer than Walter, and that in the list of the Canadian regiment of Scots to which Thomas belonged, many of the *names* of the Waverley novels occurred — among the rest *Monk* — and in "Woodstock" there is a *General Monk*! The writer expected to get a great reputation by his pamphlet, and I think it might have suggested to Mr. B. his style of critical and historical inference. I must tell you, *in confidence*, that Dickens has written to me the noblest, most touching words about "Adam" — not hyperbolical compliments, but expressions of deep feeling. He says the reading made an epoch in his life.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
26th July.

Pug is come! — come to fill up the void left by false

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th July.

and narrow-hearted friends. I see already that he is without envy, hatred, or malice — that he will betray no secrets, and feel neither pain at my success nor pleasure in my chagrin. I hope the photograph does justice to his physiognomy. It is expressive: full of gentleness and affection, and radiant with intelligence when there is a savoury morsel in question — a hopeful indication of his mental capacity. I distrust all intellectual pretension that announces itself by obtuseness of palate!

I wish you could see him in his best *pose*, — when I have arrested him in a violent career of carpet-scratching, and he looks at me with forelegs very wide apart, trying to penetrate the deep mystery of this arbitrary, not to say capricious, prohibition. He is snoring by my side at this moment, with a serene promise of remaining quiet for any length of time: he could n't behave better if he had been expressly educated for me. I am too lazy a lover of dogs and all earthly things to like them when they give me much trouble, preferring to describe the pleasure other people have in taking trouble.

Alas! the shadow that tracks all earthly good — the possibility of loss. One may lose one's faculties, which will not always fetch a high price; how much more a *Pug* worth unmentionable sums — a PUG which some generous-hearted personage in some other corner of Great Britain than Edinburgh may even now be sending emissaries after, being bent on paying the kindest, most delicate attention to a sensitive mortal not sufficiently reticent of wishes.

All I can say of that generous-hearted personage No. 2 is, that I wish he may get — somebody else's Pug, not

1859] FIRST LETTER TO CHARLES LEWES

mine. And all I will say of the sensitive, insufficiently reticent mortal No. 2 is, that I hope he may be as pleased and as grateful as George Eliot.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th July.

I look forward to playing duets with you as one of my future pleasures; and if I am able to go on working, I hope we shall afford to have a fine grand piano. I have none of Mozart's symphonies, so that you can be guided in your choice of them entirely by your own taste. I know Beethoven's Sonata in E flat well; it is a very charming one, and I shall like to hear you play it. That is one of my luxuries — to sit still and hear some one playing my favourite music; so that you may be sure you will find willing ears to listen to the fruits of your industrious practising.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes,
30th July.

There are ladies in the world, not a few, who play the violin, and I wish I were one of them, for then we could play together sonatas for the piano and violin, which make a charming combination. The violin gives that *keen edge* of tone which the piano wants.

I like to know that you were gratified by getting a watch so much sooner than you expected; and it was the greater satisfaction to me to send it you, because you had earned it by making good use of these precious years at Hofwyl. It is a great comfort to your father and me to think of that, for we, with our old grave heads, can't help talking very often of the need our boys will have for all sorts of good qualities and habits in making their way through this difficult life. It is a world, you perceive, in which cross-bows *will* be *launisch* sometimes, and frustrate the skill of excellent marksmen — how much more of lazy bunglers?

MR. LEWES'S WORK [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes,
30th July.

The first volume of the "Physiology of Common Life" is just published, and it is a great pleasure to see so much of your father's hard work successfully finished. He has been giving a great deal of labour to the numbers on the physiology of the nervous system, which are to appear in the course of two or three months, and he has enjoyed the labour in spite of the drawback of imperfect health, which obliges him very often to leave the desk with a hot and aching head. It is quite my worst trouble that he has so much of this discomfort to bear; and we must all try and make everything else as pleasant to him as we can, to make up for it.

Tell Thornton he shall have the book he asks for, if possible — I mean the book of moths and butterflies; and tell Bertie I expect to hear about the wonderful things he has done with his pocket-knife. Tell him he is equipped well enough to become king of a desert island with that pocket-knife of his; and if, as I think I remember, it has a cork-screw attached, he would certainly have more implements than he would need in that romantic position.

We shall hope to hear a great deal of your journey, with all its haps and mishaps. The mishaps are just as pleasant as the haps when they are past — that is one comfort for tormented travellers.

You are an excellent correspondent, so I do not fear you will flag in writing to me; and remember, you are always giving a pleasure when you write to me.

Journal.

Aug. 11. — Received a letter from an American — Mr. J. C. Evans — asking me to write a story for an American periodical. Answered that I could not write

one for less than £1000, since, in order to do it, I must suspend my actual work. Journal.

I do wish much to see more of human life — how can one see enough in the short years one has to stay in the world? But I meant that at present my mind works with the most freedom and the keenest sense of poetry in my remotest past, and there are many strata to be worked through before I can begin to use, *artistically*, any material I may gather in the present. Curiously enough, apropos of your remark about “Adam Bede,” there is much less “out of my own life” in that book — *i. e.*, the materials are much more a combination from imperfectly known and widely sundered elements than the “Clerical Scenes.” I’m so glad you have enjoyed these — so thankful for the words you write me. Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
11th Aug.

Aug. 12. — Mr. J. C. Evans wrote again, declaring his willingness to pay the £1000, and asking for an interview to arrange preliminaries. Journal.

Aug. 15. — Declined the American proposition, which was to write a story of twelve parts (weekly parts) in the *New York Century* for £1200.

I have re-read your whole proof, and feel that every serious reader will be impressed with the indications of real truth-seeking and heart-experience in the tone. Beginnings are always troublesome. Even Macaulay’s few pages of introduction to his Introduction in the English History are the worst bit of writing in the book. It was no trouble to me to read your proof, so don’t talk as if it had been. Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Aug.

Aug. 17. — Received a letter from Blackwood, with cheque for £200 for second edition of “Clerical Scenes.” Journal.

THE NEW STORY [WANDSWORTH]

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
17th Aug.

I'm glad my story cleaves to you. At present I have no hope that it will affect people as strongly as "Adam" has done. The characters are on a lower level generally, and the environment less romantic. But my stories grow in me like plants, and this is only in the leaf-bud. I have faith that the flower will come. Not enough faith, though, to make me like the idea of beginning to print till the flower is fairly out — till I know the end as well as the beginning.

Pug develops new charms every day. I think, in the pre-historic period of his existence, before he came to me, he had led a sort of Caspar Hauser life, shut up in a kennel in Bethnal Green; and he has had to get over much astonishment at the sight of cows and other rural objects on a large scale, which he marches up to and surveys with the gravity of an "Own Correspondent," whose business it is to observe. He has absolutely no bark; but, *en revanche*, he sneezes powerfully, and has speaking eyes, so the *media* of communication are abundant. He sneezes at the world in general, and he looks affectionately at me.

I envy you the acquaintance of a genuine non-bookish man like Captain Speke. I wonder when men of that sort will take their place as heroes in our literature, instead of the inevitable "genius"?

Journal.

Aug. 20. — Letter from the troublesome Mr. Quirk of Attleboro, still wanting satisfaction about Liggins. I did not leave it unanswered, because he is a friend of Chrissey's, but G. wrote for me.

Our great difficulty is *time*. I am little better than a sick nigger with the lash behind him at present. If we

go to Penmaenmawr we shall travel all through by night, in order not to lose more than one day; and we shall pause at Lichfield on our way back. To pause at Coventry would be a real pleasure to me; but I think, even if we could do it on our way home, it would be better economy to wait until the sense of hurry is past, and make it a little reward for work done. The going to the coast seems to be a wise measure, quite apart from indulgence. We are both so feeble; but otherwise I should have kept my resolution and remained quiet here for the next six months.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Aug.

Aug. 25. — In the evening of this day we set off on our journey to Penmaenmawr. We reached Conway at half-past three in the morning; and finding that it was hopeless to get a bed anywhere, we walked about the town till the morning began to dawn, and we could see the outline of the fine old castle's battlemented walls. In the morning we went to Llandudno, thinking that might suit us better than Penmaenmawr. We found it ugly and fashionable. Then we went off to Penmaenmawr, which was beautiful to our heart's content — or rather discontent — for it would not receive us, being already filled with visitors. Back again in despair to Conway, where we got temporary lodgings at one of the numerous Joneses. This particular Jones happened to be honest and obliging, and we did well enough for a few days in our indoor life, but out of doors there were cold winds and rain. One day we went to Abergele and found a solitary house, called Beach House, which it seemed possible we might have at the end of a few days. But no! and the winds were so cold on this northerly coast, that

Journal.

RETURN BY LICHFIELD [WANDSWORTH

Journal.

George was not sorry, preferring rather to take flight southward. So we set out again on the 31st, and reached Lichfield about half-past five. Here we meant to pass the night, that I might see my nieces — dear Chrissey's orphan children — Emily and Kate. I was much comforted by the sight of them, looking happy, and apparently under excellent care in Miss Eborall's school. We slept at the "Swan," where I remember being with my father and mother when I was a little child, and afterwards with my father alone, in our last journey into Derbyshire. The next morning we set off again, and completed our journey to Weymouth. Many delicious walks and happy hours we had in our fortnight there. A letter from Mr. Langford informed us that the subscription for the sixth edition of "Adam Bede" was 1000. Another pleasant incident was a letter from my old friend and schoolfellow, Martha Jackson, asking if the author of "Adam Bede" was *her* Marian Evans.

Sept. 16. — We reached home, and found letters awaiting us — one from Mr. Quirk, finally renouncing Liggins! — with tracts of an ultra-evangelical kind for me, and the Parish Mag., etc., from the Rev. Erskine Clark of St. Michael's, Derby, who had written to me to ask me to help him in this sort of work.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
17th Sept.

I have just been reading, with deep interest and heart-stirring, the article on the Infant Seamstresses in the *Englishwoman's Journal*. I am one among the grateful readers of that moving description — moving because the writer's own soul was moved by love and pity in the writing of it. These are the papers that will make the *Journal* a true organ with a *function*. I am writing at

1859] "PHYSIOLOGY OF COMMON LIFE"

the end of the day, on the brink of sleep, too tired to think of anything but that picture of the little sleeping slop-worker who had pricked her tiny finger so.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
17th Sept.

Sept. 18. — A volume of devotional poetry from the authoress of "Visiting my Relations," with an inscription admonishing me not to be beguiled by the love of money. *In much anxiety and doubt about my new novel.*

Journal.

Oct. 7. — Since the last entry in my Journal various matters of interest have occurred. Certain "new" ideas have occurred to me in relation to my novel, and I am in better hope of it. At Weymouth I had written to Blackwood to ask him about terms, supposing I published in "Maga." His answer determined me to decline. On Monday, the 26th, we set out on a three days' journey to Lincolnshire and back — very pleasant and successful both as to weather and the object I was in search of. A less pleasant business has been a correspondence with a *crétin*, — a Warwickshire magistrate, who undertakes to declare the process by which I wrote my books — and who is the chief propagator and maintainer of the story that Liggins is at the bottom of the "Clerical Scenes" and "Adam Bede." It is poor George who has had to conduct the correspondence, making his head hot by it, to the exclusion of more fructifying work. To-day, in answer to a letter from Sara, I have written her an account of my interviews with my Aunt Samuel. This evening comes a letter from Miss Brewster, full of well-meant exhortation.

The very best bit of news I can tell you to begin with is that your father's "Physiology of Common Life" is selling remarkably well, being much in request among

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes,
7th Oct.

MUSICAL PARTY [WANDSWORTH]

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes,
7th Oct.

medical students. You are not to be a medical student, but I hope, nevertheless, you will by and by read the work with interest. There is to be a new edition of the "Sea-side Studies" at Christmas, or soon after — a proof that this book also meets with a good number of readers. I wish you could have seen to-day, as I did, the delicate spinal cord of a dragon-fly — like a tiny thread with tiny beads on it — which your father had just dissected! He is so wonderfully clever now at the dissection of these delicate things, and has attained this cleverness entirely by devoted practice during the last three years. I hope *you* have some of his resolution and persistent regularity in work. I think you have, if I may judge from your application to music, which I am always glad to read of in your letters. I was a very idle practiser, and I often regret now that when I had abundant time and opportunity for hours of piano playing, I used them so little. I have about eighteen Sonatas and Symphonies of Beethoven, I think, but I shall be delighted to find that you can play them better than I can. I am very sensitive to blunders and wrong notes, and instruments out of tune; but I have never played much from ear, though I used to play from memory a great deal. The other evening Mr. Pigott, whom you remember, Mr. Redford, another friend of your father's, and Mr. Wilkie Collins, dined with us, and we had a charming musical evening: Mr. Pigott has a delicious tenor voice, and Mr. Redford a fine baritone. The latter sings "Adelaide," that exquisite song of Beethoven's, which I should like you to learn. Schubert's songs, too, I especially delight in; but, as you say, they are difficult.

It is pleasant to have to tell you that Mr. Bracebridge has been at last awakened to do the right thing. This morning came a letter enclosing the following to me:—

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th Oct.

“Madam, I have much pleasure on receiving your declaration that ‘etc. etc.,’ in replying that I frankly accept your declaration as the truth, and I shall repeat it, if the contrary is again asserted to me.”

This is the first symptom we have had from him of common-sense. I am very thankful — for it ends transactions with him.

Mr. Lewes is of so sensitive a temperament, and so used to feeling more angry and more glad on my behalf than his own, that he has been made, several mornings, quite unable to go on with his work by this irritating correspondence. It is all my fault, for if he did n’t see in the first instance that I am completely upset by anything that arouses unloving emotions, he would never feel as he does about outer sayings and doings. No one is more indifferent than he is to what is said about himself. No more about my business, let us hope, for a long while to come!

The Congreves are settled at home again now — blessing us with the sight of kind faces — Mr. Congreve beginning his medical course.

Delicious confusion of ideas! Mr. Lewes, walking in Wandsworth, saw a good woman cross over the street to speak to a blind man. She accosted him with, “Well, I knew you, *though you are dark!*”

I wish you had read the letter you enclosed to me; it is really curious. The writer, an educated person, asks me to perfect and extend the benefit “Adam Bede” has

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
16th Oct.

“SISTER MAGGIE” [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
16th Oct.

“conferred on society” by writing a *sequel* to it, in which I am to tell all about Hetty after her reprieve: “Arthur’s efforts to obtain the reprieve, and his desperate ride after obtaining it — Dinah on board the convict ship — Dinah’s letters to Hetty — and whatever the author might choose to reveal concerning Hetty’s years of banishment. Minor instances of the incompleteness which induces an unsatisfactory feeling may be alleged in the disposal of the *locket and ear-rings* — which everybody expects to reappear — and in the incident of the pink silk neckerchief, of which all would like to hear a little more”!!

I do feel more than I ought about outside sayings and doings, and I constantly rebuke myself for all that part of my susceptibility, which I know to be weak and egoistic; still what is said about one’s art is not merely a personal matter — it touches the very highest things one lives for. *Truth* in art is so startling that no one can believe in it as art, and the specific forms of religious life which have made some of the grandest elements in human history are looked down upon as if they were not within the artist’s sympathy and veneration and intensely dramatic reproduction. “I do well to be angry” on that ground, don’t I? The simple fact is, that I never saw anything of my aunt’s writing, and Dinah’s words came from me “as the tears come because our heart is full, and we can’t help them.”

If you were living in London instead of at Edinburgh, I should ask you to read the first volume of “Sister Maggie” at once, for the sake of having your impression, but it is inconvenient to me to part with the MS.

The great success of "Adam" makes my writing a matter of more anxiety than ever. I suppose there is a little sense of responsibility mixed up with a great deal of pride. And I think I should worry myself still more if I began to print before the thing is essentially complete. So on all grounds it is better to wait. How clever and picturesque the "Horse-dealer in Syria" is! I read him with keen interest, only wishing that he saw the seamy side of things rather less habitually. Excellent Captain Speke can't write so well, but one follows him out of grave sympathy. That a man should live through such things as that beetle in his ear! Such papers as that make the *specialité* of *Blackwood* — one sees them nowhere else.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
16th Oct.

Oct. 16. — Yesterday came a pleasant packet of letters: one from Blackwood saying that they are printing a seventh edition of "Adam Bede" (of 2000), and that "Clerical Scenes" will soon be exhausted. I have finished the first volume of my new novel, "Sister Maggie"; have got my legal questions answered satisfactorily, and when my headache has cleared off, must go at it full speed.

Journal.

Does it ever happen to you now to think of a certain Englishwoman, *née* Marian Evans? She seems perhaps to deserve that you should forget her, seeing that she has let years pass without any sign of her existence. But in reality she is not so blameworthy. When more than two years ago I wrote to you that we were going to the coast, I could not give you our permanent address, not knowing what it would be, and it did not occur to me to mention any other address. Having made

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
18th Oct.

BLESSED WITH A VOCATION [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
18th Oct.

this omission, I could not hear from you again; and I had not the courage to write myself again, not feeling that I had anything to tell you that would be worth sending over the Jura.

But in these last three years a great change has come over my life — a change in which I cannot help believing that both you and Madame D'Albert will rejoice. Under the influences of the intense happiness I have enjoyed from thorough moral and intellectual sympathy, I have at last found out my true vocation, after which my nature had always been feeling and striving uneasily without finding it. What do you think that vocation is? I pause for you to guess.

I have turned out to be an artist — not as you are, with the pencil and the palette, but with words. I have written a novel which people say has stirred them very deeply; and *not a few* people, but almost all reading England. It was published in February last, and already 14,000 copies have been sold. The title is "Adam Bede," and "George Eliot," the name on the title-page, is my *nom de plume*. I had previously written another work of fiction, called "Scenes of Clerical Life," which had a great *literary* success, but not a great *popular* success, such as "Adam Bede" has had. Both are now published by Tauchnitz in his series of English novels.

I think you will believe that I do not write you word of this out of any small vanity. My books are deeply serious things to me, and come out of all the painful discipline, all the most hardly-learnt lessons of my past life. I write you word of it, because I believe that both your kind heart and Madame D'Albert's too will be

1859] INTEREST IN M. AND MME. D'ALBERT

touched with real joy that one whom you knew when she was not very happy, and when her life seemed to serve no purpose of much worth, has been at last blessed with the sense that she has done something worth living and suffering for. And I write also because I want to give both you and her a proof that I still think of you with grateful affectionate recollection.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
18th Oct.

My books are such close and detailed pictures of English life, that I hardly know whether they will affect foreign readers as strongly. Yet I cannot help wishing that Madame D'Albert could read them, for I think the views with which they are written would excite her sympathy.

I am very much changed from the "Minie" of old days: the years have altered me as much inwardly as outwardly. In some things, however, I am just the same — in some of my failings, I fear; but it is not a failing to retain a vivid remembrance of past scenes, and to feel warmly towards friends whose kindness lies far back in the distance, and in these things I am the same as when I used to walk on La Treille with you or Madame D'Albert.

Do I deserve that you should write me some word about your lives? Everything you could tell on that subject would be interesting. Alphonse and Charles are now bearded men — are they not? I remember them with the more interest, because Mr. Lewes has three boys, the youngest of whom is about the age your Charles had reached when I was at Geneva. Our boys are all three at Hofwyl under Dr. Müller, who has revived Fellenberg's institute there. They went soon

GENEROSITY OF BLACKWOOD [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
18th Oct.

after I wrote to you on the subject of a foreign school, the Hofwyl school appearing to suit Mr. Lewes's views better than that of the Genevese gentleman whom you kindly mentioned to me. I almost fear to send my letter after the long lapse of time in which I have known nothing of you. What sad things may have happened! Yet I will hope that such fear is groundless, and that you and Madame D'Albert are leading the same peaceful pleasant life as ever, with excellent friends around you. How I should love to see Geneva again! But that, too, is greatly changed. is it not?

We were in Switzerland in the summer, but had not time to go so far south as Geneva. Another time when we go into Italy, I hope to revisit the dear old scene, and to show it to my husband.

Farewell, dear friend. Ask Madame D'Albert to accept my affectionate regards.

Journal.

Oct. 25. — The day before yesterday Herbert Spencer dined with us. We have just finished reading aloud "Père Goriot" — a hateful book. I have been reading lately and have nearly finished Comte's "Catechism."

Oct. 28. — Received from Blackwood a cheque for £400, the last payment for "Adam Bede," in the terms of the agreement. But in consequence of the great success, he proposes to pay me £800 more at the beginning of next year. Yesterday Smith, the publisher, called to make propositions to G. about writing in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th Oct.

I beg that you and Major Blackwood will accept my thanks for your proposal to give me a further share in the success of "Adam Bede," beyond the terms of our

agreement, which are fulfilled by the second cheque for £400, received this morning. Neither you nor I ever calculated on half such a success, thinking that the book was too quiet, and too unflattering to dominant fashion, ever to be very popular. I hope that opinion of ours is a guarantee that there is nothing hollow or transient in the reception "Adam" has met with. Sometimes when I read a book which has had a great success, and am unable to see any valid merits of an artistic kind to account for it, I am visited with a horrible alarm lest "Adam," too, should ultimately sink into the same class of outworn admirations. But I always fall back on the fact that no shibboleth and no vanity is flattered by it, and that there is no novelty of mere form in it which can have delighted simply by startling.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th Oct.

Nov. 10. — Dickens dined with us to-day, for the first time, and after he left I went to the Congreves', where George joined me, and we had much chat — about George Stephenson, religion, etc.

Journal.

A very beautiful letter — beautiful in feeling — that I have received from Mrs. Gaskell to-day, prompts me to write to you and let you know how entirely she has freed herself from any imputation of being unwilling to accept the truth when it has once clearly presented itself as truth. Since she has known "on authority" that the two books are mine, she has re-read them, and has written to me, apparently on the prompting they gave in that second reading, — very sweet and noble words they are that she has written to me. Yesterday Dickens dined with us, on *his* return from the country.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th Nov.

THE LIGGINS AFFAIR [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th Nov.

That was a great pleasure to me: he is a man one can thoroughly enjoy talking to — there is a strain of real seriousness along with his keenness and humour.

The Liggins affair is concluded so far as any *action* of ours is concerned, since Mr. Quirk (the inmost citadel, I presume) has surrendered by writing an apology to Blackwood, saying he now believes he was imposed on by Mr. Liggins. As to Miss Martineau, I respect her so much as an authoress, and have so pleasant a recollection of her as a hostess for three days, that I wish that distant impression from herself and her writings to be disturbed as little as possible by mere personal details. Anything she may do, or say, or feel concerning me personally, is a matter of entire indifference: I share her bitterness with a large number of far more blameless people than myself. It can be of no possible benefit to me, or any one else, that I should know more of those things, either past, present, or to come. "I do owe no man anything," except to write honestly and religiously what comes from my inward promptings; and the freer I am kept of all knowledge of that comparatively small circle who mingle personal regards or hatred with their judgement or reception of my writings, the easier it will be to keep my motives free from all indirectness and write truly.

Letter to
Mrs. Gas-
kell, 11th
Nov.

Only yesterday I was wondering that artists, knowing each others' pains so well, did not help each other more, and, as usual when I have been talking complainingly or suspiciously, something has come which serves me as a reproof. That "something" is your letter, which has brought me the only sort of help I care to have, an

assurance of fellow feeling, of thorough trustful recognition, from one of the minds that are capable of *judging* as well as being moved. You know, without my telling you, how much the help is heightened by its coming to me afresh, now that I have ceased to be a mystery, and am known as a mere daylight fact.

Letter to
Mrs. Gas-
kell, 11th
Nov.

I shall always love to think that one woman wrote to another such sweet encouraging words, still more to think that you were the writer and I the receiver.

I had indulged the idea that if my books turned out to be worth much you would be among my willing readers; for I was conscious while the question of my power was still undecided for me that my feelings towards life and art had some affinity with the feelings which had inspired "Cranford" and the earlier chapters of "Mary Barton." That idea was brought the nearer to me because I had the pleasure of reading "Cranford" for the first time in 1857, when I was writing the "Scenes of Clerical Life"; and going up the Rhine one dim wet day in the spring of the year, when I was writing "Adam Bede," I satisfied myself for the lack of a prospect by reading over again those earlier chapters of "Mary Barton." I like to tell you all the slight details, because they will prove to you that your letter must have a peculiar value for me, and that I am not expressing vague gratitude towards a writer whom I only remember vaguely as one who charmed me in the past; and I cannot believe such details are indifferent to you, even after you have been so long used to hear them. I fancy, as long as we live, we all need to know as much as we can of the good our life has been to others.

DICKENS'S PERIODICALS [WANDSWORTH

Journal.

Nov. 18. — On Monday Dickens wrote asking me to give him, after I had finished my present novel, a story to be printed in *All the Year Round* — to begin four months after next Easter, and assuring me of my own terms. The next day G. had an interview by appointment with Evans (of Bradbury & Evans) and Lucas, the editor of *Once a Week*, who, after preliminary pressing of G. himself to contribute, put forward their wish that I should give them a novel for their Magazine. They were to write and make an offer, but have not yet done so. We have written to Dickens saying that *time* is an insurmountable obstacle to his proposition, as he puts it.

I am reading Thomas à Kempis.

Nov. 19. — Mr. Lockhart Clarke and Mr. Herbert Spencer dined with us.

Nov. 22. — We have been much annoyed lately by Newby's advertisement of a book called "Adam Bede, Junior," a sequel; and to-day Dickens has written to mention a story of the tricks which are being used to push the book under the pretence of its being mine. One librarian has been forced to order the book against his will, because the public have demanded it! Dickens is going to put an article on the subject in *Household Words*, in order to scarify the rascally bookseller.

Nov. 23. — We began Darwin's book on "The Origin of Species" to-night. Though full of interesting matter, it is not impressive, from want of luminous and orderly presentation.

Nov. 24. — This morning I wrote the scene between Mrs. Tulliver and Wakem. G. went into town and saw

young Evans (of Bradbury & Evans), who agreed that Journal. it would be well to have an article in *Punch* on this scoundrelly business of "Adam Bede, Junior." A divine day. I walked out, and Mrs. Congreve joined me. Then music, "Arabian Nights," and Darwin.

Nov. 25. — I am reading old Bunyan again, after the long lapse of years, and am profoundly struck with the true genius manifested in the simple, vigorous, rhythmic style.

Thanks for *Bentley*. Some one said the writer of the article on "Adam Bede" was a Mr. Mozley, a clergyman, and a writer in the *Times*: but these reports about authorship are as often false as true. I think it is, on the whole, the best review we have seen, unless we must except the one in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Émile Montégut. I don't mean to read *any* reviews of my next book; so far as they would produce any effect, they would be confusing. Everybody admires something that somebody else finds fault with; and the miller with his donkey was in a clear and decided state of mind compared with the unfortunate writer who should set himself to please all the world of review writers. I am compelled, in spite of myself, to be annoyed with this business of "Adam Bede, Junior." You see I am well provided with thorns in the flesh, lest I should be exalted beyond measure. To part with the copyright of a book which sells 16,000 in one year — to have a Liggins and an unknown writer of one's "Sequel" all to one's self — is excellent discipline.

We are reading Darwin's book on *Species*, just come out after long expectation. It is an elaborate exposition

Letter to
the Brays,
25th Nov.

LIKING FOR ALGEBRA [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
the Brays,
25th Nov.

of the evidence in favour of the Development Theory, and so makes an epoch. Do you see how the publishing world is going mad on periodicals? If I could be seduced by such offers, I might have written three poor novels, and made my fortune in one year. Happily, I have no need to exert myself when I say "Avaunt thee, Satan!" Satan, in the form of bad writing and good pay, is not seductive to me.

Journal.

Nov. 26. — Letter from Lucas, editor of *Once a Week*, anxious to come to terms about my writing for said periodical.

Letter to
Chas. L.
Lewes,
26th Nov.

It was very pretty and generous of you to send me a nice long letter out of your turn, and I think I shall give you, as a reward, other opportunities of being generous in the same way for the next few months, for I am likely to be a poor correspondent, having my head and hands full.

We have the whole of Vilmar's "Literatur Geschichte," but not the remainder of the "Deutsche Humoristik." I agree with you in liking the history of German literature, especially the earlier ages — the birth-time of the legendary poetry. Have you read the "Nibelungenlied" yet?

Whereabouts are you in algebra? It would be very pleasant to study it with you, if I could possibly find time to rub up my knowledge. It is now a good while since I looked into algebra, but I was very fond of it in old days, though I dare say I never went so far as you have now gone. Tell me your latitude and longitude.

I have no memory of an autumn so disappointing as

this. It is my favourite season. I delight especially in the golden and red tints under the purple clouds. But this year the trees were almost stripped of their leaves before they had changed colour — dashed off by the winds and rain. We have had *no* autumnal beauty.

Letter to
Chas L.
Lewes,
26th Nov.

I am writing at night — very tired — so you must not wonder if I have left out words, or been otherwise incoherent.

Nov. 29. — Wrote a letter to the *Times*, and to Journal. Delane about Newby.

I took no notice of the extract you sent me from a letter of Mrs. Gaskell's, being determined not to engage in any writing on the topic of my authorship, except such as was absolutely demanded of us. But since then I have had a very beautiful letter from Mrs. Gaskell, and I will quote some of her words, because they do her honour, and will incline you to think more highly of her. She begins in this way: "Since I heard, on authority, that you were the author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'Adam Bede,' I have read them again, and I must once more tell you how earnestly, fully, and *humbly* I admire them. I never read anything so complete and beautiful in fiction in my life before." Very sweet and noble of her, was it not? She went on to speak of her having held to the notion of Liggins, but she adds, "I was never such a goose as to believe that books like yours were a mosaic of real and ideal." The "Seth Bede" and "Adam Bede, Junior," are speculations of those who are always ready to fasten themselves like leeches on a popular fame. Such things must be endured: they are the shadow to the bright fact of selling

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th Dec.

“THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES” [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th Dec.

16,000 in one year. As to the silly falsehoods and empty opinions afloat in some petty circles, I have quite conquered my temporary irritation about them — indeed, I feel all the more serene now for that very irritation. It has impressed on me more deeply how entirely the rewards of the artist lie apart from everything that is narrow and personal : there is no peace until that lesson is thoroughly learned. I shall go on writing from my inward promptings — writing what I love and believe, what I feel to be true and good, if I can only render it worthily — and then leave all the rest to take its chance : “As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be” with those who are to produce any art that will lastingly touch the generations of men. We have been reading Darwin’s book on the “Origin of Species” just now : it makes an epoch, as the expression of his thorough adhesion, after long years of study, to the Doctrine of Development — and not the adhesion of an anonym like the author of the “Vestiges,” but of a long-celebrated naturalist. The book is sadly wanting in illustrative facts — of which he has collected a vast number, but reserves them for a future book, of which this smaller one is the *avant-coureur*. This will prevent the work from becoming popular as the “Vestiges” did, but it will have a great effect in the scientific world, causing a thorough and open discussion of a question about which people have hitherto felt timid. So the world gets on step by step towards brave clearness and honesty ! But to me the Development Theory, and all other explanations of processes by which things came to be, produce a feeble impression compared with the mystery

that lies under the processes. It is nice to think of you reading our great, great favourite Molière, while, for the present, we are not taking him down from the shelves — only talking about him, as we do very often. I get a good deal of pleasure out of the sense that some one I love is reading and enjoying my best-loved writers. I think the “*Misanthrope*” the finest, most complete production *of its kind* in the world. I know you enjoy the “sonnet” scene, and the one between Arsinoé and Célimène.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th Dec.

In opposition to most people, who love to *read* Shakespeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any others: his great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted how they may. I think it is something like what I used to experience in old days in listening to uncultured preachers — the emotions lay hold of one too strongly for one to care about the medium. Before all other plays I find myself cold and critical, seeing nothing but actors and “properties.” I like going to those little provincial theatres. One’s heart streams out to the poor devils of actors who get so little clapping, and will go home to so poor a supper. One of my pleasures lately has been hearing repeatedly from my Genevese friends M. and Mme. D’Albert, who were so good to me during my residence with them. M. D’Albert had read the “*Scenes of Clerical Life*” before he knew they were mine, and had been so much struck with them that he had wanted to translate them. One likes to feel old ties strengthened by fresh sympathies. The *Cornhill Magazine* is going to lead off with great spirit, and promises to eclipse all the other new-born periodicals.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
5th Dec.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
5th Dec.

Mr. Lewes is writing a series of papers for it — “Studies in Animal Life” — which are to be subsequently published in a book. It is quite as well that your book should not be ready for publication just yet. February is a much better time than Christmas. I shall be one of your most eager readers — for every book that comes from the heart of hearts does me good, and I quite share your faith that what you yourself feel so deeply, and find so precious, will find a home in some other minds. Do not suspect that I impose on you the task of writing letters to answer my *dilettante* questions. “Am I on a bed of roses?” I have four children to correspond with — the three boys in Switzerland, and Emily at Lichfield.

Letter to
M. D’Albert,
6th Dec.

Before your last letter came, I was thinking of writing to you again, to tell you of my real pleasure in once more knowing something of the way in which you and Madame D’Albert are passing your time, and in being assured by you that you both remember me with kind feeling. I had so vivid a recollection of poor Madame Chaponnière — of her fair face and gentle manners, and of the affectionate relation there was between her and Madame D’Albert — that I did read your account of her trial and death with keen, sad interest. And now the husband, who, I used to think, had so many channels for the enjoyment of life, is gone too! I can enter thoroughly into the sensitive state Madame D’Albert must be thrown into, by going through so much experience of a kind to stir her deepest sympathies. I wish it might be anything like a ray of sunlight — a happy thought to her — to know how I cherish the

memory of her goodness to me, and all the words, tones, and looks which were the interpreters of her character. The years deepen the value of our past to us, and of our friends who were part of that past.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
6th Dec.

I can understand that there are many pages in "Adam Bede" in which you do not recognize the "Marian" or "Minie" of old Geneva days. We knew each other too short a time, and I was under too partial and transient a phase of my mental history, for me to pour out to you much of my earlier experience. I think I hardly ever spoke to you of the strong hold evangelical Christianity had on me from the age of fifteen to two-and-twenty, and of the abundant intercourse I had had with earnest people of various religious sects. When I was at Geneva, I had not yet lost the attitude of antagonism which belongs to the renunciation of *any* belief; also, I was very unhappy, and in a state of discord and rebellion towards my own lot. Ten years of experience have wrought great changes in that inward self. I have no longer any antagonism towards any faith in which human sorrow and human longing for purity have expressed themselves; on the contrary, I have a sympathy with it that predominates over all argumentative tendencies. I have not returned to dogmatic Christianity — to the acceptance of any set of doctrines as a creed — a superhuman revelation of the unseen — but I see in it the highest expression of the religious sentiment that has yet found its place in the history of mankind, and I have the profoundest interest in the inward life of sincere Christians in all ages. Many things that I should have argued against ten years ago, I now feel

CHARACTERISTICS OF MR. LEWES [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
6th Dec.

myself too ignorant, and too limited in moral sensibility, to speak of with confident disapprobation. On that question of our future existence to which you allude, I have undergone the sort of change I have just indicated, although my most rooted conviction is that the immediate object and the proper sphere of all our highest emotions are our struggling fellow-men in this earthly existence.

So much, in reply to your questions on those matters. I hope I shall not have made myself more obscure by my explanations.

We are very anxious to get an accomplished translator for "Adam Bede," and a little while ago Mr. Lewes wrote to Émile Montégut, whose answer we are expecting on the subject. Hitherto I have rejected propositions of translation, from the dread of having one's sentences metamorphosed into an expression of somebody else's meaning instead of one's own. I particularly wish my books to be well translated into French, because the French read so little English; and if there is any healthy truth in my art, surely they need it to purify their literary air!

I should love to go to Geneva again, and walk about the old spots with you, and introduce Mr. Lewes to you. He is already strongly interested in you, not only through my conversation about you, but through your letters, and rejoices to present his compliments to you and Madame D'Albert. He is a person of the readiest and most facile intercourse — thoroughly acquainted with French literature, and of the most varied tastes. His great passion is now biological science, and he is

1859] TERMS FOR "MILL ON THE FLOSS"

publishing a work entitled "The Physiology of Common Life," in which he has compressed in a popular form much hard study and independent research. But he is a very airy, bright, versatile creature — not at all a formidable personage.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
6th Dec.

I am writing a new work, which will not be published till next Easter, so that just now my hands and brain are full. At Easter our eldest boy will come home from school, and that will make a new epoch in my domestic life, for hitherto we have lived alone. I hope my heart will be large enough for all the love that is required of me.

I have written to you an unconscionably long letter about myself, but it is not out of pure egoism. I feel with you under the recent trying scenes you have gone through. Perhaps these details, which carry you away for a little while from painful associations, may not be without some service to you.

At least, let them assure you and Madame D'Albert that the thought of you is one over which I instinctively linger, and that I like to find myself talking with you in imagination. I will not suppose that this assurance can be indifferent to you: it can never be indifferent to loving-hearted people to know that they are the means of creating some addition to the sum of happy thought and feeling in the world.

Dec. 15. — Blackwood proposes to give me for "The Mill on the Floss" £2000 for 4000 copies of an edition at 31s. 6d., and after the same rate for any more that may be printed at the same price: £150 for 1000 at 12s.; and £60 for 1000 at 6s. I have accepted.

COPYRIGHT OF "ADAM BEDE" [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
30th Dec.

I don't like Christmas to go by without sending you a greeting, though I have really nothing to say beyond that. We spent our Christmas day with the Congreves, shutting up our house, and taking our servant and Pug with us. And so we ate our turkey and plum-pudding in very social, joyous fashion with those charming friends. Mr. Bridges was there too.

We are meditating flight to Italy when my present work is done, as our last bit of vagrancy for a long, long while. We shall only stay two months, doing nothing but absorb.

I don't think I have anything else to tell, except that we, being very happy, wish all mortals to be in like condition, and especially the mortals we know in the flesh. Human happiness is a web with many threads of pain in it — that is always *sub auditum* — "Twist ye, twine ye, even so," etc., etc.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 3d
Jan., 1860.

I never before had so pleasant a New Year's greeting as your letter containing a cheque for £800, for which I have to thank you to-day. On every ground — including considerations that are not at all of a monetary kind — I am deeply obliged to you and to Major Blackwood for your liberal conduct in relation to "Adam Bede."

As, owing to your generous concession of the copyright of "Adam Bede," the three books will be henceforth on the same footing, we shall be delivered from further discussion as to terms.

We are demurring about the title. Mr. Lewes is beginning to prefer "The House of Tulliver; or, Life on the Floss," to our old notion of "Sister Maggie." "The

Tullivers; or, *Life on the Floss*," has the advantage of slipping easily off the lazy English tongue, but it is after too common a fashion ("The Newcomes," "The Bertrams," etc., etc.) Then there is "The Tulliver Family; or, *Life on the Floss*." Pray meditate and give us your opinion.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 3d
Jan.

I am very anxious that the "Scenes of Clerical Life" should have every chance of impressing the public with its existence: first, because I think it of importance to the estimate of me as a writer that "Adam Bede" should not be counted as my only book; and secondly, because there are ideas presented in these stories about which I care a good deal, and am not sure that I can ever embody again. This latter reason is my private affair, but the other reason, if valid, is yours also. I must tell you that I had another cheering letter to-day besides yours: one from a person of mark in your Edinburgh University,¹ full of the very strongest words of sympathy and encouragement, hoping that my life may long be spared "to give pictures of the deeper life of this age." So I sat down to my desk with a delicious confidence that my audience is not made up of reviewers and literary clubs. If there is any truth in me that the world wants, nothing will hinder the world from drinking what it is athirst for. And if there is no needful truth in me, let me, howl as I may in the process, be hurled into the Domdaniel, where I wish all other futile writers to sink.

Your description of the "curling" made me envy you the sight.

¹ Professor Blackie.

TITLE DECIDED UPON [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Chas. L.
Lewes,
4th Jan.

The sun is shining with us too, and your pleasant letter made it seem to shine more brightly. I am not going to be expansive in this appendix to your father's chapter of love and news, for my head is tired with writing this morning — it is not so young as yours, you know, and besides, is a feminine head, supported by weaker muscles, and a weaker digestive apparatus than that of a young gentleman with a broad chest and hopeful whiskers. I don't wonder at your being more conscious of your attachment to Hofwyl now the time of leaving is so near. I fear you will miss a great many things in exchanging Hofwyl, with its snowy mountains and glorious spaces, for a very moderate home in the neighbourhood of London. You will have a less various, more arduous life: but the time of *Entbehrung* or *Entsagung* must begin, you know, for every mortal of us. And let us hope that we shall all — father and mother and sons — help one another with love.

What jolly times you have had lately! It did us good to read of your merrymaking.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
6th Jan.

The "Mill on the Floss" be it then! The only objections are, that the mill is not *strictly* on the Floss, being on its small tributary, and that the title is of rather laborious utterance. But I think these objections do not deprive it of its advantage over "The Tullivers; or, Life on the Floss" — the only alternative, so far as we can see. Pray give the casting-vote.

Easter Monday, I see, is on the 8th April, and I wish to be out by the middle or end of March. Illness apart, I intend to have finished Vol. III by the begin-

ning of that month, and I hope no obstacle will impede the rapidity of the printing.

Jan. 11. — I have had a very delightful letter of sympathy from Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, which came to me on New Year's morning, and a proposal from Blackwood to publish a third edition of "Clerical Scenes" at 12s. George's article in the *Cornhill Magazine* — the first of a series of "Studies in Animal Life" — is much admired, and in other ways our New Year opens with many happy omens.

Thank you for letting me see the specimen advertisements; they have helped us to come to a decision — namely, for "The Mill on the Floss."

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
12th Jan.

I agree with you that it will be well not to promise the book in March — not because I do not desire and hope to be ready, but because I set my face against all pledges that I am not *sure* of being able to fulfil. The third volume is, I fancy, always more rapidly written than the rest. The third volume of "Adam Bede" was written in six weeks, even with headaching interruptions, because it was written under a stress of emotion, which first volumes cannot be. I will send you the first volume of "The Mill" at once. The second is ready, but I would rather keep it as long as I can. Besides the advantage to the book of being out by Easter, I have another reason for wishing to have done in time for that. We want to get away for two months to Italy, if possible, to feed my mind with fresh thoughts, and to assure ourselves of that fructifying holiday before the boys are about us, making it difficult for us to leave home. But you may rely on it that no amount of horse-

SEEING FRIENDS [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
12th Jan.

power would make me *hurry* over my book, so as not to do my best. If it is written fast, it will be because I can't help writing it fast.

Journal.

Jan. 16. — Finished my second volume this morning, and am going to send off the MS. of the first volume to-morrow. We have decided that the title shall be "The Mill on the Floss." We have been reading "Humphrey Clinker" in the evenings, and have been much disappointed in it, after the praise of Thackeray and Dickens.

Jan. 26. — Mr. Pigott, Mr. Redford, and Mr. F. Chapman dined with us, and we had a musical evening, — Mrs. Congreve and Miss Bury¹ joining us after dinner.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th Jan.

Thanks for your letter of yesterday, with the Genevese enclosure. No promise, alas! of smallest watch expressing largest admiration, but a desire for "permission to translate."

I have been invalided for the last week, and, of course, am a prisoner in the Castle of Giant Despair, who growls in my ear that "The Mill on the Floss" is detestable, and that the last volume will be the climax of that general detestableness. Such is the elation attendant on what a self-elected lady correspondent of mine from Scotland calls my "exciting career"!

I have had a great pleasure this week. Dr. Inman of Liverpool has dedicated a new book ("Foundation for a New Theory and Practice of Medicine") "to G. H. Lewes, as an acknowledgement of benefit received from noticing his close observation and clear inductive rea-

¹ Mrs. Congreve's sister.

soning in 'Sea-side Studies' and the 'Physiology of Common Life.'"

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th Jan.

That is really gratifying, coming from a *physician* of some scientific mark, who is *not* a personal friend.

Feb. 4. — Came this morning a letter from Black-wood announcing the dispatch of the first eight sheets of proof of "The Mill on the Floss," and expressing his delight in it. To-night G. has read them, and says — "*Ganz famos!*" Ebenezer!

Journal.

I must be satisfied to send a very brief answer to your kind letter received this morning, that I may lose no time in giving you the authorization which I enclose.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
7th Feb.

I am deeply gratified by your consent to undertake the labour of translation, and I have more than a literary satisfaction in it. I have an affectionate pleasure in the thought that you and Madame D'Albert will talk over some of my pages together.

Mr. Lewes shares my feeling and my gratification as an author, that I can have so much confidence in my translator. In spite of your disbelief in the veracity of my descriptions, I shall persist in thinking he will not be disappointed if ever we have the pleasure of conversing in a quartet at Geneva. Your letters have already introduced you to him, apart from my descriptions. We are quite of your opinion as to the dialect in "Adam Bede." As simple, *Biblical* French as possible will be the best vehicle. And I think Mrs. Poyser's epigrams will wed themselves very felicitously to the most epigrammatic of languages.

Mr. Lewes begs me to express the pleasure he feels

SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON [WANDSWORTH

in the revival of my correspondence with such valuable friends.

Journal.

Feb. 23. — Sir Edward Lytton called on us. Guy Darrel *in propria personâ*.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
23d Feb.

Sir Edward Lytton called on us yesterday. The conversation lapsed chiefly into monologue, from the difficulty I found in making him hear, but under all disadvantages I had an agreeable impression of his kindness and sincerity. He thinks the two defects of "Adam Bede" are the dialect and Adam's marriage with Dinah; but, of course, I would have my teeth drawn rather than give up either.

Jacobi told Jean Paul that unless he altered the *dénouement* of his "Titan," he would withdraw his friendship from him; and I am preparing myself for your lasting enmity on the ground of the tragedy in my third volume. But an unfortunate duck can only lay blue eggs, however much white ones may be in demand.

Journal.

Feb. 29. — G. has been in town to-day, and has agreed for £300 for "The Mill on the Floss" from Harpers of New York. This evening, too, has come a letter from Williams & Norgate, saying that Tauchnitz will give £100 for the German reprint; also, that "Bede Adam" is translated into Hungarian.

March 5. — Yesterday Mr. Lawrence, the portrait painter, lunched with us, and expressed to G. his wish to take my portrait.

March 9. — Yesterday a letter from Blackwood, expressing his strong delight in my third volume, which he had read to the beginning of "Borne along by the Tide." To-day young Blackwood called, and told us,

1860] "MILL ON THE FLOSS" FINISHED

among other things, that the last copies of "Clerical Scenes" had gone to-day — twelve for export. Letter came from Germany, announcing a translation of G.'s "Biographical History of Philosophy." Journal.

March 11. — To-day the first volume of the German translation of "Adam Bede" came. It is done by Dr. Frese, the same man who translated the "Life of Goethe."

March 20. — Professor Owen sent me his "Palæontology" to-day. Have missed two days of work from headache, and so have not yet finished my book.

March 21. — Finished this morning "The Mill on the Floss," writing from the moment when Maggie, carried out on the water, thinks of her mother and brother. We hope to start for Rome on Saturday, 24th.

Magnificat anima mea!

The manuscript of "The Mill on the Floss" bears the following inscription: —

"To my beloved husband, George Henry Lewes, I give this MS. of my third book, written in the sixth year of our life together, at Holly Lodge, South Field, Wands-
worth, and finished 21st March, 1860."

Your letter yesterday morning helped to inspire me for the last eleven pages, if they have any inspiration in them. They were written in a *furor*, but I dare say there is not a word different from what it would have been if I had written them at the slowest pace. Letter to
John Black-
wood,
22d March.

We expect to start on Saturday morning, and to be in Rome by Palm Sunday, or else by the following Tuesday. Of course we shall write to you when we know

STARTING FOR ITALY [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
22d March.

what will be our address in Rome. In the meantime news will gather.

I don't mean to send "The Mill on the Floss" to any one, except to Dickens, who has behaved with a delicate kindness in a recent matter, which I wish to acknowledge.

I am grateful and yet rather sad to have finished — sad that I shall live with my people on the banks of the Floss no longer. But it is time that I should go and absorb some new life, and gather fresh ideas.

CHAPTER X

I HAD looked forward for years to the journey to Italy, rather with the hope of the new elements it would bring to my culture, than with the hope of immediate pleasure. Travelling can hardly be without a continual current of disappointment if the main object is not the enlargement of one's general life, so as to make even weariness and annoyances enter into the sum of benefit. One great deduction to me from the delight of seeing world-famous objects is the frequent double consciousness which tells me that I am not enjoying the actual vision enough, and that when higher enjoyment comes with the reproduction of the scenes in my imagination, I shall have lost some of the details, which impress me too feebly in the present because the faculties are not wrought up into energetic action.

Journal,
Italy, 1860.

Here follow some selected impressions of the journey:—

Perhaps the world can hardly offer a more interesting outlook than that from the tower of the Roman Capitol. The eye leaps first to the mountains that bound the Campagna — the Sabine and Alban hills and the solitary Soracte farther on to the left. Then wandering back across the Campagna, it searches for the Sister hills, hardly distinguishable now as hills. The Palatine is conspicuous enough, marked by the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and rising up beyond the extremity of

ROMAN TEMPLES AND PALACES [ROME

Journal,
Italy, 1860.

the Forum. And now, once resting on the Forum, the eye will not readily quit the long area that begins with the Clivus Capitolinus and extends to the Coliseum — an area that was once the very focus of the world. The Campo Vaccino, the site probably of the Comitium, was this first morning covered with carts and animals, mingling a simple form of actual life with those signs of the highly artificial life that had been crowded here in ages gone by: the three Corinthian pillars at the extremity of the Forum, said to have belonged to the Temple of Jupiter Stator; the grand temple of Antoninus and Faustina; the white arch of Titus; the Basilica of Constantine; the temple built by Adrian, with its great broken granite columns scattered around on the green rising ground; the huge arc of the Coliseum and the arch of Constantine.

The scene of these great relics remained our favourite haunt during our stay at Rome; and one day near the end of it we entered the enclosure of the Clivus Capitolinus and the excavated space of the Forum. The ruins on the Clivus — the façade of massive columns on the right, called the temple of Vespasian; the two Corinthian columns, called the temple of Saturn, in the centre, and the arch of Septimius Severus on the left — have their rich colour set off by the luxuriant green, clothing the lower masonry, which formed the foundations of the crowded buildings on this narrow space, and as a background to them all, the rough solidity of the ancient wall forming the back of the central building on the Intermentium, and regarded as one of the few remains of Republican constructions. On either

hand, at another angle from the arch, the ancient road forming the double ascent of the Clivus is seen firm and level with its great blocks of pavement. The arch of Septimius Severus is particularly rich in colour; and the poorly executed bas-reliefs of military groups still look out in grotesque completeness of attitude and expression, even on the sides exposed to the weather. From the Clivus, a passage, underneath the present road, leads into the Forum, whose immense, pinkish, granite columns lie on the weather-worn white marble pavement. The column of Phocas, with its base no longer "buried," stands at the extreme corner nearest the Clivus; and the three elegant columns of the temple (say some) of Jupiter Stator, mark the opposite extremity: between lie traces, utterly confused to all but erudite eyes, of marble steps and of pedestals stripped of their marble.

Journal.
Italy, 1860.

Let me see what I most delighted in, in Rome. Certainly this drive from the Clivus to the Coliseum was, from first to last, one of the chief things; but there are many objects and many impressions of various kinds which I can reckon up as of almost equal interest: the Coliseum itself, with the view from it; the drive along the Appian Way to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the view from thence of the Campagna bridged by the aqueduct: the baths of Titus, with the remnants of their arabesques, seen by the light of torches, in the now damp and gloomy spaces; the glimpse of the Tarpeian rock, with its growth of cactus and rough herbage; the grand bare arch brickwork of the Palace of the Cæsars rising in huge masses on the Palatine; the theatre of Marcel-

ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S [ROME

Journal,
Italy, 1860.

lus bursting suddenly into view from among the crowded mean houses of the modern city, and still more the temple of Minerva and temple of Nerva, also set in the crowded city of the present; and that exterior of the Pantheon, if it were not marred by the Papal belfries,—these are the traces of ancient Rome that have left the strongest image of themselves in my mind. I ought not to leave out Trajan's column, and the forum in which it stands; though the severe cold tint of the grey granite columns, or fragments of columns, gave this forum rather a dreary effect to me. For vastness there is perhaps nothing more impressive in Rome than the Baths of Caracalla, except the Coliseum; and I remember that it was amongst them that I first noticed the lovely effect of the giant fennel, luxuriant among the crumbling brickwork.

We should have regretted entirely our efforts to get to Rome during the Holy Week, instead of making Florence our first resting-place, if we had not had the compensation for wearisome, empty ceremonies and closed museums in the wonderful spectacle of the illumination of St. Peter's. That, really, is a thing so wondrous, so magically beautiful, that one can't find in one's heart to say it is not worth doing. I remember well the first glimpse we had, as we drove out towards it, of the outline of the dome like a new constellation on the black sky. I thought *that* was the final illumination, and was regretting our tardy arrival, from the *détour* we had to make, when, as our carriage stopped in front of the cathedral, the great bell sounded, and in an instant the grand illumination flashed out and turned the out-

1860] PREPARATION FOR DISAPPOINTMENT

line of stars into a palace of gold. Venus looked on palely.

A wet day for the first time since we left Paris! That assists our consciences considerably in urging us to write our letters on this fourth day at Rome, for I will not pretend that writing a letter, even to you, can be anything more alluring than a duty when there is a blue sky over the Coliseum and the Arch of Constantine, and all the other marvels of this marvellous place. Since our arrival in the middle of Sunday, I have been gradually rising from the depth of disappointment to an intoxication of delight; and that makes me wish to do for you what no one ever did for me — warn you that you must expect no grand impression on your first entrance into Rome, at least if you enter it from Civita Vecchia. My heart sank, as it would if you behaved shabbily to me, when I looked through the windows of the omnibus as it passed through street after street of ugly modern Rome, and in that mood the dome of St. Peter's and the castle of St. Angelo — the only grand objects on our way — could only look disappointing to me. I believe the impression on entering from the Naples side is quite different: there, one must get a glimpse of the broken grandeur and Renaissance splendour that one associates with the word "Rome." So keep up your spirits in the omnibus when your turn comes, and believe that you will mount the Capitol the next morning, as we did, and look out on the Forum and the Coliseum, far on to the Alban mountains, with snowy Apennines behind them, and feel — what I leave you to imagine, because the rain has left off, and my husband commands me to put

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
4th April.

REMOVAL TO APARTMENTS [ROME]

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
4th April.

on my bonnet. (Two hours later.) Can you believe that I have not had a headache since we set out? But I would willingly have endured more than one to be less anxious than I am about Mr. Lewes's health. Now that we are just come in from our walk to the Pantheon, he is obliged to lie down with terrible oppression of the head; and since we have been in Rome he has been nearly deaf on one side. That is the dark "crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air" just now: everything else in our circumstances here is perfect. We are glad to have been driven into apartments, instead of remaining at the hotel as we had intended; for we enjoy the abundance of room and the quiet that belong to this mode of life, and we get our cooking and all other comforts in perfection at little more than a third of the hotel prices. Most of the visitors to Rome this season seem to come only for a short stay, and as apartments can't be taken for less than a month, the hotels are full and the lodgings are empty. Extremely unpleasant for the people who have lodgings to let, but very convenient for us, since we get excellent rooms in a good situation for a moderate price. We have a good little landlady, who can speak nothing but Italian, so that she serves as a *parlatrice* for us, and awakens our memory of Italian dialogue — a memory which consists chiefly of recollecting Italian words without knowing their meaning, and English words without knowing the Italian for them.

I shall tell you nothing of what we have seen. Have you not a husband who has seen it all, and can tell you much better? Except, perhaps, one sight which might

have had some interest for him, namely, Count Cavour, who was waiting with other eminences at the Turin station to receive the Prince de Carignan, the new Viceroy of Tuscany. A really pleasant sight — not the Prince who is a large stout “moustache,” squeezed in at the waist with a gold belt, looking like one of those dressed-up personages who are among the chessmen that the Cavours of the world play their game with. The pleasant sight was Count Cavour, in plainest dress, with a head full of power, mingled with *bonhomie*. We had several fellow-travellers who belonged to Savoy, and were full of chagrin at the prospect of the French annexation. Our most agreeable companion was a Baron de Magliano, a Neapolitan who has married a French wife with a large fortune, and has been living in France for years, but has now left his wife and children behind for the sake of entering the Sardinian army, and, if possible, helping to turn out the Neapolitan Bourbons. I feel some stirrings of the insurrectionary spirit myself when I see the red pantaloons at every turn in the streets of Rome. I suppose Mrs. Browning could explain to me that this is part of the great idea nourished in the soul of the modern saviour, Louis Napoleon, and that for the French to impose a hateful government on the Romans is the only proper sequence to the story of the French Revolution.

Oh, the beautiful men and women and children here! Such wonderful babies with wise eyes! — such grand-featured mothers nursing them! As one drives along the streets sometimes, one sees a madonna and child at every third or fourth upper window; and on Monday

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
4th April.

THE POPE'S BLESSING

[ROME

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
4th April.

a little crippled girl seated at the door of a church looked up at us with a face full of such pathetic sweetness and beauty, that I think it can hardly leave me again. Yesterday we went to see dear Shelley's tomb, and it was like a personal consolation to me to see that simple outward sign that he is at rest, where no hatred can ever reach him again. Poor Keats's tombstone, with that despairing bitter inscription,¹ is almost as painful to think of as Swift's.

And what have you been doing, being, or suffering in these long twelve days? While we were standing with weary impatience in the custom-house at Civita Vecchia, Mr. Congreve was delivering his third lecture, and you were listening. And what else?

Friday. Since I wrote my letter we have not been able to get near the post-office. Yesterday was taken up with seeing ceremonies, or rather with waiting for them. I knelt down to receive the Pope's blessing, remembering what Pius VII said to the soldier — that he would never be the worse for the blessing of an old man. But altogether, these ceremonies are a melancholy, hollow business, and we regret bitterly that the Holy Week has taken up our time from better things. I have a cold and headache this morning, and in other ways am not conscious of improvement from the Pope's blessing. I may comfort myself with thinking that the King of Sardinia is none the worse for the Pope's curse. It is farcical enough that the excommunication is posted up at the Church of Saint John Lateran, out of everybody's way, and yet there are police to guard it.

¹ "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

I think you have made rapid progress with the translation, seeing that you can only use fringes of time for it. It is a very sweet thought to me that the work may be a source of some pleasure to you and Maman (I am very glad to be assured that I may still say "Maman," for that is the name by which she has always gone in my silent memory). It will interest you, perhaps, to know that it (*i. e.*, "Adam Bede") is translated into Hungarian, and the first volume is fairly rendered into German — possibly the second also by this time.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
17th April.

You see I am counting on your and Maman's interest in everything that belongs to me. I do not write about Rome: you have read much better things on that subject than I can tell you. But no one can tell you about myself, unless *I* take upon me that agreeable labour.

What a delight it would be to take the old walks in Geneva once more! But I fear there are many changes that would check the current of my memory. And the change from the old to the new is always painful to us who are getting old and living more and more in the past. Tell Maman I enter now into her conservative feelings, which I used inwardly to disapprove in my revolutionary mood — the mood I was in when you knew me.

You will forgive me for writing hastily and briefly, and will understand that temporary preoccupation with the wonderful place I am in is not *indifference* to other things. With affectionate regards to Maman, I am always yours, with sincere and faithful friendship.

We left Rome a week ago, almost longing, at last, to come southward in search of sunshine. Every one likes

BEAUTY OF NAPLES

[NAPLES

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
5th May,
from Naples.

to boast of peculiar experience, and we can boast of having gone to Rome in the very worst spring that has been known for the last twenty years. Here, at Naples, we have had some brilliant days, though the wind is still cold, and rain has often fallen heavily in the night. It is the very best change for us after Rome; there is comparatively little art to see, and there is nature in transcendent beauty. We both think it is the most beautiful place in the world, and are sceptical about Constantinople, which has not had the advantage of having been seen by us. That is the fashion of travellers, as you know: for you must have been bored many times in your life by people who have insisted on it that you *must* go and see the thing *they* have seen — there is nothing like it. We shall bore you in that way, I dare say — so prepare yourself. Our plan at present is to spend the next week in seeing Pæstum, Amalfi, Castellamare, and Sorrento, and drinking in as much of this Southern beauty, in a quiet way, as our souls are capable of absorbing.

The calm blue sea, and the mountains sleeping in the afternoon light, as we have seen them to-day from the height of St. Elmo, make one feel very passive and contemplative, and disinclined to bustle about in search of meaner sights. Yet I confess Pompeii, and the remains of Pompeian art and life in the Museum, have been impressive enough to rival the sea and sky. It is a thing never to be forgotten — that walk through the silent city of the past, and then the sight of utensils, and eatables, and ornaments, and half-washed linen, and hundreds of other traces of life so startlingly like our

own in its minutest details, suddenly arrested by the fiery deluge. All that you will see some day, and with the advantage of younger eyes than mine.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
5th May,
from Naples.

We expect to reach Florence (by steamboat, alas!) on the 17th, so that if you have the charity to write to me again, address to me there.

We thought the advance to eighteen in the number of hearers ¹ was very satisfactory, and rejoiced over it. The most solid comfort one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life — the work at home after the holiday is done — is to help in some small nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation, and misery on the face of this beautiful earth. I am writing at night — Mr. Lewes is already asleep, else he would say, "Send my kind regards to them all." We have often talked of you, and the thought of seeing you again makes the South Fields look brighter in our imagination than they could have looked from the dreariest part of the world if you had not been living in them.

Things really look so threatening in the Neapolitan kingdom, that we begin to think ourselves fortunate in having got our visit done. Tuscany is in the highest political spirits for the moment, and of course Victor Emanuel stares at us at every turn here, with the most loyal exaggeration of moustache and intelligent meaning. But we are selfishly careless about dynasties just now, caring more for the doings of Giotto and Brunelleschi than for those of Count Cavour. On a first journey to the greatest centres of art, one must be excused

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
15th May,
from
Florence.

¹ At the Positivist Church.

REVIEW IN THE TIMES [FLORENCE

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
18th May,
from
Florence.

for letting one's public spirit go to sleep a little. As for me, I am thrown into a state of humiliating passivity by the sight of the great things done in the far past: it seems as if life were not long enough to learn, and as if my own activity were so completely dwarfed by comparison, that I should never have courage for more creation of my own. There is only one thing that has an opposite and stimulating effect: it is the comparative rarity, even here, of great and truthful art, and the abundance of wretched imitation and falsity. Every hand is wanted in the world that can do a little genuine sincere work.

We are at the quietest hotel in Florence, having sought it out for the sake of getting clear of the stream of English and Americans, in which one finds one's self in all the main tracks of travel, so that one seems at last to be in a perpetual noisy picnic, obliged to be civil, though with a strong inclination to be sullen. My philanthropy rises several degrees as soon as we are alone.

Letter to
Major
Blackwood,
27th May.

I am much obliged to you for writing at once, and so scattering some clouds which had gathered over my mind in consequence of an indication or two in Mr. John Blackwood's previous letter. The *Times* article arrived on Sunday. It is written in a generous spirit, and with so high a degree of intelligence, that I am rather alarmed lest the misapprehensions it exhibits should be due to my defective presentation, rather than to any failure on the part of the critic. I have certainly fulfilled my intention very badly if I have made the Dodson honesty appear "mean and uninteresting," or made the payment of one's debts appear a contempt-

ible virtue in comparison with any sort of "Bohemian" qualities. So far as my own feeling and intention are concerned, no one class of persons or form of character is held up to reprobation or to exclusive admiration. Tom is painted with as much love and pity as Maggie; and I am so far from hating the Dodsons myself, that I am rather aghast to find them ticketed with such very ugly adjectives. We intend to leave this place on Friday (3d), and in four days after that we shall be at Venice—in a few days from that time at Milan—and then, by a route at present uncertain, at Berne, where we take up Mr. Lewes's eldest boy, to bring him home with us.

Letter to
Major
Blackwood,
27th May.

We are particularly happy in our weather, which is unvaryingly fine without excessive heat. There has been a crescendo of enjoyment in our travels; for Florence, from its relation to the history of Modern art, has roused a keener interest in us even than Rome, and has stimulated me to entertain rather an ambitious project, which I mean to be a secret from every one but you and Mr. John Blackwood.

Any news of "Clerical Scenes" in its third edition? Or has its appearance been deferred? The smallest details are acceptable to ignorant travellers. We are wondering what was the last good article in *Blackwood*, and whether Thackeray has gathered up his slack reins in the *Cornhill*. Literature travels slowly even to this Italian Athens. Hawthorne's book is not to be found here yet in the Tauchnitz edition.

We left Florence on the evening of the first of June, by diligence, travelling all night and until eleven the

Journal,
June.

ACROSS THE APENNINES [BOLOGNA

Journal,
June.

next morning to get to Bologna. I wish we could have made that journey across the Apennines by daylight, though in that case I should have missed certain grand startling effects that came to me in my occasional wakings. Wonderful heights and depths I saw on each side of us by the fading light of the evening. Then in the middle of the night, while the lightning was flashing and the sky was heavy with threatening storm-clouds, I waked to find the six horses resolutely refusing or unable to move the diligence — till at last two meek oxen were tied to the axle, and their added strength dragged us up the hill. But one of the strangest effects I ever saw was just before dawn, when we seemed to be high up on mighty mountains, which fell precipitously and showed us the awful pale horizon far, far below.

We left Bologna in the afternoon, rested at Ferrara for the night, and passed the Euganean Mountains on our left hand as we approached Padua in the middle of the next day.

After dinner and rest from our dusty journeying, we took a carriage and went out to see the town, desiring most of all to see the Arena Chapel.

It stands apart, and is approached at present through a pretty garden. Here one is uninterruptedly with Giotto. The whole chapel was designed and painted by himself alone; and it is said that while he was at work on it, Dante lodged with him at Padua. The nave of the chapel is in tolerably good preservation, but the apsis has suffered severely from damp. It is in this apsis that the lovely Madonna, with the Infant at her

1860] SUNSET ON THE LAGOON, VENICE

breast, is painted in a niche, now quite hidden by some altar-piece or woodwork, which one has to push by in order to see the tenderest bit of Giotto's painting. This chapel must have been a blessed vision when it was fresh from Giotto's hand — the blue vaulted roof; the exquisite bands of which he was so fond, representing inlaid marble, uniting roof and walls and forming the divisions between the various frescoes which cover the upper part of the wall. The glory of Paradise at one end, and the histories of Mary and Jesus on the two sides; and the subdued effect of the series of monochromes representing the Virtues and Vices below.

From Padua to Venice.

We make the journey to Chioggia but with small pleasure, on account of my illness, which continued all day. Otherwise that long floating over the water, with the forts and mountains looking as if they were suspended in the air, would have been very enjoyable. Of all dreamy delights, that of floating in a gondola along the canals and out on the Lagoon is surely the greatest. We were out one night on the Lagoon when the sun was setting, and the wide waters were flushed with the reddened light. I should have liked it to last for hours: it is the sort of scene in which I could most readily forget my own existence, and feel melted into the general life.

Another charm of evening time was to walk up and down the Piazza of San Marco as the stars were brightening and look at the grand dim buildings, and the flocks of pigeons flitting about them; or to walk on to the

BELLAGIO AND SPLÜGEN PASS [ITALY

Journal,
June.

Bridge of La Paglia and look along the dark canal that runs under the Bridge of Sighs — its blackness lit up by a gaslight here and there, and the plash of the oar of blackest gondola slowly advancing.

From Venice to Verona and Milan.

We left Milan for Como on a fine Sunday morning, and arrived at beautiful Bellagio by steamer in the evening. Here we spent a delicious day — going to the Villa Somma Riva in the morning, and in the evening to the Serbellone Gardens, from the heights of which we saw the mountain-peaks reddened with the last rays of the sun. The next day we reached lovely Chiavenna, at the foot of the Splügen Pass, and spent the evening in company with a glorious mountain torrent, mountain peaks, huge boulders, with rippling miniature torrents and lovely young flowers among them, and grassy heights with rich Spanish chestnuts shadowing them. Then, the next morning, we set off by post and climbed the almost perpendicular heights of the pass — chiefly in heavy rain that would hardly let us discern the patches of snow when we reached the table-land of the summit. About five o'clock we reached grassy Splügen, and felt that we had left Italy behind us. Already our driver had been German for the last long post, and now we had come to an hotel where host and waiters were German. Swiss houses of dark wood, outside staircases and broad eaves, stood on the steep, green, and flowery slope that led up to the waterfall; and the hotel and other buildings of masonry were thoroughly German in their aspect. In the evening we enjoyed a walk between the mountains, whose lower sides down to the

torrent bed were set with tall dark pines. But the climax of grand — nay, terrible — scenery came the next day as we traversed the Via Mala. Journal,
June.

After this came open green valleys, with dotted white churches and homesteads. We were in Switzerland, and the mighty wall of the Valtelline Alps shut us out from Italy on the 21st of June.

Your letter to Florence reached me duly, and I feel as if I had been rather unconscionable in asking for another before our return; but to us who have been seeing new things every day, a month seems so long a space of time that we can't help fancying there must be a great accumulation of news for us at the end of it. Letter to
John Black-
wood,
23d June,
from Berne.

We had hoped to be at home by the 25th; but we were so enchanted with Venice, that we were seduced into staying there a whole week instead of three or four days, and now we must not rob the boys of their two days' holiday with us.

We have had a wonderful journey. From Florence we went to Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua on our way to Venice; and from Venice we have come by Verona, Milan, and Como, and across the Splügen to Zurich, where we spent yesterday chiefly in the company of Moleschott the physiologist — an interview that has helped to sharpen Mr. Lewes's appetite for a return to his microscope and dissecting-table. We ought to be for ever ashamed of ourselves if we don't work the better for this great holiday. We both feel immensely enriched with new ideas and new veins of interest.

I don't think I can venture to tell you what my great project is by letter, for I am anxious to keep it a secret.

THE NEW PROJECT

[BERNE

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
23d June,
from Berne.

It will require a great deal of study and labour, and I am athirst to begin.

As for the "Mill," I am in repose about it, now I know it has found its way to the great public. Its comparative rank can only be decided after some years have passed, when the judgement upon it is no longer influenced by the recent enthusiasm about "Adam," and by the fact that it has the misfortune to be written by me instead of by Mr. Liggins. I shall like to see Bulwer's criticism, if you will be kind enough to send it me; but I particularly wish *not* to see any of the newspaper articles.

CHAPTER XI

JULY 1. — We found ourselves at home again, after Journal. three months of delightful travel. From Berne we brought our eldest boy Charles, to begin a new period in his life, after four years at Hofwyl. During our absence "The Mill on the Floss" came out (April 4), and achieved a greater success than I had ever hoped for it. The subscription was 3600 (the number originally printed was 4000); and shortly after its appearance, Mudie having demanded a second thousand, Blackwood commenced striking off 2000 more, making 6000. While we were at Florence I had the news that these 6000 were all sold, and that 500 more were being prepared. From all we can gather, the votes are rather on the side of "The Mill" as a better book than "Adam."

We reached home by starlight at one o'clock this morning; and I write in haste, fear, and trembling lest you should already be gone to Surrey. You know what I should like — that you and your husband should come to us the first day possible, naming any hour and conditions. We would arrange meals and everything else as would best suit you. Of course I would willingly go to London to see *you*, if you could not come to me. But I fear lest neither plan should be practicable, and lest this letter should have to be sent after you. It is from your note only that I have learned your loss.¹ It has

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
1st July.

¹ Death of Madame Bodichon's father.

MISS HENNELL'S BOOK [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
1st July.

made me think of you with the sense that there is more than ever a common fund of experience between us. But I will write nothing more now. I am almost ill with fatigue, and have only courage to write at all, because of my anxiety not to miss you.

Affectionate regards from both of *us* to both of *you*.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
2d July.

I opened your letters and parcel a little after one o'clock on Sunday morning, for that was the unseasonable hour of our return from our long, long journey. Yesterday was almost entirely employed in feeling very weary indeed, but this morning we are attacking the heap of small duties that always lie before one after a long absence.

It is pleasant to see your book ¹ fairly finished after all delays and anxieties; but I will say nothing to you about *that* until I have read it. I shall read it the first thing before plunging into a course of study which will take me into a different region of thought.

We have had an unspeakably delightful journey — one of those journeys that seem to divide one's life in two, by the new ideas they suggest and the new veins of interest they open. We went to Geneva, and spent two days with my old kind friends the D'Alberts — a real pleasure to me, especially as Mr. Lewes was delighted with "Maman" as I used to call Madame D'Albert. She is as bright and upright as ever: the ten years have only whitened her hair — a change which makes her face all the softer in colouring.

Letter to
Madame
D'Albert,
3d July.

Here, then, is the lock of hair which, now it is severed from its companions, may be mistaken for a lock from

¹ *Thoughts in Aid of Faith.*

some youthful head, full of brightest hopes. My hopes, you know, were never very bright, even in my youthful days, and it was always my *fears* that painted my future for me. That has, at least, saved me from some disappointment and has brought me some unexpected joys in life. For instance, I had never ventured to hope that you would bear me so tenderly in your mind through long years, and gladden my heart by such strong sympathy as your eyes and voice assured me of during our short stay with you.

Letter to
Madame
D'Albert,
3d July.

Very few things have happened to me, apart from my domestic life, that have cheered me more than the feeling that you and M. D'Albert are woven into my outward practical existence, no longer as mere memories, however cherished, but as actual breathing friends, ready to share my thoughts and help me with your encouraging words. I will say nothing to you on the subject of Mr. Lewes's letter to M. D'Albert, because I am sure you know all the feeling that is implied in the wish he has expressed on behalf of us both. I am rather weighed down with anxiety now, dear Maman, and find life, even in the middle of my many blessings, still a difficult and sometimes a toilsome journey. I have always to struggle against a selfish longing for repose.

You will write to me, I know, and tell me now and then how it fares with you. It is doubly pleasant to read details about a friend's life, when we know just how she looks, and where she sits through long, quiet days.

I fear I gave very feeble signs of the gratitude I felt towards you for your affectionate reception of me and mine, and all the delicate attentions you showed us. All

"THOUGHTS IN AID OF FAITH" [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Madame
D'Albert,
3d July.

speech was difficult to me just then, and especially on matters of feeling. Nevertheless, I have confidence that you interpreted me more kindly than any even of my unexpressed feelings deserved, and that you believe in me as your always true and grateful friend.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th July.

I have finished my first rather rapid reading of your book, and now I thank you for it: not merely for the special gift of the volume and inscription, but for that of which many others will share the benefit with me — the "thoughts" themselves.

So far as my reading in English books of similar character extends, yours seems to me quite unparalleled in the largeness and insight with which it estimates Christianity as an "organized experience" — a grand advance in the moral development of the race.

I especially delight in the passage, p. 105, beginning, "And how can it be otherwise," and ending with, "formal rejection of it." ¹ On this and other supremely interesting matters of thought — perhaps I should rather say of experience — your book has shown me that we

¹ "And how can it be otherwise than real to us, this belief that has nourished the souls of us all, and seems to have moulded actually anew their internal constitution, as well as stored them up with its infinite variety of external interests and associations! What other than a very real thing has it been in the life of the world — sprung out of, and again causing to spring forth, such volumes of human emotion — making a current, as it were, of feeling, that has drawn within its own sphere all the moral vitality of so many ages! In all this reality of influence there is indeed the testimony of Christianity having truly formed an integral portion of the organic life of humanity. The regarding it as a mere excrescence, the product of morbid fanatical humours, is a reaction of judgement, that, it is to be hoped, will soon be seen on all hands to be in no way implied of necessity in the formal rejection of it." — *Thoughts in Aid of Faith*, p. 105.

are much nearer to each other than I had supposed. At p. 174, again, there is a passage beginning, "These sentiments," and ending with "heroes,"¹ which, for me, expresses the one-half of true human piety. That thought is one of my favourite altars where I oftenest go to contemplate, and to seek for invigorating motive.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th July.

Of the work as a whole I am quite incompetent to judge on a single cursory reading. I admire — I respect — the breadth and industry of mind it exhibits; and I should be obliged to give it a more thorough study than I can afford at present before I should feel warranted to urge, in the light of a criticism, my failure to perceive the logical consistency of your language in some parts with the position you have adopted in others. In many instances your meaning is obscure to me, or at least lies wrapped up in more folds of abstract phraseology than I

¹ "These sentiments, which are born within us, slumbering as it were in our nature, ready to be awakened into action immediately they are roused by hint of corresponding circumstances, are drawn out of the whole of previous human existence. They constitute our treasured inheritance out of all the life that has been lived before us, to which no age, no human being who has trod the earth and laid himself to rest, with all his mortal burden, upon her maternal bosom, has failed to add his contribution. No generation has had its engrossing conflict, sorely battling out the triumphs of mind over material force, and through forms of monstrous abortions concurrent with its birth, too hideous for us now to bear in contemplation, moulding the early intelligence by every struggle, and winning its gradual powers, — no single soul has borne itself through its personal trial, — without bequeathing to us of its fruit. There is not a religious thought that we take to ourselves for secret comfort in our time of grief, that has not been distilled out of the multiplicity of the hallowed tears of mankind: not an animating idea is there for our fainting courage that has not gathered its inspiration from the bravery of the myriad armies of the world's heroes." — *Thoughts in Aid of Faith*, p. 174.

"THOUGHTS IN AID OF FAITH" [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th July.

have the courage or the industry to open for myself. I think you told me that some one had found your treatment of great questions "cold-blooded." I am all the more delighted to find, for my own part, an unusual fulness of sympathy and heart experience breathing throughout your book. The ground for that epithet perhaps lay in a certain professorial tone which could hardly be avoided, in a work filled with criticism of other people's theories, except by the adoption of a simply personal style of presentation, in which you would have seemed to be looking up at the oracles, and trying to reconcile their doctrines for your own behoof, instead of appearing to be seated in a chair above them. But you considered your own plan more thoroughly than any one else can have considered it for you; and I have no doubt you had good reasons for preferring the more impersonal style.

Mr. Lewes sends his kind regards, and when Du Bois Reymond's book on Johannes Müller, with other preoccupations of a like thrilling kind, no longer stand in the way, he will open *his* copy of the "Thoughts in Aid of Faith." He has felt a new interest aroused towards it since he has learned something about it from me and the reviewer in the *Westminster*.

Madame Bodichon, who was here the other day, told me that Miss Nightingale and Miss Julia Smith had mentioned their pleasure in your book; but you will hear further news of all that from themselves.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
9th July.

I return Sir Edward Lytton's critical letter, which I have read with much interest. On two points I recognize the justice of his criticism. First, that Maggie is made to

appear too passive in the scene of quarrel in the Red Deep. If my book were still in MS. I should — now that the defect is suggested to me — alter, or rather expand, that scene. Secondly, that the tragedy is not adequately prepared. This is a defect which I felt even while writing the third volume, and have felt ever since the MS. left me. The *Epische Breite* into which I was beguiled by love of my subject in the two first volumes, caused a want of proportionate fulness in the treatment of the third, which I shall always regret.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
9th July.

The other chief point of criticism — Maggie's position towards Stephen — is too vital a part of my whole conception and purpose for me to be converted to the condemnation of it. If I am wrong there — if I did not really know what my heroine would feel and do under the circumstances in which I deliberately placed her — I ought not to have written this book at all, but quite a different book, if any. If the ethics of art do not admit the truthful presentation of a character essentially noble, but liable to great error — error that is anguish to its own nobleness — then, it seems to me, the ethics of art are too narrow, and must be widened to correspond with a widening psychology.

But it is good for me to know how my tendencies as a writer clash with the conclusions of a highly accomplished mind, that I may be warned into examining well whether my discordance with those conclusions may not arise rather from an idiosyncrasy of mine, than from a conviction which is argumentatively justifiable.

I hope you will thank Sir Edward on my behalf for the trouble he has taken to put his criticism into a form

CONTINENTAL JOURNEY OF 1849 [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
9th July.

specific enough to be useful. I feel his taking such trouble to be at once a tribute and a kindness. If printed criticisms were usually written with only half the same warrant of knowledge, and with an equal sincerity of intention, I should read them without fear of fruitless annoyance.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
10th July.

The little envelope with its address of "Marian" was very welcome, and as Mr. Lewes is sending what a Malapropian friend once called a "missile" to Sara, I feel inclined to slip in a word of gratitude — less for the present than for the past goodness, which came back to me with keener remembrance than ever when we were at Genoa and at Como — the places I first saw with you. How wretched I was then — how peevish, how utterly morbid! And how kind and forbearing you were under the oppression of my company. I should like you now and then to feel happy in the thought that you were always perfectly good to me. That I was not good to you, is my own disagreeable affair: the bitter taste of that fact is mine, not yours.

Don't you remember Bellagio? It is hardly altered much except in the hotels, which the eleven years have wondrously multiplied and bedizened for the accommodation of the English. But if I begin to recall the things we saw in Italy, I shall write as long a letter as Mr. Lewes's, which, by-the-by, now I have read it, seems to be something of a "missile" in another sense than the Malapropian. But Sara is one of the few people to whom candour is acceptable as the highest tribute. And private criticism has more chance of being faithful than public. We must have mercy on critics who are obliged

to make a figure in printed pages. They must by all means say striking things. Either we should not read printed criticisms at all (*I don't*), or we should read them with the constant remembrance that they are a fugitive kind of work which, in the present stage of human nature, can rarely engage a very high grade of conscience or ability. The fate of a book, which is not entirely ephemeral, is never decided by journalists or reviewers of any but an exceptional kind. Tell Sara her damnation — if it ever comes to pass — will be quite independent of Nationals and Westminster. Let half-a-dozen competent people read her book, and an opinion of it will spread quite apart from either praise or blame in reviews and newspapers.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
10th July.

Our big boy is a great delight to us, and makes our home doubly cheery. It is very sweet as one gets old to have some young life about one. He is quite a passionate musician, and we play Beethoven duets with increasing appetite every evening. The opportunity of hearing some inspiring music is one of the chief benefits we hope for to counterbalance our loss of the wide common and the fields.

We shall certainly read the parts you suggest in the "Education of the Feelings,"¹ and I dare say I shall read a good deal more of it, liking to turn over the leaves of a book which I read first in our old drawing-room at Foleshill, and then lent to my sister, who, with a little air of maternal experience, pronounced it "very sensible."

There is so much that I want to do every day — I had

¹ *Education of the Feelings*. By Charles Bray. Published 1839.

FEELING OLD FOR HER YEARS [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
14th July.

need cut myself into four women. We have a great extra interest and occupation just now in our big boy Charley, who is looking forward to a Government examination, and wants much help and sympathy in music and graver things. I think we are quite peculiarly blest in the fact that this eldest lad seems the most entirely loveable human animal of seventeen and a half that I ever met with or heard of: he has a sweetness of disposition which is saved from weakness by a remarkable sense of duty.

We are going to let our present house, if possible—that is, get rid of it altogether on account of its inconvenient situation: other projects are still in a floating unfixed condition. The water did not look quite so green at Como—perhaps, as your remark suggests, because there was a less vivid green to be reflected from my personality as I looked down on it. I am eleven years nearer to the sere and yellow leaf, and my feelings are even more autumnal than my years. I have read no reviews of the “Mill on the Floss” except that in the *Times* which Blackwood sent me to Florence. I abstain not from superciliousness, but on a calm consideration of the probable proportion of benefit on the one hand, and waste of thought on the other. It was certain that in the notices of my first book after the removal of my incognito there would be much *ex post facto* wisdom, which could hardly profit me since I certainly knew who I was beforehand, and knew also that no one else knew who had not been told.

We are quite uncertain about our plans at present. Our second boy, Thornie, is going to leave Hofwyl, and

to be placed in some more expensive position, in order to the carrying on of his education in a more complete way, so that we are thinking of avoiding for the present any final establishment of ourselves, which would necessarily be attended with additional outlay. Besides, these material cares draw rather too severely on my strength and spirits. But until Charlie's career has taken shape we frame no definite projects.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
14th July.

If Cara values the article on Strikes in the *Westminster Review*, she will be interested to know — if she has not heard it already — that the writer is *blind*. I dined with him the other week, and could hardly keep the tears back as I sat at table with him. Yet he is cheerful and animated, accepting with graceful quietness all the minute attentions to his wants that his blindness calls forth. His name is Fawcett, and he is a Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I am sitting for my portrait — for the last time, I hope — to Lawrence, the artist who drew that chalk-head of Thackeray, which is familiar to you.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
6th Aug.

I know you will rejoice with us that Charley has won his place at the Post Office, having been at the head of the list in the examination. The dear lad is fairly launched in life now.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
Aug.

I am thoroughly vexed that we did n't go to Lawrence's to-day. We made an effort, but it was raining too hard at the only time that would serve us to reach the train. That comes of our inconvenient situation, so far off the railway; and alas! no one comes to take our house off our hands. We may be forced to stay here after all.

CONCEPTION OF "ROMOLA" [WANDSWORTH

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
27th Aug.

One of the things I shall count upon, if we are able to get nearer London, is to see more of your schools and other good works. That would help me to do without the fields for many months of the year.

I have been reading this morning for my spiritual good Emerson's "Man the Reformer" which comes to me with fresh beauty and meaning. My heart goes out with venerating gratitude to that mild face, which I dare say is smiling on some one as beneficently as it one day did on me years and years ago.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th Aug.

I think I must tell you the secret, though I am distrusting my power to make it grow into a published fact. When we were in Florence, I was rather fired with the idea of writing a historical romance — scene, Florence; period, the close of the fifteenth century, which was marked by Savonarola's career and martyrdom. Mr. Lewes has encouraged me to persevere in the project, saying that I should probably do something in historical romance rather different in character from what has been done before. But I want first to write another English story, and the plan I should like to carry out is this: to publish my next English novel when my Italian one is advanced enough for us to begin its publication a few months afterwards in "Maga." It would appear without a name in the Magazine, and be subsequently reprinted with the name of "George Eliot." I need not tell you the wherefore of this plan. You know well enough the received phrases with which a writer is greeted when he does something else than what was expected of him. But just now I am quite without confidence in my future doings, and almost repent of having

formed conceptions which will go on lashing me now until I have at least tried to fulfil them.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
28th Aug.

I am going to-day to give my last sitting to Lawrence, and we were counting on the Major's coming to look at the portrait and judge of it. I hope it will be satisfactory, for I am quite set against going through the same process a second time.

We are a little distracted just now with the prospect of removal from our present house, which some obliging people have at last come to take off our hands.

My fingers have been itching to write to you for the last week or more, but I have waited and waited, hoping to be able to tell you that we had decided on our future house. This evening, however, I have been reading your description of Algiers, and the desire to thank you for it moves me too strongly to be resisted. It is admirably written, and makes me *see* the country. I am so glad to think of the deep draughts of life you get from being able to spend half your life in that fresh grand scenery. It must make London and English green fields all the more enjoyable in their turn.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th Sept.

As for us, we are preparing to renounce the delights of roving, and to settle down quietly, as old folks should do, for the benefit of the young ones. We have let our present house.

Is it not cheering to have the sunshine on the corn, and the prospect that the poor people will not have to endure the suffering that comes on them from a bad harvest? The fields that were so sadly beaten down a little while ago on the way to town are now standing in fine yellow shocks.

TAKING A FURNISHED HOUSE [10 HAREWOOD SQ.]

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th Sept.

I wish you could know how much we felt your kindness to Charley. He is such a dear good fellow that nothing is thrown away upon him.

Write me a scrap of news about yourself, and tell me how you and the doctor are enjoying the country. I shall get a breath of it in that way. I think I love the fields and shudder at the streets more and more every month.

Journal.

Sept. 27. — To-day is the third day we have spent in our new home here at 10 Harewood Square. It is a furnished house, in which we do not expect to stay longer than six months at the utmost. Since our return from Italy I have written a slight tale, "Mr. David Faux, Confectioner" ("Brother Jacob") — which G. thinks worth printing.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
27th Sept.

The precious cheque arrived safely to-day. I am much obliged to you for it, and also for the offer to hasten further payments. I have no present need of that accommodation, as we have given up the idea of buying the house which attracted us, dreading a step that might fetter us to town, or to a more expensive mode of living than might ultimately be desirable. I hope Mr. Lewes will bring us back a good report of Major Blackwood's progress towards re-established health. In default of a visit from him, it was very agreeable to have him represented by his son,¹ who has the happy talent of making a morning call one of the easiest, pleasantest things in the world.

I wonder if you know who is the writer of the article in the *North British*, in which I am reviewed along with Hawthorne. Mr. Lewes brought it for me to read this

¹ Mr. William Blackwood.

1860]

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON

morning, and it is so unmixed in its praise, that if I had any friends, I should be uneasy lest a friend should have written it.

Since there is no possibility of my turning in to see you on my walk as in the old days, I cannot feel easy without writing to tell you my regret that I missed you when you came. In changing a clearer sky for a foggy one, we have not changed our habits, and we walk after lunch as usual; but I should like very much to stay indoors any day with the expectation of seeing you, if I could know beforehand of your coming. It is rather sad not to see your face at all from week to week, and I hope you know that I feel it so. But I am always afraid of falling into a disagreeable urgency of invitation, since we have nothing to offer beyond the familiar well-worn entertainment of our own society. I hope you and Mr. Congreve are quite well now and free from cares. Emily, I suppose, is gone with the sunshine of her face to Coventry. There is sadly little sunshine except that of young faces just now. Still we are flourishing in spite of damp and dismalness. We were glad to hear that the well-written article in the *Westminster* on the "Essays and Reviews" was by your friend Mr. Harrison.¹ Though I don't quite agree with his view of the case, I admired the tone and style of the writing greatly.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
16th Oct.

I agree with you in preferring to put simply "New Edition"; and I see, too, that the practice of advertising numbers is made vulgar and worthless by the doubtful veracity of some publishers, and the low

Letter to
John Blackwood,
2d Nov.

¹ Mr. Frederic Harrison, the now well-known writer, and a member of the Positivist body.

QUARTERLY ON "THE MILL" [10 HAREWOOD SQ.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
2d Nov.

character of the books to which they affix this supposed guarantee of popularity. *Magna est veritas*, etc. I can't tell you how much comfort I feel in having publishers who believe that.

You have read the hostile article in the *Quarterly*, I dare say. I have not seen it; but Mr. Lewes's report of it made me more cheerful than any review I have heard of since "The Mill" came out. You remember Lord John Russell was once laughed at immensely for saying that he felt confident he was right, because all parties found fault with him. I really find myself taking nearly the same view of my position, with the Freethinkers angry with me on one side and the writer in the *Quarterly* on the other — *not* because my representations are untruthful, but because they are impartial — because I don't *load* my dice so as to make their side win. The parenthetical hint that the classical quotations in my books might be "more correctly printed," is an amusing sample of the grievance that belongs to review-writing in general, since there happens to be only *one* classical quotation in them all — the Greek one from the Philoctetes in "Amos Barton." By-the-by, will you see that the readers have not allowed some error to creep into that solitary bit of pedantry?

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th Nov.

I understand your paradox of "expecting disappointments," for that is the only form of hope with which I am familiar. I should like, for your sake, that you should rather see us in our *own* house than in this; for I fear your carrying away a general sense of *yellow* in connection with us — and I am sure that is enough to set you against the thought of us. There are some

staring yellow curtains which you will hardly help blending with your impression of our moral sentiments. In our own drawing-room I mean to have a paradise of greenness. I have lately re-read your "Thoughts," from the beginning of the "Psychical Essence of Christianity" to the end of the "History of Philosophy," and I feel my original impression confirmed — that the "Psychical Essence" and "General Review of the Christian System" are the most valuable portions. I think you once expressed your regret that I did not understand the analogy you traced between Feuerbach's theory and Spencer's. I don't know what gave you that impression, for *I* never said so. I see your meaning distinctly in that parallel. If you referred to something in Mr. Lewes's letter, let me say, once for all, that you must not impute *my* opinions to *him* nor *vice versa*. The intense happiness of our union is derived in a high degree from the perfect freedom with which we each follow and declare our own impressions. In this respect I know *no* man so great as he — that difference of opinion rouses no egoistic irritation in him, and that he is ready to admit that another argument is the stronger the moment his intellect recognizes it. I am glad to see Mr. Bray contributing his quota to the exposure of that odious trickery — spirit-rapping. It was not headache that I was suffering from when Mr. Bray called, but extreme languor and unbroken fatigue from morning to night — a state which is always accompanied in me, psychically, by utter self-distrust and despair of ever being equal to the demands of life. We should be very pleased to hear

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th Nov.

DEPRESSION OF TOWN LIFE [10 HAREWOOD SQ.

some news of Mr. and Mrs. Call. I feel their removal from town quite a loss to us.

Journal.

Nov. 28. — Since I last wrote in this Journal, I have suffered much from physical weakness, accompanied with mental depression. The loss of the country has seemed very bitter to me, and my want of health and strength has prevented me from working much — still worse, has made me despair of ever working well again. I am getting better now by the help of tonics, and shall be better still if I could gather more bravery, resignation, and simplicity of striving. In the meantime my cup is full of blessings: my home is bright and warm with love and tenderness, and in more material, vulgar matters we are very fortunate.

Last Tuesday — the 20th — we had a pleasant evening. Anthony Trollope dined with us, and made me like him very much by his straightforward wholesome *Wesen*. Afterwards Mr. Helps came in, and the talk was extremely agreeable. He told me the Queen had been speaking to him in great admiration of my books — especially “The Mill on the Floss.” It is interesting to know that Royalty can be touched by that sort of writing, and I was grateful to Mr. Helps for his wish to tell me of the sympathy given to me in that quarter.

To-day I have had a letter from M. D’Albert, saying that at last the French edition of “Adam Bede” is published. He pleases me very much by saying that he finds not a sentence that he can retrench in the first volume of “The Mill.”

I am engaged now in writing a story — the idea of

which came to me after our arrival in this house, and Journal.
 which has thrust itself between me and the other book
 I was meditating. It is "Silas Marner, the Weaver of
 Raveloe." I am still only at about the 62d page, for I
 have written slowly and interruptedly.

The two copies of *your* "Adam Bede" reached me Letter to
M. D'Albert,
6th Dec.
 in all safety two or three days ago. Very pleasant they
 were to see in their pale white covers, which I greatly
 prefer to the favourite French yellow. At present I have
 only read the chapters containing Hetty's wanderings,
 which I find faithfully rendered; but Mr. Lewes has
 read much more, and declares himself much satisfied
 with the translation. It will never cease to be a happy
 thought to me, dear friend, that you and Maman
 have spent pleasant hours over my books.

I think it will be wise to adopt the title you suggest
 — "Le Moulin de Dorlcote" — instead of our "La
 Floss"; but on this point I leave you to decide accord-
 ing to your final impression, when the decision be-
 comes necessary. Here in England the public is about
 equally divided in opinion about my two last works
 — some preferring "Adam," some "The Mill"; but I
 agree with you that the French readers are likely to
 find the first volume of the latter too long. My delight
 in the pictures of childhood led me into what the Ger-
 mans call an "epic breadth," which to many may per-
 haps seem an epic tediousness. Altogether, I should
 think my mind is one of the most remote from the
 French standard. What a detail that is which you men-
 tion, about the rejection of Maman's apt quotation, lest
 the book should have a religious air!

SETTLED IN NEW HOUSE [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
7th Dec.

The sight of sunshine usually brings you to my mind, because you are my latest association with the country; but I think of you much oftener than I see the sunshine, for the weather in London has been more uninterruptedly dismal than ever for the last fortnight. Nevertheless *I* am brighter; and since I believe your goodness will make that agreeable news to you, I write on purpose to tell it. Quinine and steel have at last made me brave and cheerful, and I really don't mind a journey up-stairs. If you had not repressed our hope of seeing you again until your sister's return, I should have asked you to join us for the Exeter Hall performance of the "Messiah" this evening, which I am looking forward to with delight. The Monday Popular Concerts at Saint James's Hall are our easiest and cheapest pleasures. I go in my bonnet; we sit in the shilling places in the body of the hall, and hear to perfection for a shilling! That is agreeable when one hears Beethoven's quartetts and sonatas. Pray bear in mind that these things are to be had when you are more at liberty.

Journal.

Dec. 17. — We entered to-day our new home — 16 Blandford Square — which we have taken for three years, hoping by the end of that time to have so far done our duty by the boys as to be free to live where we list.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Dec.

Your vision of me as "settled" was painfully in contrast with the fact. The last virtue human beings will attain, I am inclined to think, is scrupulosity in promising and faithfulness in fulfilment. We are still far off our last stadium of development, and so it has come to pass, that though we were in the house on

Monday last, our curtains are not up and our oil-cloth is not down. Such is life, seen from the furnishing point of view! I can't tell you how hateful this sort of time-frittering work is to me, who every year care less for houses and detest shops more. To crown my sorrows, I have lost my pen, — my old favourite pen, with which I have written for eight years, — at least it is not forthcoming. We have been reading the proof of Mr. Spencer's second part, and I am supremely gratified by it, because he brings his argument to a point which I did not anticipate from him. It is, as he says, a result of his riper thought. After all the bustle of Monday, I went to hear Sims Reeves sing "Adelaide," — that *ne plus ultra* of passionate song, — and I wish you had been there for one quarter of an hour, that you might have heard it too.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Dec.

The bright point in your letter is, that you are in a happy state of mind yourself. For the rest we must wait and not be impatient with those who have their inward trials, though everything outward seems to smile on them. It seems to those who are differently placed that the time of freedom from strong ties and urgent claims must be very precious for the ends of self-culture and good helpful work towards the world at large. But it hardly ever is so. As for the forms and ceremonies, I feel no regret that any should turn to them for comfort if they can find comfort in them; sympathetically I enjoy them myself. But I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
26th Dec.

WORRIES AND BLESSINGS [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
26th Dec.

accept no formula which their whole souls — their intellect as well as their emotions — do not embrace with entire reverence. The “highest calling and election” is to *do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance.

We have no sorrow just now, except my constant inward “worrit” of unbelief in any future of good work on my part. Everything I do seems poor and trivial in the doing; and when it is quite gone from me, and seems no longer my own, then I rejoice in it and think it fine. That is the history of my life.

I have been wanting to go to your school again, to refresh myself with the young voices there, but I have not been able to do it. My walks have all been taken up with shopping errands of late; but I hope to get more leisure soon.

We both beg to offer our affectionate remembrances to the doctor. Get Herbert Spencer’s new work — the two first quarterly parts. It is the best thing he has done.

Journal.

Dec. 31. — This year has been marked by many blessings, and above all, by the comfort we have found in having Charles with us. Since we set out on our journey to Italy on 25th March, the time has not been fruitful in work: distractions about our change of residence have run away with many days; and since I have been in London my state of health has been depressing to all effort.

May the next year be more fruitful!

I am writing a story which came *across* my other plans by a sudden inspiration. I don’t know at present

whether it will resolve itself into a book short enough for me to complete before Easter, or whether it will expand beyond that possibility. It seems to me that nobody will take any interest in it but myself, for it is extremely unlike the popular stories going; but Mr. Lewes declares that I am wrong, and says it is as good as anything I have done. It is a story of old-fashioned village life, which has unfolded itself from the merest millet-seed of thought. I think I get slower and more timid in my writing, but perhaps worry about houses and servants and boys, with want of bodily strength, may have had something to do with that. I hope to be quiet now.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
12th Jan.,
1861.

I was delighted to have your letter this morning, bringing me good news not only of a literary but of a personal kind. It is pleasant to know that your labours on "Adam" have been so far appreciated; but I think it is pleasanter still to know that Maman has had the comfort of seeing her son Charles this Christmas, and that your prospects concerning him are hopeful. I begin, you know, to consider myself an experienced matron, knowing a great deal about parental joys and anxieties. Indeed I have rather too ready a talent for entering into anxieties of all sorts.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
22d Jan.

I can well imagine that you find "The Mill" more difficult to render than "Adam." But would it be inadmissible to represent in French, at least in some degree, those "*intermédiaires entre le style commun et le style élégant*" to which you refer? It seems to me that I have discerned such shades very strikingly rendered in Balzac, and occasionally in George Sand.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
22d Jan.

Balzac, I think, dares to be thoroughly colloquial, in spite of French strait-lacing. Even in English this daring is far from being general. The writers who dare to be thoroughly familiar are Shakespeare, Fielding, Scott (where he is expressing the popular life with which he is familiar), and indeed every other writer of fiction of the first class. Even in his loftiest tragedies — in *Hamlet*, for example — Shakespeare is intensely colloquial. One hears the very accent of living men. I am not vindicating the practice: I know that is not necessary to *you*, who have so quick a sensibility for the real and the humorous. You, of course, have knowledge as to what is or can be done in French literature beyond any that my reading can have furnished me with.

I see that you think there are many readers who will prefer "The Mill" to "Adam." To my feeling, there is more thought and a profounder veracity in "The Mill" than in "Adam"; but Adam is more complete, and better balanced. My love of the childhood scenes made me linger over them; so that I could not develop as fully as I wished the concluding "Book" in which the tragedy occurs, and which I had looked forward to with much attention and premeditation from the beginning. My books don't seem to belong to me after I have once written them; and I find myself delivering opinions about them as if I had nothing to do with them. I am not afraid that you will be unable to distinguish that frankness from self-conceit.

Journal.

Feb. 1. — The first month of the New Year has been passed in much bodily discomfort — making both work

and leisure heavy. I have reached page 209 of my story, Journal. which is to be in one volume, and I want to get it ready for Easter, but I dare promise myself nothing with this feeble body.

The other day I had charming letters from M. and Mme. D'Albert, saying that the French "Adam" goes on very well, and showing an appreciation of "The Mill" which pleases me.

I was feeling so ill on Friday and Saturday, that I had not spirit to write and thank you for the basket of eggs — an invaluable present. I was particularly grateful this morning at breakfast, when a fine large one fell to my share. Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 6th Feb.

On Saturday afternoon we were both so utterly incapable, that Mr. Lewes insisted on our setting off forthwith into the country. But we only got as far as Dorking, and came back yesterday. I felt a new creature as soon as I was in the country; and we had two brilliant days for rambling and driving about that lovely Surrey. I suppose we must keep soul and body together by occasional flights of this sort; and don't you think an occasional flight to town will be good for you?

I have destroyed almost all my friends' letters to me, because they were only intended for my eyes, and could only fall into the hands of persons who knew little of the writers, if I allowed them to remain till after my death. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 8th Feb. In proportion as I love every form of piety — which is venerating love — I hate hard curiosity; and, unhappily, my experience has impressed me with the sense that hard curiosity is the more common temper of mind. But enough of that. The reminders I am getting from time

CARLYLE'S MEMOIRS [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
8th Feb.

to time of Coventry distress have made me think very often yearningly and painfully of the friends who are more immediately affected by it, and I often wonder if more definite information would increase or lessen my anxiety for them. Send me what word you can from time to time, that there may be some reality in my image of things round your hearth.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
15th Feb.

I send you by post to-day about 230 pages of MS. I send it because in my experience printing and its preliminaries have always been rather a slow business; and as the story — if published at Easter at all — should be ready by Easter week, there is no time to lose. We are reading "Carlyle's Memoirs" with much interest; but so far as we have gone, he certainly does seem to me something of a "Sadducee" — a very handsome one, judging from the portrait. What a memory and what an experience for a novelist! But somehow experience and finished faculty rarely go together. Dearly beloved Scott had the greatest combination of experience and faculty — yet even he never made the most of his treasures, at least in his *mode* of presentation. Send us better news of Major Blackwood if you can. We feel so old and rickety ourselves, that we have a peculiar interest in invalids. Mr. Lewes is going to lecture for the Post Office this evening, by Mr. Trollope's request. I am rather uneasy about it, and wish he were well through the unusual excitement.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
grave,
16th Feb.

I have been much relieved by Mr. Lewes having got through his lecture at the Post Office ¹ with perfect ease and success, for I had feared the unusual excitement for

¹ Lecture on Cell Forms.

1861] THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS

him. *I* am better. I have not been working much lately — indeed this year has been a comparatively idle one. I think my *malaise* is chiefly owing to the depressing influence of town air and town scenes. The Zoölogical Gardens are my one outdoor pleasure now, and we can take it several times a-week, for Mr. Lewes has become a fellow.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
16th Feb.

My love is often visiting you. Entertain it well.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Maurice impressed you agreeably. If I had strength to be adventurous on Sunday, I should go to hear him preach as well as others. But I am unequal to the least exertion or irregularity. My only pleasure away from our own hearth is going to the Zoölogical Gardens; and I find the birds and beasts there most congenial to my spirit. There is a Shoebill, a great bird of grotesque ugliness, whose top-knot looks brushed up to a point with an exemplary deference to the demands of society, but who, I am sure, has no idea that he looks the handsomer for it. I cherish an unrequited attachment to him.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Feb.

If you are in London this morning, in this fine dun-coloured fog, you know how to pity me. But I feel myself wicked for implying that I have any grievances. Only last week we had a circular from the clergyman at Attleboro, where there is a considerable population entirely dependent on the ribbon trade, telling us how the poor weavers are suffering from the effects of the Coventry strike. And these less known undramatic tales of want win no wide help, such as has been given in the case of the Hartley colliery accident.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
23d Feb.

Your letter was a contribution towards a more cheer-

“SILAS MARNER” SOMBRE [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
23d Feb.

ful view of things, for whatever may be the minor evils you hint at, I know that Mr. Congreve's better health and the satisfaction you have in his doing effective work will outweigh them. We have had a Dr. Wyatt here lately — an Oxford physician — who was much interested in hearing of Mr. Congreve again — not only on the ground of Oxford remembrances, but from having read his writings.

I was much pleased with the affectionate respect that was expressed in all the notices of Mr. Clough ¹ that I happened to see in the newspapers. They were an indication that there must be a great deal of private sympathy to soothe poor Mrs. Clough, if any soothing is possible in such cases. That little poem of his which was quoted in the *Spectator* about parted friendships touched me deeply.

You may be sure we are ailing, but I am ashamed of dwelling on a subject that offers so little variety.

Letter to
John Blackwood,
24th Feb.

I don't wonder at your finding my story, as far as you have read it, rather sombre: indeed, I should not have believed that any one would have been interested in it but myself (since Wordsworth is dead) if Mr. Lewes had not been strongly arrested by it. But I hope you will not find it at all a sad story, as a whole, since it sets — or is intended to set — in a strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural human relations. The Nemesis is a very mild one. I have felt all through as if the story would have lent itself best to metrical rather than to prose fiction, especially in all that relates to the psychology of Silas; except that, under that treatment, there

¹ Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet.

could not be an equal play of humour. It came to me first of all quite suddenly, as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollection of having once, in early childhood, seen a linen weaver with a bag on his back; but as my mind dwelt on the subject, I became inclined to a more realistic treatment.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
24th Feb.

My chief reason for wishing to publish the story now is, that I like my writings to appear in the order in which they are written, because they belong to successive mental phases, and when they are a year behind me, I can no longer feel that thorough identification with them which gives zest to the sense of authorship. I generally like them better at that distance, but then I feel as if they might just as well have been written by somebody else. It would have been a great pleasure to me if Major Blackwood could have read my story. I am very glad to have the first part tested by the reading of your nephew and Mr. Simpson, and to find that it can interest them at all.

March 10. — Finished "Silas Marner," and sent off the last thirty pages to Edinburgh. Journal.

Your letter came to me just as we were preparing to start in search of fresh air and the fresh thoughts that come with it. I hope you never doubt that I feel a deep interest in knowing all facts that touch you nearly. I should like to think that it was some small comfort to Cara and you to know that wherever I am there is one among that number of your friends — necessarily decreasing with increasing years — who enter into your present experience with the light of memories; for kind feeling can never replace fully the sympathy that comes

Letter to
the Brays,
19th March,
from
Hastings.

MR. WILLIAM SMITH CALLS [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
the Brays,
19th March,
from
Hastings.

from memory. My disposition is so faultily anxious and foreboding, that I am not likely to forget anything of a saddening sort.

Tell Sara we saw Mr. William Smith, author of "Thorndale," a short time ago, and he spoke of her and her book with interest: he thought her book "suggestive." He called on us during a visit to London, made for the sake of getting married. The lady is, or rather was, a Miss Cumming, daughter of a blind physician of Edinburgh. He said they had talked to each other for some time of the "impossibility" of marrying, because they were both too poor. "But," he said, "it is dangerous, Lewes, to talk even of the impossibility." The difficulties gradually dwindled, and the advantages magnified themselves. I was particularly pleased with *him*, — he is modest to diffidence, yet bright and keenly awake.

I am just come in from our first good blow on the beach, and have that delicious sort of numbness in arms and legs that comes from walking hard in a fresh wind.

"Silas Marner" is in one volume. It was quite a sudden inspiration that came across me, in the midst of altogether indifferent meditations.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th March.

The latest number I had heard was 3300, so that your letter brought me agreeable information. I am particularly gratified, because this spirited subscription must rest on my character as a writer generally, and not simply on the popularity of "Adam Bede." There is an article on "The Mill" in *Macmillan's Magazine* which is worth reading. I cannot, of course, agree with

1861] THE UNION WITH MR. LEWES

the writer in all his regrets: if I could have done so, I should not have written the book I did write, but quite another. Still it is a comfort to me to read any criticism which recognizes the high responsibilities of literature that undertakes to represent life. The ordinary tone about art is that the artist may do what he will, provided he pleases the public.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th March.

I am very glad to be told — whenever you can tell me — that the Major is not suffering heavily. I know so well the preciousness of those smiles that tell one the mind is not held out of all reach of soothing.

We are wavering whether we shall go to Florence this spring, or wait till the year and other things are more advanced.

It gave me pleasure to have your letter, not only because of the kind expressions of sympathy it contains, but also because it gives me an opportunity of telling you, after the lapse of years, that I remember gratefully how you wrote to me with generous consideration and belief at a time when most persons who knew anything of me were disposed (naturally enough) to judge me rather severely. Only a woman of rare qualities would have written to me as you did on the strength of the brief intercourse that had passed between us.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
1st April.

It was never a trial to me to have been cut off from what is called the world, and I think I love none of my fellow-creatures the less for it: still I must always retain a peculiar regard for those who showed me any kindness in word or deed at that time, when there was the least evidence in my favour. The list of those who

RESPECT FOR TOM TULLIVER [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
1st April.

did so is a short one, so that I can often and easily recall it.

For the last six years I have ceased to be "Miss Evans" for any one who has personal relations with me — having held myself under all the responsibilities of a married woman. I wish this to be distinctly understood; and when I tell you that we have a great boy of eighteen at home who calls me "mother," as well as two other boys, almost as tall, who write to me under the same name, you will understand that the point is not one of mere egoism or personal dignity, when I request that any one who has a regard for me will cease to speak of me by my maiden name.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
4th April.

I am much obliged to you for your punctuality in sending me my precious cheque. I prize the money fruit of my labour very highly as the means of saving us from dependence, or the degradation of writing when we are no longer able to write well, or to write what we have not written before.

Mr. Langford brought us word that he thought the total subscription (including Scotland and Ireland) would mount to 5500. That is really very great. And letters drop in from time to time giving me words of strong encouragement — especially about "The Mill"; so that I have reason to be cheerful, and to believe that where one has a large public, one's words must hit their mark. If it were not for that, special cases of misinterpretation might paralyze me. For example, pray notice how one critic attributes to me a disdain for Tom; as if it were not *my* respect for Tom which infused itself into my reader, — as if he could have respected Tom if I had

not painted him with respect; the exhibition of the right on both sides being the very soul of my intention in the story. However, I ought to be satisfied if I have roused the feeling that does justice to both sides.

I feel more at ease in omitting formalities with you than I should with most persons, because I know you are yourself accustomed to have other reasons for your conduct than mere fashion, and I believe you will understand me without many words when I tell you what Mr. Lewes felt unable to explain on the instant when you kindly expressed the wish to see us at your house — namely, that I have found it a necessity of my London life to make the rule of *never* paying visits. Without a carriage, and with my easily perturbed health, London distances would make any other rule quite irreconcilable for me with any efficient use of my days; and I am obliged to give up the *few* visits which would be really attractive and fruitful in order to avoid the *many* visits which would be the reverse. It is only by saying, “I never pay visits,” that I can escape being ungracious or unkind — only by renouncing all social intercourse but such as comes to our own fire-side, that I can escape sacrificing the chief objects of life.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
6th April.

I think it very good of those with whom I have much fellow-feeling, if they will let me have the pleasure of seeing them without their expecting the usual reciprocity of visits; and I hope I need hardly say that you are among the visitors who would be giving me pleasure in this way. I think your imagination will supply all I have left unsaid — all the details that run away with our

SECOND JOURNEY TO ITALY [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
6th April.

hours when our life extends at all beyond our own homes, and I am not afraid of your misinterpreting my stay-at-home rule into churlishness.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th April.

We went to hear Beethoven's "Mass in D" last night, and on Wednesday to hear Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Nacht" and Beethoven's "Symphony in B," so that we have had two musical treats this week; but the enjoyment of such things is much diminished by the gas and bad air. Indeed our long addiction to a quiet life, in which our daily walk amongst the still grass and trees was a *fête* to us, has unfitted us for the sacrifices that London demands. Don't think about reading "Silas Marner" just because it is come out. I hate *obligato* reading and *obligato* talk about my books. *I never send them to any one*, and never wish to be spoken to about them, except by an unpremeditated spontaneous prompting. They are written out of my deepest belief, and as well as I can, for the great public — and every sincere strong word will find its mark in that public. Perhaps the annoyance I suffered [referring to the Liggins affair] has made me rather morbid on such points; but apart from my own weaknesses, I think the less an author hears about himself the better. Don't mistake me: I am writing a general explanation, *not* anything applicable to you.

Journal.

April 19. — We set off on our second journey to Florence, through France and by the Cornice Road. Our weather was delicious, a little rain, and we suffered neither from heat nor from dust.

We have been industriously foraging in old streets and old books. I feel very brave just now, and enjoy the

1861] AT THE MAGLIABECCHIAN LIBRARY

thought of work — but don't set your mind on my doing just what I have dreamed. It may turn out that I can't work freely and fully enough in the medium I have chosen, and in that case I must give it up : for I will never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience don't consent, so that I may feel that it was something — however small — which wanted to be done in this world, and that I am just the organ for that small bit of work.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
19th May,
from
Florence.

I am very much cheered by the way in which "Silas" is received. I hope it has made some slight pleasure for you too, in the midst of incomparably deeper feelings of sadness.¹ Your quiet tour among the lakes was the best possible thing for you. What place is not better "out of the season"? — although I feel I am almost wicked in my hatred of being where there are many other people enjoying themselves. I am very far behind Mr. Buckle's millennial prospect, which is, that men will be more and more congregated in cities and occupied with human affairs, so as to be less and less under the influence of Nature — *i. e.*, the sky, the hills, and the plains; whereby superstition will vanish, and statistics will reign for ever and ever.

Mr. Lewes is kept in continual distraction by having to attend to my wants — going with me to the Magliabecchian Library, and poking about everywhere on my behalf — I having very little self-help about me of the pushing and inquiring kind.

I look forward with keen anxiety to the next outbreak of war — longing for some turn of affairs that will

¹ The death of Major Blackwood.

GIOTTO'S TOWER

[FLORENCE]

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
19th May,
from
Florence.

save poor Venice from being bombarded by those terrible Austrian forts.

Thanks for your letters : we both say, "More — give us more."

Letter to
Chas. L.
Lewes,
27th May,
from
Florence.

Florence is getting hot, and I am the less sorry to leave it. This evening we have been mounting to the top of Giotto's tower — a very sublime getting up-stairs indeed — and our muscles are much astonished at the unusual exercise ; so you must not be shocked if my letter seems to be written with dim faculties as well as with a dim light.

We have seen no one but Mrs. Trollope and her pretty little girl Beatrice, who is a musical genius. She is a delicate fairy, about ten years old, but sings with a grace and expression that make it a thrilling delight to hear her.

We have had glorious sunsets, shedding crimson and golden lights under the dark bridges across the Arno. All Florence turns out at eventide, but we avoid the slow crowds on the Lung' Arno, and take our way "up all manner of streets."

Journal.

May and June. — At the end of May Mr. T. Trollope came back and persuaded us to stay long enough to make the expedition to Camaldoli and La Vernia in his company. We arrived at Florence on the 4th May, and left it on the 7th June — thirty-four days of precious time spent there. Will it be all in vain ? Our morning hours were spent in looking at streets, buildings, and pictures, in hunting up old books, at shops or stalls, or in reading at the Magliabecchian Library. Alas ! I could have done much more if I had been well ; but that regret applies to most years of my life. Returned by

Lago Maggiore and the St. Gothard; reached home Journal.

June 14. Blackwood having waited in town to see us, came to lunch with us, and asked me if I would go to dine at Greenwich on the following Monday, to which I said "yes," by way of exception to my resolve that I will go nowhere for the rest of this year. He drove us there with Colonel Stewart, and we had a pleasant evening — the sight of a game at golf in the Park, and a hazy view of the distant shipping, with the Hospital finely broken by trees in the foreground. At dinner Colonel Hamley and Mr. Skene joined us: Delane, who had been invited, was unable to come. The chat was agreeable enough, but the sight of the gliding ships darkening against the dying sunlight made me feel chat rather importunate.

June 16. — This morning, for the first time, I feel myself quietly settled at home. I am in excellent health, and long to work steadily and effectively. If it were possible that I should produce *better* work than I have yet done! At least there is a possibility that I may make greater efforts against indolence and the despondency that comes from too egoistic a dread of failure.

June 19. — This is the last entry I mean to make in my old book in which I wrote for the first time at Geneva in 1849. What moments of despair I passed through after that — despair that life would ever be made precious to me by the consciousness that I lived to some good purpose! It was that sort of despair that sucked away the sap of half the hours which might have been filled by energetic youthful activity; and the same demon tries to get hold of me again whenever an old work is dismissed and a new one is being meditated.

MR. LEWES DELICATE [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th June.

Some of one's first thoughts on coming home after an absence of much length are about the friends one had left behind — what has happened to them in the meantime, and how are they now? And yet, though we came home last Friday evening, I have not had the quiet moment for writing these thoughts until this morning. I know I need put no questions to you, who always divine what I want to be told. We have had a perfect journey except as regards health — a large, large exception. The cold winds alternating with the hot sun, or some other cause, laid very unkind hold on Mr. Lewes early after our arrival at Florence, and he was ailing with sore throat and cough continually, so that he has come back looking thin and delicate, though the ailments seem to be nearly passed away.

I wish you could have shared the pleasures of our last expedition from Florence — to the Monasteries of Camaldoli and La Vernia: I think it was just the sort of thing you would have entered into with thorough zest. Imagine the Franciscans of La Vernia, which is perched upon an abrupt rock rising sheer on the summit of a mountain, turning out at midnight (and when there is deep snow for their feet to plunge in), and chanting their slow way up to the little chapel perched at a lofty distance above their already lofty monastery! This they do every night throughout the year in all weathers.

Give my loving greeting to Cara and Mr. Bray, and then sit down and write me one of your charming letters, making a little picture of everybody and every-

thing about you. God bless you — is the old-fashioned summing up of sincere affection, without the least smirk of studied civility.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th June.

Your letter gave me a pleasant vision of Sunday sunshine on the flowers, and you among them, with your eyes brightened by busy and enjoyable thoughts.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th July.

Yes; I hope we are well out of that phase in which the most philosophic view of the past was held to be a smiling survey of human folly, and when the wisest man was supposed to be one who could sympathize with no age but the age to come.

When I received your Monday packet, I was fresh from six quarto volumes on the history of the monastic orders, and had just begun a less formidable modern book on the same subject — Montalembert's "Monks of the West." Our reading, you see, lay in very different quarters, but I fancy our thoughts sometimes touched the same ground. I am rather puzzled and shocked, however, by your high admiration of the Articles on the Study of History in the *Cornhill*. I should speak with the reserve due to the fact that I have only read the second article; and this, I confess, did not impress me as exhibiting any mastery of the question, while its tone towards much abler thinkers than the writer himself is to me extremely repulsive. Such writing as, "We should not be called upon to believe that every crotchet which tickled the insane vanity of a conceited Frenchman was an eternal and self-evident truth," is to me simply disgusting, though it were directed against the Father of lies. It represents no fact except the writer's own desire to be bitter, and is worthily finished by the

COMTE'S LUMINOUS IDEAS [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th July.

dull and irreverent antithesis of "the eternal truth and infernal lie."

I quite agree with you — so far as I am able to form a judgement — in regarding Positivism as one-sided; but Comte was a great thinker, nevertheless, and ought to be treated with reverence by all smaller fry.

I have just been reading the Survey of the Middle Ages contained in the fifth volume of the "Philosophie Positive," and to my apprehension few chapters can be fuller of luminous ideas. I am thankful to learn from it. There may be more profundity in the *Cornhill's* exposition than I am able to penetrate, or possibly the first article may contain weightier matter than the second.

Mrs. Bodichon is near us now, and one always gets good from contact with her healthy practical life. Mr. Lewes is gone to see Mrs. Congreve and carry his net to the Wimbledon ponds. I hope he will get a little strength as well as grist for his microscope.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
18th July.

The English "Imitation" I told you of, which is used by the Catholics, is Challoner's. I have looked into it again since I saw you, and I think if you want to give the book away, this translation is as good as any you are likely to get among current editions. If it were for yourself, an old bookstall would be more likely to furnish what you want. Don't ever think of me as valuing either you or Mr. Congreve less instead of more. You naughtily implied something of that kind just when you were running away from me. How could any goodness become less precious to me unless my life had ceased to be a growth, and had become mere shrinking and degeneracy? I always imagine that if

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FECHTER IN "HAMLET"

I were near you now, I should profit more by the gift of your presence — just as one feels about all past sunlight.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
18th July.

July 26. — In the evening went to see Fechter as Hamlet, and sat next to Mrs. Carlyle.

Diary.

July 30. — Read little this morning — my mind dwelling with much depression on the probability or improbability of my achieving the work I wish to do. I struck out two or three thoughts towards an English novel. I am much afflicted with hopelessness and melancholy just now, and yet I feel the value of my blessings.

We had a treat the other night which I wished you could have shared with us. We saw Fechter in "Hamlet." His conception of the part is very nearly that indicated by the critical observations in "Wilhelm Meister," and the result is deeply interesting — the naturalness and sensibility of the *Wesen* overcoming in most cases the defective intonation. And even the intonation is occasionally admirable — for example, "And for my soul, what can he do to that?" etc., is given by Fechter with perfect simplicity, whereas the herd of English actors imagine themselves in a pulpit when they are saying it. Apropos of the pulpit I had another failure in my search for edification last Sunday. Mme. Bodichon and I went to Little Portland Street Chapel, and lo! instead of James Martineau there was a respectable old Unitarian gentleman preaching about the dangers of ignorance and the satisfaction of a good conscience, in a tone of amiable propriety which seemed to belong to a period when brains were un-

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
30th July.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
30th July.

troubled by difficulties, and the lacteals of all good Christians were in perfect order. I enjoyed the fine selection of Collects he read from the Liturgy. What an age of earnest faith, grasping a noble conception of life and determined to bring all things into harmony with it, has recorded itself in the simple, pregnant, rhythmical English of those Collects and of the Bible! The contrast when the good man got into the pulpit and began to pray in a borrowed, washy lingo — extempore in more senses than one!

Diary.

Aug. 1. — Struggling constantly with depression.

Aug. 2. — Read Boccaccio's capital story of Fra Cipolla — one of his few good stories — and "The Little Hunchback" in the "Arabian Nights," which is still better.

Aug. 10. — Walked with G. We talked of my Italian novel. In the evening, Mr. Pigott and Mr. Redford.

Aug. 12. — Got into a state of so much wretchedness in attempting to concentrate my thoughts on the construction of my story, that I became desperate, and suddenly burst my bonds, saying, I will not think of writing!

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th Aug.

That doctrine which we accept rather loftily as a commonplace when we are quite young — namely, that our happiness lies entirely within, in our own mental and bodily state which determines for us the influence of everything outward — becomes a daily lesson to be learned, and learned with much stumbling as we get older. And until we know our friends' private thoughts and emotions, we hardly know what to grieve or rejoice over for them.

Aug. 17. — Mr. Pigott and Mr. Redford came, who Diary. gave us some music.

Aug. 20. — This morning I conceived the plot of my novel with new distinctness.

Aug. 24. — Mr. Pigott and Mr. Redford came, and we had music. These have been placid, ineffective days — my mind being clouded and depressed.

Aug. 26. — Went with Barbara to her school, and spent the afternoon there.

Your letter was a great delight to us, as usual; and the cheque, too, was welcome to people under hydro-pathic treatment, which appears to stimulate waste of coin as well as of tissue. Altogether we are figures in keeping with the landscape when it is well damped or “packed” under the early mist.

Letter to
Chas. L.
Lewes,
11th Sept.,
from
Malvern.

We thought rather contemptuously of the hills on our arrival; like travelled people, we hinted at the Alps and Apennines, and smiled with pity at our long-past selves that had felt quite a thrill at the first sight of them. But now we have tired our limbs by walking round their huge shoulders, we begin to think of them with more respect. We simply looked at them at first; we feel their presence now, and creep about them with due humility — whereby, you perceive, there hangs a moral. I do wish you could have shared for a little while with us the sight of this place. I fear you have never seen England under so loveable an aspect. On the south-eastern side, where the great green hills have their longest slope, Malvern stands well nestled in fine trees — chiefly “sounding sycamores,” — and beyond there stretches to the horizon, which is marked by a low, faint line of

TRIP TO MALVERN [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Chas. L.
Lewes,
11th Sept.,
from
Malvern.

hill, a vast level expanse of grass and corn-fields, with hedge-rows everywhere plumed with trees, and here and there a rolling mass of wood: it is one of the happiest scenes the eyes can look on — *freundlich*, according to the pretty German phrase. On the opposite side of this main range of hills, there is a more undulated and more thickly wooded country which has the sunset all to itself, and is bright with departing lights when our Malvern side is in cold evening shadow. We are so fortunate as to look out over the wide south-eastern valley from our sitting-room window.

Our landlady is a quaint old personage, with a strong Cheshire accent. She is, as she tells us, a sharp old woman, and “can see most things pretty quick”; and she is kind enough to communicate her wisdom very freely to us less crisply-baked mortals.

Diary.

Sept. 15. — Yesterday we returned from Malvern (having gone there on the 4th). During our stay I read Mrs. Jameson’s book on the “Legends of the Monastic Orders,” corrected the 1st vol. of “Adam Bede” for the new edition, and began Marchese’s “Storia di San Marco.”

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th Sept.

I enter into your and Cara’s furniture-adjusting labours and your enjoyment of church and chapel afterwards. One wants a temple besides the out-door temple — a place where human beings do not ramble apart, but *meet* with a common impulse. I hope you have some agreeable lens through which you can look at circumstances — good health, at least. And really I begin to think people who are robust are in a position to pity all the rest of the world — except, indeed, that

there are certain secrets taught only by pain, which are, perhaps, worth the purchase.

Sept. 23. — I have been unwell ever since we returned Diary.
from Malvern, and have been disturbed from various causes in my work, so that I have scarcely done anything except correct my own books for a new edition. To-day I am much better, and hope to begin a more effective life to-morrow.

Sept. 28. — In the evening Mr. Spencer, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Redford came. We talked with Mr. Spencer about his chapter on the Direction of Force — *i. e.*, line of least resistance.

Sept. 29. (Sunday). — Finished correcting “Silas Marner.” I have thus corrected all my books for a new and cheaper edition, and feel my mind free for other work. Walked to the Zoo with the boys.

We are enjoying a great pleasure, — a new grand piano, — and last evening we had a Beethoven night. Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
6th Oct.
We are looking out for a violinist: we have our violoncello, who is full of sensibility, but with no negative in him — *i. e.*, no obstinate sense of time — a man who is all assent and perpetual *rallentando*. We can enjoy the pleasure the more, because Mr. Lewes’s health is promising.

Oct. 7. — Began the first chapter of my novel Diary.
[“Romola.”]

I am rather jealous of the friends who get so much of you — especially when they are so unmeritorious as Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
23d Oct.
to be evangelical and spoil your rest. But I will not grumble. I am in the happiest, most contented mood, and have only good news to tell you. I have hardly any

IMPROVED HEALTH [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
23d Oct.

trouble nearer to me than the American War and the prospects of poor cotton weavers. While you were shivering at Boulogne, we were walking fast to avoid shivering at Malvern, and looking slightly blue after our sitz baths. Nevertheless that discipline answered admirably, and Mr. Lewes's health has been steadily improving since our Malvern expedition. As for me, imagine what I must be to have walked for five hours the other day! Or, better still, imagine me always cheerful, and infer the altered condition of my mucous membrane. The difference must be there; for it is not in my moral sentiments or in my circumstances, — unless, indeed, a new grand piano, which tempts me to play more than I have done for years before, may be reckoned an item important enough to have contributed to the change. We talk of you very often, and the image of you is awakened in my mind still oftener. You are associated by many subtle, indescribable ties with some of my most precious and most silent thoughts. I am so glad you have the comfort of feeling that Mr. Congreve is prepared for his work again. I am hoping to hear, when we see you, that the work will be less and less fagging, now the introductory years are past.

Charley is going to Switzerland for his holiday next month. We shall enjoy our dual solitude; yet the dear boy is more and more precious to us from the singular rectitude and tenderness of his nature. Make signs to us as often as you can. You know how entirely Mr. Lewes shares my delight in seeing you and hearing from you.

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FECHTER'S OTHELLO

Oct. 28 and 30. — Not very well. Utterly desponding *Diary*. about my book.

Oct. 31. — Still with an incapable head — trying to write, trying to construct, and unable.

Nov. 6. — So utterly dejected, that in walking with G. in the park, I almost resolved to give up my Italian novel.

Nov. 10 (*Sunday*). — New sense of things to be done in my novel, and more brightness in my thoughts. Yesterday I was occupied with ideas about my next English novel; but this morning the Italian scenes returned upon me with fresh attraction. In the evening read "Monteil." A marvellous book; crammed with erudition, yet not dull or tiresome.

Your loving words of remembrance find a very full answer in my heart — fuller than I can write. The years seem to *rush* by now, and I think of death as a fast approaching end of a journey — double and treble reason for loving as well as working while it is day. We went to see Fechter's Othello the other night. It is lamentably bad. He has not weight and passion enough for deep tragedy; and, to my feeling, the play is so degraded by his representation, that it is positively demoralizing — as, indeed, all tragedy must be when it fails to move pity and terror. In this case it seems to move only titters among the smart and vulgar people who always make the bulk of a theatre audience. We had a visit from our dear friend Mrs. Congreve on Wednesday — a very infrequent pleasure now; for between our own absences from home and hers, and the fatigue of London journeying, it is difficult for us to manage meetings. Mr. Congreve is,

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.

MR. LEWES AND ARISTOTLE [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.

as usual, working hard in his medical studies — toiling backward and forward daily. What courage and patience are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything!

Journal.

Nov. 30. — In the evening we had Wilkie Collins, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Spencer, and talked without any music.

Dec. 3-7. — I continued very unwell until Saturday, when I felt a little better. In the evening Dr. Baetcke, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Redford.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
6th Dec.

Mr. Lewes has been mending ever since we went to Malvern, and is enjoying life and work more than he has done before for nearly a year. He has long had it in his mind to write a history of science — a great, great undertaking, which it is happiness to both of us to contemplate as possible for him. And now he is busy with Aristotle, and works with all the zest that belongs to fresh ideas. Strangely enough, after all the ages of writing about Aristotle, there exists no fair appreciation of his position in natural science.

I am particularly grumbling and disagreeable to myself just now, and I think no one bears physical pain so ill as I do, or is so thoroughly upset by it mentally.

Bulwer has behaved very nicely to me, and I have a great respect for the energetic industry with which he has made the most of his powers. He has been writing diligently in very various departments for more than thirty years, constantly improving his position, and profiting by the lessons of public opinion and of other writers.

I'm sorry you feel any degeneracy in Mr. George Dawson. There was something very winning about him

in old days, and even what was not winning, but the reverse, affected me with a sort of kindly pity. With such a gift of tongue as he had, it was inevitable that speech should outrun feeling and experience, and I could well imagine that his present self might look back on that self of 21-27 with a sort of disgust. It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow. It would interest me a good deal to know just how Mr. Dawson preaches now.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
6th Dec.

I am writing on my knees with my feet on the fender, and in that attitude I always write very small, — but I hope your sight is not teased by small writing.

Give my best love to Cara, and sympathy with her in the pleasure of grasping an old friend by the hand, and having long talks after the distance of years. I know Mr. Bray will enjoy this too — and the new house will seem more like the old one for this warming.

Dec. 8 (Sunday). — G. had a headache, so we walked out in the morning sunshine. I told him my conception of my story, and he expressed great delight. Shall I ever be able to carry out my ideas? Flashes of hope are succeeded by long intervals of dim distrust. Finished the 8th vol. of *Lastri*, and began the 9th chapter of *Varchi*, in which he gives an accurate account of Florence. Journal.

Dec. 12. — Finished writing my plot, of which I must make several other draughts before I begin to write my book.

Dec. 13. — Read *Poggiana*. In the afternoon walked to *Molini's* and brought back *Savonarola's* "Dialogus

BOOKS READ [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Journal. de Veritate Prophetica," and "Compendium Revelationum," for £4!

Dec. 14. — In the evening came Mr. Huxley, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Redford.

Dec. 17. — Studied the topography of Florence.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
31st Dec.

It was pleasant to have a greeting from you at this season when all signs of human kindness have a double emphasis. As one gets older, epochs have necessarily some sadness, even for those who have, as I have, much family joy. The past, that one would like to mend, spreads behind one so lengthily, and the years of retrieval keep shrinking — the terrible *peau de chagrin* whose outline narrows and narrows with our ebbing life.

I hardly know whether it would be agreeable to you, or worth your while, ever to come to us on a Saturday evening, when we are always at home to any friend who may be kind enough to come to us. It would be very pleasant to us if it were pleasant to you.

During the latter half of 1861, I find the following amongst the books read: "Histoire des Ordres Religieux," Sacchetti's "Novelle," Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," "Osservatore Fiorentino," Tennemann's "History of Philosophy," T. A. Trollope's "Beata," Sismondi's "Le Moyen Age Illustré," "The Monks of the West," "Introduction to Savonarola's Poems," by Audin de Réans, Renan's "Études d'Histoire Religieuse," Virgil's "Eclogues," Buhle's "History of Modern Philosophy," Hallam on the Study of Roman Law in the Middle Ages, Gibbon on the Revival of Greek Learning, Nardi, Bulwer's "Rienzi," Burlamacchi's "Life of Savonarola,"

Pulci, Villari's "Life of Savonarola," Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," "Hymni and Epigrammati" of Marullus, Politian's "Epistles," Marchese's Works, Tiraboschi, Rock's "Hierurgia," Pettigrew "On Medical Superstition," Manni's "Life of Burchiello," Machiavelli's Works, Ginguéné, Muratori "On Proper Names," Cicero "De Officiis," Petrarch's Letters, Craik's "History of English Literature," "Canti Carnavaleschi," Letters of Filelfo, Lastri, and Varchi, Heeren on the Fifteenth Century.

CHAPTER XII

Journal,
1862.

JANUARY 1. — Mr. Blackwood sent me a note enclosing a letter from Montalembert about "Silas Marner." *I began again my novel of "Romola."*

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
2d Jan.

I find to my surprise that I have admirers in France, and, in some cases, where I least expected them. Montalembert, for example, and — Alexandre Dumas (the elder)! Count Arrivabene, on his return from Naples, told us that Dumas went off into rhapsodies about "Adam Bede," and pronounced it the first novel of the age. After this, I will never guess who will admire or dislike me.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
13th Jan.

As for the brain being useless after fifty, that is no general rule: witness the good and hard work that has been done in plenty after that age. I wish I could be inspired with just the knowledge that would enable me to be of some good to you. I feel so ignorant and helpless. The year *is* opening happily for us, except — alas! the exception is a great one — in the way of health. Mr. Lewes is constantly ailing, like a delicate headachy woman. But we have abundant blessings.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Jan.

I hope you are able to enjoy Max Müller's great and delightful book during your imprisonment. It tempts me away from other things. I have read most of the numbers of "Orley Farm," and admire it very much, with the exception of such parts as I have read about Moulder & Co. Anthony Trollope is admirable in the

presentation of even average life and character, and he is so thoroughly wholesome-minded that one delights in seeing his books lie about to be read. Have you read "Beata" yet — the first novel written by his brother at Florence, who is our especial favourite? Do read it when you can, if the opportunity has not already come. I am going to be taken to a pantomime in the daytime, like a good child, for a Christmas treat, not having had my fair share of pantomime in the world.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Jan.

Jan. 18 (Saturday). — We had an agreeable evening. Mr. Burton¹ and Mr. Clark² of Cambridge made an acceptable variety in our party. Journal.

Jan. 23. — Wrote again, feeling in brighter spirits. Mr. Smith the publisher called, and had an interview with G. He asked if I were open to "a magnificent offer." This made me think about money — but it is better for me not to be rich.

Jan. 26 (Sunday). — Detained from writing by the necessity of gathering particulars: 1st, about Lorenzo de Medici's death; 2d, about the possible retardation of Easter; 3d, about Corpus Christi day; 4th, about Savonarola's preaching in the Quaresima of 1492. Finished "La Mandragola" — second time reading for the sake of Florentine expressions — and began "La Calandra."

Jan. 31. — Have been reading some entries in my

¹ Now Sir Frederic Burton, Director of the National Gallery, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of George Eliot now in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington, and who was a very intimate and valued friend of Mr. and Mrs. Lewes.

² Mr. W. G. Clark, late Public Orator at Cambridge, well known as a scholar, and for his edition of Shakespeare in conjunction with Mr. Aldis Wright.

WRITING AND MUSIC [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Journal. notebook of past times in which I recorded my *malaise* and despair. But it is impossible to me to believe that I have ever been in so unpromising and despairing a state as I now feel. After writing these words I read to G. the Proem and opening scene of my novel, and he expressed great delight in them.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 3d Feb. I was taken to see my pantomime. How pretty it is to see the theatre full of children! Ah, what I should have felt in my real child days to have been let into the further history of Mother Hubbard and her Dog!

George Stephenson is one of my great heroes: has he not a dear old face?

Letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor, 3d Feb. I think yours is the instinct of all delicate natures — not to speak to authors about their writings. It is better for us all to hear as little about ourselves as possible; to do our work faithfully, and be satisfied with the certainty that if it touches many minds, it cannot touch them in a way quite aloof from our intention and hope.

Journal. Feb. 7. — A week of February already gone! I have been obliged to be very moderate in work from feebleness of head and body; but I have re-written, with additions, the first chapter of my book.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 8th Feb. I am wondering whether you could spare me, *for a few weeks*, the "Tempest" music, and any other vocal music of that or of a kindred species? I don't want to buy it until our singers have experimented upon it. Don't think of sending me anything that you are using at all, but if said music be lying idle, I should be grateful for the loan. We have several operas — "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," the "Barbiere," "Flauto Magico," and also

1862] IMPATIENCE OF CONCEALMENT

the music of "Macbeth"; but I think that is all our stock of concerted vocal music.

Feb. 11. — We set off to Dorking. The day was lovely, and we walked through Mr. Hope's park to Betchworth. In the evening I read aloud Sybel's "Lectures on the Crusades."

Feb. 12. — The day was grey, but the air was fresh and pleasant. We walked to Wootton Park — Evelyn's Wootton, — lunched at a little roadside inn there, and returned to Dorking to dine. During stay at Dorking finished the first twelve cantos of Pulci.

I think it is a reasonable law that the one who takes wing should be the first to write — not the bird that stays in the old cage, and may be supposed to be eating the usual seed and groundsel, and looking at the same slice of the world through the same wires.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
15th Feb.

I think the highest and best thing is rather to suffer with real suffering than to be happy in the imagination of an unreal good. I would rather know that the beings I love are in some trouble, and suffer because of it, even though I can't help them, than be fancying them happy when they are not so, and making myself comfortable on the strength of that false belief. And so I am impatient of all ignorance and concealment. I don't say "that is wise," but simply "that is my nature." I can enter into what you have felt, for serious illness, such as seems to bring death near, makes one feel the simple human brother- and sister-hood so strongly, that those we were apt to think almost indifferent to us before, touch the very quick of our hearts. I suppose if we happened only to hold the hand of a hospital patient when

THE WAR IN AMERICA [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
15th Feb.

she was dying, her face, and all the memories along with it, would seem to lie deeper in our experience than all we knew of many old friends and blood relations.

We have had no troubles but the public troubles — anxiety about the war with America, and sympathy with the poor Queen. My best consolation is that an example on so tremendous a scale (as the war) of the need for the education of mankind through the affections and sentiments, as a basis for true development, will have a strong influence on all thinkers, and be a check to the arid narrow antagonism which, in some quarters, is held to be the only form of liberal thought.

George has fairly begun what we have long contemplated as a happiness for him — a History of Science, and has written so thorough an analysis and investigation of Aristotle's Natural Science, that he feels it will make an epoch for the men who are interested at once in the progress of modern science and in the question how far Aristotle went both in the observation of facts and in their theoretic combination — a question never yet cleared up after all these ages. This work makes him "very jolly," but his dear face looks very pale and narrow. Those only can thoroughly feel the meaning of death who know what is perfect love.

God bless you — that is not a false word, however many false ideas may have been hidden under it. No — not false ideas, but temporary ones — caterpillars and chrysalids of future ideas.

Journal.

Feb. 17. — I have written only the two first chapters of my novel besides the Proem, and I have an oppressive sense of the far-stretching task before me, health being

feeble just now. I have lately read again with great de- Journal.
light Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows." It con-
tains, amongst other admirable things, a very noble ex-
pression of what I believe to be the true relation of the
religious mind to the past.

Feb. 26. — I have been very ailing all this last week,
and have worked under impeding discouragement. I have
a distrust in myself, in my work, in others' loving accept-
ance of it, which robs my otherwise happy life of all joy.
I ask myself, without being able to answer, whether I
have ever before felt so chilled and oppressed. I have
written now about sixty pages of my romance. Will it
ever be finished? Ever be worth anything?

Feb. 27. — George Smith, the publisher, brought the
proof of G.'s book, "Animal Studies," and laid before
him a proposition to give me £10,000 for my new novel
— *i. e.*, for its appearance in the *Cornhill*, and the entire
copyright at home and abroad.

March 1. — The idea of my novel appearing in the
Cornhill is given up, as G. Smith wishes to have it
commenced in May, and I cannot consent to begin
publication until I have seen nearly to the end of the
work.

March 11. — On Wednesday last, the 5th, G. and I
set off to Englefield Green, where we have spent a de-
lightful week at the Barley Mow Inn. I have finished
Pulci there, and read aloud the "Château d'If."

We returned from our flight into the country yester-
day, not without a sigh at parting with the pure air and
the notes of the blackbirds for the usual canopy of smoke
and the sound of cab wheels. I am not going out again,

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th March.

“LA FAMILLE TULLIVER” [16 BLANDFORD SQ.]

and our life will have its old routine — lunch at half-past one, walk till four, dinner at five.

Journal.

March 24. — After enjoying our week at Egham, I returned to protracted headache. Last Saturday we received as usual, and our party was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Noel. I have begun the fourth chapter of my novel, but have been working under a weight.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
27th March.

I congratulate you on being out of London, which is more like a pandemonium than usual. The fog and rain have been the more oppressive because I have seen them through Mr. Lewes's almost constant discomfort. I think he has had at least five days of sick headache since you saw him. But then he is better tempered and more cheerful *with* headache than most people are without it; and in that way he lightens his burthen. Have you noticed in the *Times* Mr. Peabody's magnificent deed? — the gift of £150,000 for the amelioration (body and soul, I suppose) of the poorer classes in London. That is a pleasant association to have with an American name.

Journal.

April 2. — Writing with enjoyment. At the seventy-seventh page. Read Juvenal this morning and Nisard.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
5th April.

The two volumes of “*La Famille Tulliver*” have duly arrived, and some day, when I can afford to give myself that idle pleasure, I shall glance at the pages, that I may imagine the translator more vividly by reading phrases which have been in his mind — a little too often for his patience, perhaps, in the long business of revision and proof-correcting. Yet I hardly need any help in bringing you and Maman before me, and hearing the tone of the two voices. I have the happiness of being

1862] "ROMOLA" IN THE CORNHILL

able to recall beloved faces and accents with great clearness, and in this way my friends are continually with me. Letter to M. D'Albert, 5th April.

Tell Maman that she never ceases to make one among those dearest human beings who have given me the blessedness of feeling perfect respect as well as love. I fancy I am kissing her soft cheek now, while you, dear friend, are saying something to make us smile. I wonder whether you are now as you used to be — at once brightly cheerful and deeply sad.

Mr. Lewes shares all things with me, except my failings, of which he only shares the inconveniences. And so, though I have no express message to deliver, I am quite truthful in saying that he shares my affectionate wishes toward you both.

April 16. — As I had been ailing for a fortnight or more, we resolved to go to Dorking, and set off to-day. Journal.

May 6. — We returned from Dorking after a stay of three weeks, during which we have had delicious weather.

Our life is the old accustomed duet this month. We enjoy an interval of our double solitude. Doesn't the spring look lovelier every year to eyes that want more and more light? It was rather saddening to leave the larks and all the fresh leaves to come back to the rolling of cabs and "the blacks"; but in compensation we have all our conveniences about us. Letter to Mrs. Bray, May.

May 23. — Since I wrote last, very important decisions have been made. I am to publish my novel of "Romola" in the *Cornhill Magazine* for £7000, paid Journal.

TRIP TO LITTLEHAMPTON [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Journal.

in twelve monthly payments. There has been the regret of leaving Blackwood, who has written me a letter in the most perfect spirit of gentlemanliness and good feeling.

May 27. — Mr. Helps, Mr. Burton, and Mr. T. A. Trollope dined with us.

May 31. — Finished the second part, extending to page 183.

June 30. — I have at present written only the scene between Romola and her brother in San Marco towards Part IV. This morning I had a delightful generous letter from Mr. Anthony Trollope about "Romola."

July 6. — The past week has been unfruitful from various causes. The consequence is, that I am no further on in my MS., and have lost the excellent start my early completion of the third part had given me.

July 10. — A dreadful palsy has beset me for the last few days. I have scarcely made any progress. Yet I have been very well in body. I have been reading a book often referred to by Hallam — Meiners's "Lives of Mirandola and Politian." They are excellent. They have German industry, and are succinctly and clearly written.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th Sept.,
from Little-
hampton.

Imagine me — not fuming in imperfect resignation under London smoke, but — with the wide sky of the coast above me, and every comfort positive and negative around me, even to the absence of staring eyes and crinolines. Worthing was so full that it rejected us, and, to our great good fortune, sent us here. We were pleased to hear that you had seen Mr. Spencer. We always feel

him particularly welcome when he comes back to town; there is no one like him for talking to about certain things.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th Sept.,
from Little-
hampton.

You will come and dine or walk with us whenever you have nothing better to do in your visit to town. I take that for granted. We lie, you know, on the way *between* the Exhibition and Mr. Noel's.

Sept. 23. — Returned from our stay in the country, first at the Beach Hotel, Littlehampton, and for the last three days at Dorking. Journal.

"The Small House at Allington" is by our excellent friend Mr. Anthony Trollope — one of the heartiest, most genuine, moral, and generous men we know. His brother, too, Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, who has resided at Florence for twenty years, is very much valued by us. They are sons, you know, of the Mrs. Trollope whose name must be familiar to you as an authoress, even if you have known nothing of her personally.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
23d Sept.

I have not read "Les Misérables," having been for a long while exclusively occupied with old Florentine literature; but Mr. Lewes told me enough of the earlier volumes to make me understand your feeling about it. If any writer of less name than Hugo had made such a mistake in art as to give that long descriptive account of a character (the bishop) who has so short a *rôle* dramatically, the critics would have surely complained. Yet as it is, Mr. Lewes tells me that even Émile Montégut found the art of the first two volumes altogether admirable.

Sept. 26. — At page 62, Part VI. Yesterday a letter Journal.

GOOD HEALTH [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

came from Mr. T. A. Trollope, full of encouragement for me. *Ebenezer*.

Journal.

Oct. 2. — At page 85. Scene between Tito and Romola.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve,
2d Oct.

Welcome to your letter, and welcome to the hope of seeing you again! I have an engagement on Monday from lunch till dinner. Apart from that, I know of nothing that will take us farther than for our daily walk, which, you know, begins at two. But we will alter the order of any day for the sake of seeing you. Mr. Lewes's absence of a fortnight at Spa was a great success. He has been quite brilliant ever since. Ten days ago we returned from a stay of three weeks in the country — chiefly at Littlehampton — and we are both very well. Everything is prosperous with us; and we are so far from griefs, that if we had a wonderful emerald ring, we should perhaps be wise to throw it away as a propitiation of the envious gods.

So much in immediate reply to your kind anxiety. Everything else when we meet.

Journal.

Oct. 31. — Finished Part VII, having determined to end at the point where Romola has left Florence.

Nov. 14. — Finished reading "Boccaccio" through for the second time.

Nov. 17. — Read the "Orfeo" and "Stanze" of Poliziano. The latter are wonderfully fine for a youth of sixteen. They contain a description of a Palace of Venus, which seems the suggestion of Tennyson's Palace of Art in many points.

I wish I knew that this birthday has found you happier than any that went before. There are so many

things — best things — that only come when youth is past, that it may well happen to many of us to find ourselves happier and happier to the last. We have been to a Monday Pop this week to hear Beethoven's Septett, and an amazing thing of Bach's, played by the amazing Joachim. But there is too much "Pop" for the thorough enjoyment of the chamber music they give. You will be interested to know that there is a new muster of scientific and philosophic men lately established, for the sake of bringing people who care to know and speak the truth, as well as they can, into regular communication. Mr. Lewes was at the first meeting at Clunn's Hotel on Friday last. The plan is to meet and dine moderately and cheaply, and no one is to be admitted who is not "thorough" in the sense of being free from the suspicion of temporizing and professing opinions on official grounds. The plan was started at Cambridge. Mr. Huxley is president, and Charles Kingsley is vice. If they are sufficiently rigid about admissions, the club may come to good — bringing together men who think variously, but have more hearty feelings in common than they give each other credit for. Mr. Robert Chambers (who lives in London now) is very warm about the matter. Mr. Spencer, too, is a member.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Nov.

Pray don't ever ask me again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no-faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
26th Nov.

"SILAS MARNER" IN FRENCH [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
26th Nov.

interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now. That speech of Carlyle's,¹ which sounds so odious, must, I think, have been provoked by something in the *manner* of the statement to which it came as an answer — else it would hurt me very much that he should have uttered it.

You left a handkerchief at our house. I will take care of it till next summer. I look forward with some longing to that time when I shall have lightened my soul of one chief thing I wanted to do, and be freer to think and feel about other people's work. We shall see you oftener, I hope, and have a great deal more talk than ever we have had before to make amends for our stinted enjoyment of you this summer.

God bless you, dear Barbara. You are very precious to us.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
28th Nov.

I have to thank you for the two copies of "Silas Marner," which arrived the other day. I looked through the scene in the village tavern, and thought, so far as I am a judge of a French rendering, that you had given the spirit of the scene very charmingly. Here and there it was inevitable that, for want of the knowledge which only a native of England can have, you should mistake the meaning of a phrase.

I hope Maman and you are expecting Christmas and the New Year with a sense of family joys about you, as well as with tolerable health. With us at present the

¹ Some general remark of Carlyle's — Madame Bodichon cannot remember exactly what it was.

weather is mild, and we are hoping, for the sake of Lancashire weavers out of work, that the winter will not be severe.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
28th Nov.

Our life has been quite without incidents lately, and we have been absorbed in our work and our fireside affections. In this world of struggles and endurance, we seem to have more than our share of happiness and prosperity, and I think this year's end finds me enjoying existence more than I ever did before, in spite of the loss of youth. Study is a keener delight to me than ever, and I think the affections, instead of being dulled by age, have acquired a stronger activity — for at least their activity seems stronger from being less perturbed by the egoism of young cravings. I should like to know that your experience is the same.

My constant love to Maman.

Nov. 30 (*Sunday*). — Finished Part VIII. Mr. Burton came. Journal.

Dec. 16. — In the evening Browning paid us a visit for the first time.

Dec. 17. — At p. 22 only. I am extremely spiritless, dead, and hopeless about my writing. The long state of headache has left me in depression and incapacity. The constantly heavy-clouded, and often wet, weather tends to increase the depression. I am inwardly irritable, and unvisited by good thoughts. Reading the "Purgatorio" again, and the "Compendium Revelationum" of Savonarola. After this record, I read aloud what I had written of Part IX to George, and he, to my surprise, entirely approved of it.

Dec. 24. — Mrs. F. Malleon brought me a beautiful

CHRISTMAS EVE [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Journal.

plant as a Christmas offering. In the evening we went to hear the "Messiah" at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
24th Dec

I am very sensitive to words and looks and all signs of sympathy, so you may be sure that your kind wishes are not lost upon me.

As you will have your house full, the wish for a "Merry Christmas" may be literally fulfilled for you. We shall be quieter, with none but our family trio, but that is always a happy one. We are going to usher in the day by hearing the "Messiah" to-night at Her Majesty's.

Evening will be a pleasanter time for a little genial talk than "calling hours"; and if you will come to us without ceremony, you will hardly run the risk of not finding us. We go nowhere except to concerts.

We are longing to run away from London, but I dare say we shall not do so before March. Winter is probably yet to come, and one would not like to be caught by frost and snow away from one's own hearth.

Always believe, without my saying it, that it gladdens me to know when anything I do has value for you.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.

It is very sweet to me to have any proof of loving remembrance. That would have made the book-marker precious even if it had been ugly. But it is perfectly beautiful — in colour, words, and symbols. Hitherto I have been discontented with the Coventry book-marks; for at the shop where we habitually see them they have all got — "Let the people praise Thee, O God," on them, and nothing else. But I can think of no motto better than those three words. I suppose no wisdom the world will ever find out will make Paul's

words obsolete — “Now abide,” etc., “but the greatest of these is Charity.” Our Christmas, too, has been quiet. Mr. Lewes, who talks much less about goodness than I do, but is always readier to do the right thing, thinks it rather wicked for us to eat our turkey and plum-pudding without asking some forlorn person to eat it with us. But I’m afraid we were glad, after all, to find ourselves alone with “the boy.” On Christmas Eve a sweet woman, remembering me as you have done, left a beautiful plant at the door, and after that we went to hear the “Messiah” at Her Majesty’s. We felt a considerable *minus* from the absence of the organ, contrary to advertisement: nevertheless it was good to be there. What pitiable people those are who feel no poetry in Christianity! Surely the acme of poetry hitherto is the conception of the suffering Messiah, and the final triumph, “He shall reign for ever and for ever.” The Prometheus is a very imperfect foreshadowing of that symbol wrought out in the long history of the Jewish and Christian ages.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.

Mr. Lewes and I have both been in miserable health during all this month. I have had a fortnight’s incessant *malaise* and feebleness; but as I had had many months of tolerable health, it was my turn to be uncomfortable. If my book-marker were just a little longer, I should keep it in my beautiful Bible in large print, which Mr. Lewes bought for me in prevision for my old age. He is not fond of reading the Bible himself, but “sees no harm” in my reading it.

I am not quite sure what you mean by “charity” when you call it humbug. If you mean that attitude of

Letter to
the Brays,
29th Dec.

Letter to
the Brays,
29th Dec.

mind which says, "I forgive my fellow-men for not being as good as I am," I agree with you in hoping that it will vanish, as also the circumstantial form of almsgiving. But if you are alluding to anything in my letter, I meant what charity meant in the elder English, and what the translators of the Bible meant in their rendering of the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians — *Caritas*, the highest love or fellowship, which I am happy to believe that no philosophy will expel from the world.

Journal.

Dec. 31 (last day of the kind old year). — Clear and pleasantly mild. Yesterday a pleasant message from Mr. Hannay about "Romola." We have had many blessings this year. Opportunities which have enabled us to acquire an abundant independence; the satisfactory progress of our two eldest boys; various grounds of happiness in our work; and ever-growing happiness in each other. I hope with trembling that the coming year may be as comforting a retrospect, — with trembling because my work is not yet done. Besides the finishing of "Romola," we have to think of Thornie's passing his final examination, and, in case of success, his going out to India; of Bertie's leaving Hofwyl; and of our finding a new residence. I have had more than my average amount of comfortable health until this last month, in which I have been constantly ailing, and my work has suffered proportionately.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
2d Feb.,
1863.

The letter with the one word in it, like a whisper of sympathy, lay on my plate when I went down to lunch this morning. The generous movement that made you send it has gladdened me all day. I have had a great

deal of pretty encouragement from immense big-wigs — some of them saying “Romola” is the finest book they ever read; but the opinion of big-wigs has one sort of value, and the fellow-feeling of a long-known friend has another. One can’t do quite well without both. *En revanche*, I am a feeble wretch, with eyes that threaten to get bloodshot on the slightest provocation. We made a rush to Dorking for a day or two, and the quiet and fresh air seemed to make a new creature of me; but when we get back to town, town-sensations return.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
2d Feb.

That scheme of a sort of Philosophical Club that I told you of went to pieces before it was finished, like a house of cards. So it will be to the end, I fancy, with all attempts at combinations that are not based either on material interests or on opinions that are not merely opinions but *religion*. Doubtless you have been interested in the Colenso correspondence, and perhaps in Miss Cobbe’s rejoinder to Mrs. Stowe’s remonstrating answer to the women of England. I was glad to see how free the answer was from all tartness or conceit. Miss Cobbe’s introduction to the new edition of Theodore Parker is also very honourable to her — a little too metaphorical here and there, but with real thought and good feeling.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
9th March.

It is a comfort to hear of you again, and to know that there is no serious trouble to mar the spring weather for you. I must carry that thought as my consolation for not seeing you on Tuesday, — not quite a sufficient consolation, for my eyes desire you very much after these long months of almost total separation. The reason I cannot have that pleasure on Tuesday is that, according

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
18th April.

"ENGLISH HUMOURISTS" [16 BLANDFORD SQ.]

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
18th April.

to a long-arranged plan, I am going on Monday to Dorking again for a fortnight. I should be still more vexed to miss you if I were in better condition, but at present I am rather like a shell-less lobster, and inclined to creep out of sight. I shall write to you, or try to see you, as soon as I can after my return. I wish you could have told me of a more decided return to ordinary health in Mr. Congreve, but I am inclined to hope that the lecturing may rather benefit than injure him, by being a moral tonic. How much there is for us to talk about! But only to look at dear faces that one has seen so little of for a long while, seems reason enough for wanting to meet. Mr. Lewes is better than usual just now, and you must not suppose that there is anything worse the matter with me than you have been used to seeing in me. Please give my highest regards to Mr. Congreve, and love to Emily, who, I hope, has quite got back the roses which had somewhat paled. My pen straggles as if it had a stronger will than I.

Letter to
Chas. L.
Lewes,
28th April,
from
Dorking.

Glad you enjoyed "Esmond." It is a fine book. Since you have been interested in the historical suggestions, I recommend you to read Thackeray's "Lectures on the English Humourists," which are all about the men of the same period. There is a more exaggerated estimate of Swift and Addison than is implied in "Esmond"; and the excessive laudation of men who are considerably below the tiptop of human nature, both in their lives and genius, rather vitiates the Lectures, which are otherwise admirable, and are delightful reading.

The wind is high and cold, making the sunshine seem hard and unsympathetic.

1863] STRAIN OF WRITING "ROMOLA"

May 6. — We have just returned from Dorking, Journal. whither I went a fortnight ago to have solitude, while George took his journey to Hofwyl to see Bertie. The weather was severely cold for several days of my stay, and I was often ailing. That has been the way with me for a month and more, and in consequence I am backward with my July number of "Romola" — the last part but one.

I remember my wife telling me, at Witley, how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working under a leaden weight at this time. The writing of "Romola" ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, "I began it a young woman, — I finished it an old woman."

Yes! we shall be in town in June. Your coming would be reason good enough, but we have others — chiefly, Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
12th May. that we are up to the ears in boydom and imperious parental duties. All is as happy and prosperous with us as heart can lawfully desire, except my health. I have been a mere wretch for several months past. You will come to me like the morning sunlight, and make me a little less of a flaccid cabbage-plant.

It is a very pretty life you are leading at Hastings, with your painting all morning, and fair mothers and children to look at the rest of the day.

I am terribly frightened about Mrs. —. She wrote to me telling me that we were sure to suit each other, neither of us holding the opinions of the *Moutons de Panurge*. Nothing could have been more decisive of

"ROMOLA" FINISHED [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
12th May.

the opposite prospect to me. If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of "knowingness," it is that air of lofty superiority to the vulgar. However, she will soon find out that I am a very commonplace woman.

Journal.

May 16. — Finished Part XIII. Killed Tito in great excitement.

May 18. — Began Part XIV — the last! Yesterday George saw Count Arrivabene, who wishes to translate "Romola," and says the Italians are indebted to me.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
1st June.

Health seems, to those who want it, enough to make daylight a gladness. But the explanation of evils is never consoling except to the explainer. We are just as we were, thinking about the questionable house (The Priory), and wondering what would be the right thing to do; hardly liking to lock up any money in land and bricks, and yet frightened lest we should not get a quiet place just when we want it. But I dare say we shall have it after all.

Journal.

June 6. — We had a little evening party with music, intended to celebrate the completion of "Romola," which, however, is not absolutely completed, for I have still to alter the epilogue.

June 9. — Put the last stroke to "Romola." *Eben-ezer!* Went in the evening to hear "La Gazza Ladra."

The manuscript of "Romola" bears the following inscription: —

"To the Husband whose perfect love has been the best source of her insight and strength, this manuscript is given by his devoted wife, the writer."

1863] TRIP TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT

How impossible it is for strong healthy people to understand the way in which bodily *malaise* and suffering eats at the root of one's life! The philosophy that is true — the religion that is strength to the healthy — is constantly emptiness to one when the head is distracted and every sensation is oppressive.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th June.

June 16. — George and I set off to-day to the Isle of Wight, where we had a delightful holiday. On Friday, the 19th, we settled for a week at Niton, which, I think, is the prettiest place in all the island. On the following Friday we went on to Freshwater, and failed, from threatening rain, in an attempt to walk to Alum Bay, so that we rather repented of our choice. The consolation was that we shall know better than to go to Freshwater another time. On the Saturday morning we drove to Ryde, and remained there until Monday the 29th.

Journal.

Your letter was a welcome addition to our sunshine this Sabbath morning. For in this particular we seem to have been more fortunate than you, having had almost constant sunshine since we arrived at Sandown, on Tuesday evening.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st June,
from Niton.

This place is perfect, reminding me of Jersey, in its combination of luxuriant greeneth with the delights of a sandy beach. At the *end* of our week, if the weather is warmer, we shall go on to Freshwater for our remaining few days. But the wind at present is a little colder than one desires it, when the object is to get rid of a cough, and unless it gets milder, we shall go back to Shanklin. I am enjoying the hedge-row grasses and flowers with something liked a released prisoner's feel-

AT NITON, ISLE OF WIGHT [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

ing — it is so long since I had a bit of real English country.

Letter to
Chas. L.
Lewes,
21st June,
from Niton.

I am very happy in my holiday, finding quite a fresh charm in the hedge-row grasses and flowers after my long banishment from them. We have a flower-garden just round us, and then a sheltered grassy walk, on which the sun shines through the best part of the day; and then a wide meadow, and beyond that trees and the sea. Moreover, our landlady has cows, and we get the quintessence of cream — excellent bread and butter also, and a young lady, with a large crinoline, to wait upon us, — all for 25*s.* per week; or rather, we get the apartment in which we enjoy those primitive and modern blessings for that moderate sum.

Journal.

July 4. — Went to see Ristori in “Adrienne Lecouvreur,” and did not like it. I have had hemicrania for several days, and have been almost idle since my return home.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th July.

Constant languor from the new heat has made me shirk all exertion not imperative. And just now there are not only those excitements of the season, which even we quiet people get our share of, but there is an additional boy to be cared for — Thornie, who is this week passing his momentous examination.

A pretty thing has happened to an acquaintance of mine, which is quite a tonic to one's hope. She has all her life been working hard in various ways, as house-keeper, governess, and several et-ceteras that I can't think of at this moment — a dear little dot, about four feet eleven in height; pleasant to look at, and clever; a working woman, without any of those epicene queer-

nesses that belong to the class. Her life has been a history of family troubles, and she has that susceptible nature which makes such troubles hard to bear. More than once she has told me that courage quite forsook her. She felt as if there were no good in living and striving: it was difficult to discern or believe in any results for others, and there seemed none worth having for herself. Well! a man of fortune and accomplishments has just fallen in love with her, now she is thirty-three. It is the prettiest story of a swift decided passion, and made me cry for joy. Mme. Bodichon and I went with her to buy her wedding-clothes. The future husband is also thirty-three — old enough to make his selection an honour. Fond of travelling and science and other good things, such as a man deserves to be fond of who chooses a poor woman in the teeth of grand relatives: brought up a Unitarian, just turned Catholic. If you will only imagine everything I have not said, you will think this a very charming fairy tale.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th July.

We are going this evening to see the French actress in "Juliet" (Stella Colas) who is astonishing the town. Last week we saw Ristori, the other night heard the "Faust," and next week we are going to hear the "Elisir d'Amore," and "Faust" again! So you see we are trying to get some compensation for the necessity of living among bricks in this sweet summer time. I can bear the opera better than any other evening entertainment, because the house is airy and the stalls are comfortable. The opera is a great, great product — pity we can't always have fine *Weltgeschichtliche* dramatic motives wedded with fine music, instead of

GOUNOD'S "FAUST" [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th July.

trivialities or hideousnesses. Perhaps this last is too strong a word for anything except the "Traviata." "Rigoletto" is unpleasant, but it is a superlatively fine tragedy in the Nemesis. I think I don't know a finer.

We are really going to buy The Priory after all. You would think it very pretty if you saw it now, with the roses blooming about it.

Journal.

July 12. — I am now in the middle of G.'s "Aristotle," which gives me great delight.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
18th July.

I am rather deaf and stupid this morning, for last night we went to hear Gounod's "Faust" for the second time. It is being performed at both our opera-houses, and last night we heard it with the advantage, not only of some preparation by a first hearing, but also of a superior, well-conducted orchestra. My first impressions were not favourable, but last night I was converted to considerable admiration, — converted by an intense enjoyment of certain moments. Faure, who is the Mephistopheles, acts and sings the part with a striking effect. Nevertheless, I still feel that the composer is wanting in the great power of wedding passion with melody; he seems to me to be comparatively feeble in the pathetic and tragic moments. But we have an accomplished critic, who says the garden duet is finer than the divine duet between Valentine and Raoul in the "Huguenots." That may be, but I have not yet felt it.

I have not seen Renan's book. He is a favourite writer of mine, but I care less about this "Vie de Jésus" than I should have cared years ago. It consists, as I gather from the notices I have seen, of conclusions,

without any statement of the process by which they have been arrived at; and the conclusions, I imagine, have nothing novel in them for people who have been long acquainted with the results of modern criticism. But I am surprised to hear that there is anything "cavalier" in Renan's treatment of religious belief: he has always seemed to me remarkable as a French mind that is at once "scientific" (in the German sense) and eminently tender and reverent towards the forms in which the religious sentiment has incarnated itself.

Letter to
M.D'Albert,
18th July.

I fear you would hardly be likely to get adequate compensation for the labour it would cost you to translate the "Physiology of Common Life." In money certainly not. And even the French now are becoming accomplished in foreign languages, so that the demand for translations from the English into French is probably lessening for works which address themselves to the cultured.

July 23. — Reading Mommsen, and Story's "Roba di Roma"; also Liddell's "Rome," for a narrative to accompany Mommsen's analysis. Journal.

July 29. — In the evening we went to Covent Garden to hear "Faust" for the third time. On our return we found a letter from Frederick Maurice — the greatest, most generous tribute ever given to me in my life.¹

I have wanted for several days to make some feeble sign in writing that I think of your trouble. But one claim after another has arisen as a hindrance. Conceive us, please, with three boys at home, all bigger than their father! It is a congestion of youthfulness on our mature

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
30th July.

¹ I regret that I have not been able to find this letter.

RENAN'S "VIE DE JÉSUS" [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
30th July.

brains that disturbs the course of our lives a little, and makes us think of most things as good to be deferred till the boys are settled again. I tell you so much to make you understand that "omission" is not with me equivalent to "neglect," and that I *do* care for what happens to you.

Renan is a favourite with me. I feel more kinship with his mind than with that of any other living French author. But I think I shall not do more than look through the Introduction to his "Vie de Jésus," — unless I happen to be more fascinated by the constructive part than I expect to be from the specimens I have seen. For minds acquainted with the European culture of this last half-century, Renan's book can furnish no new result; and they are likely to set little store by the too facile construction of a life from materials of which the biographical significance becomes more dubious as they are more closely examined. It seems to me the soul of Christianity lies not at all in the facts of an individual life, but in the ideas of which that life was the meeting-point and the new starting-point. We can never have a satisfactory basis for the history of the man Jesus, but that negation does not affect the Idea of the Christ either in its historical influence or its great symbolic meanings. Still such books as Renan's have their value in helping the popular imagination to feel that the sacred past is of one woof with that human present, which ought to be sacred too.

You mention Renan in your note, and the mention has sent me off into rather gratuitous remarks, you perceive. But such scrappy talk about great subjects may have a

better excuse than usual, if it just serves to divert your mind from the sad things that must be importuning you now.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
30th July.

After reading your article on "Romola," with careful reference to the questions you put to me in your letter, I can answer sincerely that I find nothing fanciful in your interpretation. On the contrary, I am confirmed in the satisfaction I felt when I first listened to the article, at finding that certain chief elements of my intention have impressed themselves so strongly on your mind, notwithstanding the imperfect degree in which I have been able to give form to my ideas. Of course if I had been called on to expound my own book, there are other things that I should want to say, or things that I should say somewhat otherwise; but I can point to nothing in your exposition of which my consciousness tells me that it is erroneous, in the sense of saying something which I neither thought nor felt. You have seized with a fulness which I had hardly hoped that my book could suggest, what it was my effort to express in the presentation of Bardo and Baldassarre; and also the relation of the Florentine political life to the development of Tito's nature. Perhaps even a judge so discerning as yourself could not infer from the imperfect result how strict a self-control and selection were exercised in the presentation of details. I believe there is scarcely a phrase, an incident, an allusion, that did not gather its value to me from its supposed subservience to my main artistic objects. But it is likely enough that my mental constitution would always render the issue of my labour something excessive—wanting due proportion. It is the habit of my imagina-

Letter to R.
H. Hutton,
8th Aug.

Letter to R.
H. Hutton,
8th Aug.

tion to strive after as full a vision of the medium in which a character moves as of the character itself. The psychological causes which prompted me to give such details of Florentine life and history as I have given, are precisely the same as those which determined me in giving the details of English village life in "Silas Marner," or the "Dodson" life, out of which were developed the destinies of poor Tom and Maggie. But you have correctly pointed out the reason why my tendency to excess in this effort after artistic vision makes the impression of a fault in "Romola" much more perceptibly than in my previous books. And I am not surprised at your dissatisfaction with Romola herself. I can well believe that the many difficulties belonging to the treatment of such a character have not been overcome, and that I have failed to bring out my conception with adequate fulness. I am sorry she has attracted you so little; for the great problem of her life, which essentially coincides with a chief problem in Savonarola's, is one that readers need helping to understand. But with regard to that and to my whole book, my predominant feeling is, — not that I have achieved anything, but — that great, great facts have struggled to find a voice through me, and have only been able to speak brokenly. That consciousness makes me cherish the more any proof that my work has been seen to have some true significance by minds prepared not simply by instruction, but by that religious and moral sympathy with the historical life of man which is the larger half of culture.

Journal.

Aug. 10. — Went to Worthing. A sweet letter from Mrs. Hare, wife of Julius Hare, and Maurice's sister.

Aug. 18. — Returned home much invigorated by the Journal. week of change; but my spirits seem to droop as usual, now I am in London again.

I was at Worthing when your letter came, spending all my daylight hours out of doors, and trying with all my might to get health and cheerfulness. I will tell you the true reason why I did not go to Hastings. I thought you would be all the better for not having that solicitation of your kindness that the fact of my presence there might have caused. What you needed was precisely to get away from people to whom you would inevitably want to be doing something friendly, instead of giving yourself up to passive enjoyment. Else, of course, I should have liked everything you write about and invite me to.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
19th Aug.

We only got home last night, and I suppose we shall hardly be able to leave town again till after the two younger boys have left us, and after we have moved into the new house.

Since I saw you I have had some sweet woman's tenderness shown me by Mrs. Hare, the widow of Archdeacon Hare, and the sister of Frederick Maurice.

I *know* how you are enjoying the country. I have just been having the joy myself. The wide sky, the *not* London, makes a new creature of me in half an hour. I wonder then why I am ever depressed — why I am so shaken by agitations. I come back to London, and again the air is full of demons.

I think I get a little freshness from the breeze that blows on you — a little lifting of heart from your wide sky and Welsh mountains. And the edge of autumn on the morning air makes even London a place in which one

Letter to
Mrs. Bray
and Miss
Sara Hennell, 1st
Sept.

READING ROMAN HISTORY [16 BLANDFORD SQ.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray
and Miss
Sara Hennell, 1st
Sept.

can believe in beauty and delight. Delicate scent of dried rose-leaves and the coming on of the autumnal airs are two things that make me feel happy before I know why.

The Priory is all scaffolding and paint; and we are still in a nightmare of uncertainty about our boys. But then I have by my side a dear companion, who is a perpetual fountain of courage and cheerfulness, and of considerate tenderness for my lack of those virtues. And besides that, I have Roman history! Perhaps that sounds like a bitter joke to you, who are looking at the sea and sky, and not thinking of Roman history at all. But this too, read aright, has its gospel and revelation. I read it much as I used to read a chapter in the Acts or Epistles. Mommsen's "History of Rome" is so fine, that I count all minds graceless who read it without the deepest stirrings.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve, Oct.

I cannot be quite easy without sending this little sign of love and good wishes on the eve of your journey. I shall think of you with all the more delight, because I shall imagine you winding along the Riviera, and then settling in sight of beautiful things not quite unknown to me. I hope your life will be enriched very much by these coming months; but above all, I hope that Mr. Congreve will come back strong. Tell him I have been greatly moved by the "Discours Préliminaire."¹

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th Oct.

If I wait to write until I have anything very profitable to say, you will have time to think that I have forgotten you or else to forget me — and both consequences would be unpleasant to me.

¹ Auguste Comte's.

Well, our poor boy Thornie parted from us to-day, and set out on his voyage to Natal. I say "poor," as one does about all beings that are gone away from us for a long while. But he went away in excellent spirits, with a large packet of recommendatory letters to all sorts of people, and with what he cares much more for, — a first-rate rifle and revolver, — and already with a smattering of Dutch Zulu, picked up from his grammars and dictionaries.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th Oct.

What are you working at, I wonder? Cara says you are writing; and, though I desire not to ask prying questions, I should feel much joy in your being able to tell me that you are at work on something which gives you a life apart from circumstantial things.

I am taking a deep bath of other people's thoughts, and all doings of my own seem a long way off me. But my bath will be sorely interrupted soon by the miserable details of removal from one house to another. Happily Mr. Owen Jones has undertaken the ornamentation of the drawing-room, and will prescribe all about chairs, etc. I think, after all, I like a clean kitchen better than any other room.

We are far on in correcting the proofs of the new edition of "Goethe," and are about to begin the printing of the "Aristotle," which is to appear at Christmas or Easter.

Nov. 5. — We moved into our new house — The Journal Priory, 21 North Bank, Regent's Park.

Nov. 14. — We are now nearly in order, only wanting a few details of furniture to finish our equipment for a new stage in our life's journey. I long very much to

AT HOME IN THE PRIORY [THE PRIORY

Journal. have done thinking of upholstery, and to get again a consciousness that there are better things than that to reconcile one with life.

Letter to Mrs. Bray, 14th Nov. At last we are in our new home, with only a few details still left to arrange. Such fringing away of precious life, in thinking of carpets and tables, is an affliction to me, and seems like a nightmare from which I shall find it bliss to awake into my old world of care for things quite apart from upholstery.

Letter to Mrs. Congreve, 28th Nov. I have kissed your letter in sign of my joy at getting it. But the cold draughts of your Florentine room came across my joy rather harshly. I know you have good reasons for what you do, yet I cannot help saying, Why do you stay at Florence, the city of draughts rather than of flowers?

Mr. Congreve's suffering during the journey, and your suffering in watching him, saddens me as I think of it. For a long while to come I suppose human energy will be greatly taken up with resignation rather than action. I wish my feeling for you could travel by some helpful vibrations good for pains.

For ourselves, we have enough ease now to be able to give some of it away. But our removal into our new home on the 5th of November was not so easy as it might have been, seeing that I was only half recovered from a severe attack of influenza, which had caused me more terrible pains in the head and throat than I have known for years. However, the crisis is past now, and we think our little home altogether charming and comfortable. Mr. Owen Jones has been unwearied in taking trouble that everything about us may be pretty. He stayed two nights till

after twelve o'clock, that he might see every engraving hung in the right place; and as you know I care even more about the fact of kindness than its effects, you will understand that I enjoy being grateful for all this friendliness on our behalf. But so tardy a business is furnishing, that it was not until Monday last that we had got everything in its place in preparation for the next day — Charlie's twenty-first birthday, which made our housewarming a doubly interesting epoch. I wish your sweet presence could have adorned our drawing-room, and made it look still more agreeable in the eyes of all beholders. You would have liked to hear Jansa play on his violin; and you would perhaps have been amused to see an affectionate but dowdy friend of yours, splendid in a grey moire antique—the consequence of a severe lecture from Owen Jones on her general neglect of personal adornment. I am glad to have got over this crisis of maternal and housekeeping duty. My soul never flourishes on attention to details which others can manage quite gracefully without any conscious loss of power for wider thoughts and cares. Before we began to move, I was swimming in Comte and Euripides and Latin Christianity: *now* I am sitting among puddles, and can get sight of no deep water. *Now* I have a mind made up of old carpets fitted in new places, and new carpets suffering from accidents; chairs, tables, and prices; muslin curtains and down-draughts in cold chimneys. I have made a vow never to think of my own furniture again but only of other people's.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
28th Nov.

The book ¹ is come, with its precious inscription, and

¹ *Physiology for Schools*. By Mrs. Bray.

"PHYSIOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS" [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
4th Dec.

I have read a great piece of it already (11 A. M.), besides looking through it to get an idea of its general plan. See how fascination shifts its quarter as our life goes on ! I cannot be induced to lay aside my regular books for half an hour to read "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," but I pounce on a book like yours, which tries to tell me as much as it can in brief space of the "natural order," and am seduced into making it my after-breakfast reading instead of the work I had prescribed for myself in that pleasant quiet time. I read so slowly and read so few books, that this small fact among my small habits seems a great matter to me. I thank you, dear Cara, not simply for giving me the book, but for having put so much faithful labour in a worthy direction, and created a lasting benefit which I can share with others. Whether the circulation of a book be large or small, there is always this supreme satisfaction about solid honest work, that as far as it goes its effect must be good ; and as all effects spread immeasurably, what we have to care for is *kind*, and not quantity. I am a shabby correspondent, being in ardent practice of the piano just now, which makes my days shorter than usual.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
4th Dec.

I am rather ashamed to hear of any one trying to be useful just now, for I am doing nothing but indulging myself — enjoying being petted very much, enjoying great books, enjoying our new pretty quiet home, and the study of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, with the mild-faced old Jansa, and not being at all unhappy as you imagine me. I sit taking deep draughts of reading — "Politique Positive," Euripides, Latin Christianity, and so forth, and remaining in glorious

ignorance of "the current literature." Such is our life: and you perceive that instead of being miserable, I am rather following a wicked example, and saying to my soul, "Soul, take thine ease." I am sorry to think of you without any artistic society to help you and feed your faith. It is hard to believe long together that anything is "worth while," unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind. I fancy that to do without that guarantee, one must be rather insane — one must be a bad poet, or a spinner of impossible theories, or an inventor of impossible machinery. However, it is but brief space either of time or distance that divides you from those who thoroughly share your cares and joys — always excepting that portion which is the hidden private lot of every human being. In the most entire confidence even of husband and wife there is always the unspoken residue — the *undivined* residue — perhaps of what is most sinful, perhaps of what is most exalted and unselfish.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
4th Dec.

I get less and less inclined to write any but the briefest letters. My books seem to get so far off me when once I have written them, that I should be afraid of looking into "The Mill"; but it was written faithfully and with intense feeling when it was written, so I will hope that it will do no mortal any harm. I am indulging myself frightfully: reading everything except the "current literature," and getting more and more out of *rappor*t with the public taste. I have read Renan's book, however, which has proved to be eminently *in* the public taste. It

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.

ESTIMATE OF RENAN [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.

will have a good influence on the whole, I imagine; but this "Vie de Jésus," and still more, Renan's "Letter to Berthelot" in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," have compelled me to give up the high estimate I had formed of his mind. Judging from the indications in some other writings of his, I had reckoned him amongst the finest thinkers of the time. Still his "Life of Jesus" has so much artistic merit, that it will do a great deal towards the culture of ordinary minds, by giving them a sense of unity between that far-off past and our present.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
26th Dec.

We are enjoying our new house — enjoying its quiet and freedom from perpetual stair-mounting — enjoying also the prettiness of colouring and arrangement, all of which we owe to our dear good friend, Mr. Owen Jones. He has determined every detail, so that we can have the pleasure of admiring what is our own without vanity. And another magnificent friend has given me the most splendid reclining chair conceivable, so that I am in danger of being envied by the gods, especially as my health is thoroughly good withal. I should like to be sure that you are just as comfortable externally and internally. I dare say you are, being less of a cormorant in your demands on life than I am; and it is *that* difference which chiefly distinguishes human lots when once the absolute needs are satisfied.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
28th Dec.

Your affectionate greeting comes as one of the many blessings that are brightening this happy Christmas.

We have been giving our evenings up to parental duties — *i. e.*, to games and music for the amusement of the youngsters. I am wonderfully well in body, but

1863]

MR. LEWES'S "ARISTOTLE"

rather in a self-indulgent state mentally, saying, "Soul, take thine ease," after a dangerous example.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
28th Dec.

Of course, I shall be glad to see your fair face whenever it can shine upon me; but I can well imagine, with your multitudinous connections, Christmas and the New Year are times when all *unappointed* visits must be impossible to you.

All good to you and yours through the coming year! and amongst the good, may you continue to feel some love for me; for love is one of the conditions in which it is even better to give than to receive.

According to your plans, you must be in Rome. I have been in good spirits about you ever since I last heard from you; and the foggy twilight which, for the last week, has followed the severe frost, has made me rejoice the more that you are in a better climate and amongst lovelier scenes than we are groping in. I please myself with thinking that you will all come back with stores of strength and delightful memories. Only, if this were the best of all possible worlds, Mr. Lewes and I should be able to meet you in some beautiful place before you turn your backs on Italy. As it is, there is no hope of such a meeting. March is Charlie's holiday month, and when he goes out we like to stay at home for the sake of recovering for that short time our unbroken tête-à-tête. We have every reason to be cheerful if the fog would let us. Last night I finished reading the last proofs of the "Aristotle," which makes an octavo volume of rather less than 400 pages. I think it is a book which will be interesting and valuable to the few, but perhaps *only* to the few. However, George's happi-

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
19th Jan.,
1864.

PERSONAL COMPENSATION [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
19th Jan.

ness in writing his books makes him less dependent than most authors on the audience they find. He felt that a thorough account of Aristotle's science was a bit of work which needed doing, and he has given his utmost pains to do it worthily. These are the two most important conditions of authorship ; all the rest belong to the "less modifiable" order of things. I have been playing energetically on the piano lately, and taking lessons in accompanying the violin from Herr Jansa, one of the old Beethoven Quartette players. It has given me a fresh kind of muscular exercise, as well as nervous stimulus, and, I think, has done its part towards making my health better. In fact, I am very well physically. I wish I could be as clever and active as you about our garden, which might be made much prettier this spring if I had judgement and industry enough to do the right thing. But it is a native vice of mine to like all such matters attended to by some one else, and to fold my arms and enjoy the result. Some people are born to make life pretty, and others to grumble that it is not pretty enough. But pray make a point of liking me in spite of my deficiencies.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
21st Jan.

I comfort myself with the belief that your nature is less rebellious under trouble than mine — less craving and discontented.

Resignation to trial, which can never have a *personal* compensation, is a part of our life task which has been too much obscured for us by unvarnished attempts at universal consolation. I think we should be more tender to each other while we live, if that wretched falsity which makes men quite comfortable about their fellows' troubles were thoroughly got rid of.

I often imagine you, not without a little longing, turning out into the fields whenever you list, as we used to do in the old days at Rosehill. That power of turning out into the fields is a great possession in life — worth many luxuries.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Jan.

Here is a bit of news not, I think, too insignificant for you to tell Cara. The other day Mr. Spencer, senior (Herbert Spencer's father), called on us, and knowing that he has been engaged in education all his life, that he is a man of extensive and accurate knowledge, and that, on his son's showing, he is a very able teacher, I showed him Cara's "British Empire." Yesterday Herbert Spencer came, and on my inquiring told me that his father was pleased with Cara's book, and thought highly of it. Such testimonies as this, given apart from personal influence and by a practised judge, are, I should think, more gratifying than any other sort of praise to all faithful writers.

Jan. 30. — We had Browning, Dallas, and Burton to dine with us, and in the evening a gentlemen's party. Journal.

Feb. 14. — Mr. Burton dined with us, and asked me to let him take my portrait.

It was pleasant to have news of you through the fog, which reduces my faith in all good and lovely things to its lowest ebb. Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
3d March.

I hope you are less abjectly under the control of the skiey influences than I am. The soul's calm sunshine in me is half made up of the outer sunshine. However, we are going on Friday to hear the "Judas Maccabæus," and Handel's music always brings me a revival.

I have had a great personal loss lately in the death of

MRS. JULIUS HARE [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
3d March.

a sweet woman,¹ to whom I have sometimes gone, and hoped to go again, for a little moral strength. She had long been confined to her room by consumption, which has now taken her quite out of reach except to memory, which makes all dear human beings undying to us as long as we ourselves live.

I am glad to know that you have been interested in "David Gray."² It is good for us all that these true stories should be well told. Even those to whom the power of helping rarely comes, have their imaginations instructed so as to be more just and tender in their thoughts about the lot of their fellows.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th March

I felt it long since I had had news from you, but my days go by, each seeming too short for what I must do, and I don't like to molest you with mere questions.

I have been spoiled for correspondence by Mr. Lewes's goodness in always writing letters for me where a proxy is admissible. And so it has come to be a great affair with me to write even a note, while people who keep up a large correspondence, and set apart their hour for it, find it easy to cover reams of paper with talk from the end of the pen.

You say nothing of yourself, which is rather unkind. We are enjoying a perfect tête-à-tête. On Friday we are going to hear the "Judas Maccabæus," and try if possible to be stirred to something heroic by "Sound an alarm."

I was more sorry than it is usually possible to be about

¹ Mrs. Julius Hare, who gave her Maurice's book on the Lord's Prayer.

² A story by Mr. Robert Buchanan in the *Cornhill*, Feb., 1864.

the death of a person utterly unknown to me, when I read of Maria Martineau's death. She was a person whose office in life seemed so thoroughly defined and so valuable. For an invalid like Harriet Martineau to be deprived of a beloved nurse and companion, is a sorrow that makes one ashamed of one's small grumblings. But, oh dear, oh dear! when *will* people leave off their foolish talk about all human lots being equal; as if anybody with a sound stomach ever knew misery comparable to the misery of a dyspeptic.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th March.

Farewell, dear Sara: be generous, and don't always wait an age in silence because I don't write.

If you were anybody but yourself I should dislike you, because I have to write letters to you. As it is, your qualities triumph even over the vice of being in Italy (too far off for a note of three lines), and expecting to hear from me, though I fear I should be graceless enough to let you expect in vain if I did not care very much to hear from *you*, and did not find myself getting uneasy when many weeks have been passed in ignorance about you. I do hope to hear that you got your fortnight of sight-seeing before leaving Rome — at least, you would surely go well over the great galleries. If not, I shall be vexed with you, and I shall only be consoled for your not going to Venice by the chance of the Austrians being driven or bought out of it — on no slighter grounds. For I suppose you will not go to Italy again for a long, long while, so as to leave any prospect of the omission being made up for by and by.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
8th March.

We run off to Scotland for the Easter week, setting out on Sunday evening; so if the spring runs away again, I

JOY IN THE COUNTRY [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th March.

hope it will run northward. We shall return on Monday the 4th April. Some news of your inwards and outwards would be acceptable; but don't write unless you really *like* to write. You see Strauss has come out with a *popular* "Life of Jesus."

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
25th March.

Fog, east wind, and headache; there is my week's history. But this morning, when your letter came to me, I had got up well, and was reading the sorrows of the aged Hecuba with great enjoyment. I wish an immortal drama could be got out of *my* sorrows, that people might be the better for them two thousand years hence. But fog, east wind, and headache are not great dramatic motives.

Your letter was a reinforcement of the delicious sense of *bien-être* that comes with the departure of bodily pain; and I am glad, retrospectively, that beyond our fog lay your moonlight and your view of the glorious sea. It is not difficult to me to believe that you look a new creature already. Mr. Lewes tells me the country air has always a magical effect on me, even in the first hour; but it is not the air alone, is it? It is the wide sky and the hills and the wild flowers which are linked with all calming thoughts, just as every object in town has its perturbing associations.

I share your joy in the Federal successes — with that check that attends all joy in a war not absolutely ended. But you have worked and earned more joy than those who have been merely passives.

Journal.

April 6. — Mr. Spencer called for the first time after a long correspondence on the subject of his relation to Comte.

Yes! I am come back from Scotland — came back last Saturday night.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
9th April.

I was much pleased to see Cara so wonderfully well and cheerful. She seems to me ten times more cheerful than in the old days. I am interested to know more about your work which is filling your life now, but I suppose I shall know nothing until it is in print — and perhaps that is the only form in which one can do any one's work full justice. It is very disappointing to me to hear that Cara has at present so little promise of monetary results from her conscientious labour. I fear the fatal system of half profits is working against her as against others. We are going to the opera to-night to hear the "Favorita." It was the first opera I ever saw (with you I saw it!), and I have never seen it since — that is the reason I was anxious to go to-night.

This afternoon we go to see Mulready's pictures — so the day will be a full one.

April 18. — We went to the Crystal Palace to see Garibaldi. Journal.

Only think! next Wednesday morning we start for Italy. The move is quite a sudden one. We need a good shake for our bodies and minds, and must take the spring-time before the weather becomes too hot. We shall not be away more than a month or six weeks at the utmost. Our friend Mr. Burton, the artist, will be our companion for at least part of the time. He has just painted a divine picture which is now to be seen at the old Water-Colour Exhibition. The subject is from a Norse Legend; but that is no matter — the picture tells its story. A knight in mailed armour and surcoat has

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
30th April.

THIRD VISIT TO ITALY [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
30th April.

met the fair tall woman he (secretly) loves, on a turret stair. By an uncontrollable movement he has seized her arm and is kissing it. She, amazed, has dropped the flowers she held in her other hand. The subject might have been made the most vulgar thing in the world — the artist has raised it to the highest pitch of refined emotion. The kiss is on the fur-lined *sleeve* that covers the arm, and the face of the knight is the face of a man to whom the kiss is a sacrament.

How I should like a good long talk with you! From what you say of your book that is to come, I expect to be very much interested in it. I think I hardly ever read a book of the kind you describe without getting some help from it. It is to this strong influence that is felt in all personal statements of inward experience, that we must perhaps refer the excessive publication of religious journals.

Journal.

May 4. — We started for Italy with Mr. Burton.

June 20. — Arrived at our pretty home again after an absence of seven weeks.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
25th June.

Your letter has affected me deeply. Thank you very much for writing it. It seems as if a close view of almost every human lot would disclose some suffering that makes life a doubtful good — except perhaps at certain epochs of fresh love, fresh creative activity, or unusual power of helping others. One such epoch we are witnessing in a young life that is very near to us. Our "boy" Charles, has just become engaged, and it is very pretty to see the happiness of a pure first love, full at present of nothing but promise. It will interest you to know that the young lady who has won

1864] CHARLES LEWES'S ENGAGEMENT

his heart, and seems to have given him her own with equal ardour and entireness, is the granddaughter of Dr. Southwood Smith, whom he adopted when she was three years old, and brought up under his own eye. She is very handsome, and has a splendid contralto voice. Altogether Pater and I rejoice; for though the engagement has taken place earlier than we expected, or should perhaps have chosen, there are counterbalancing advantages. I always hoped Charlie would be able to choose, or rather find, the other half of himself by the time he was twenty-three — the event has only come a year and a half sooner. This is the news that greeted us on our return! We had seen before we went that the acquaintance, which was first made eighteen months or more ago, had become supremely interesting to Charlie. Altogether we rejoice.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
25th June.

Our journey was delightful in spite of Mr. Lewes's frequent *malaise*; for his cheerful nature is rarely subdued even by bodily discomfort. We saw only one place that we had not seen before — namely, Brescia; but all the rest seemed more glorious to us than they had seemed four years ago. Our course was to Venice, where we stayed a fortnight, pausing only at Paris, Turin, and Milan on our way thither, and taking Padua, Verona, Brescia, and again Milan, as points of rest on our way back. Our friend Mr. Burton's company was very stimulating from his great knowledge, not of pictures only, but of almost all other subjects. He has had the advantage of living in Germany for five or six years, and has gained those large serious views of history which are a special product of German culture, and

NEWMAN'S "APOLOGIA" [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
25th June.

this was his first visit to Italy, so you may imagine his eager enjoyment in finding it beautiful beyond his hopes. We crossed the Alps by the St. Gothard, and stayed a day or two at Lucerne; and this, again, was a first sight of Switzerland to him.

Journal.

July 17. — Horrible scepticism about all things paralyzing my mind. Shall I ever be good for anything again? Ever do anything again?

July 19. — Reading Gibbon, vol. i, in connection with Mosheim; also Gieseler on the condition of the world at the appearance of Christianity.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th Aug.

I am distressed to find that I have let a week pass without writing in answer to your letter, which made me very glad when I got it. Remembering you just a minute ago, I started up from Max Müller's new volume, with which I was consoling myself under a sore throat, and rushed to the desk that I might not risk any further delay.

It was just what I wanted to hear about you, that you were having some change, and I think the freshness of the companionship must help other good influences, not to speak of the "Apologia," which breathed much life into me when I read it. Pray mark that beautiful passage in which he thanks his friend Ambrose St. John. I know hardly anything that delights me more than such evidences of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world. I envy you your opportunity of seeing and hearing Newman, and should like to make an expedition to Birmingham for that sole end.

My trouble now is George's delicate health. He gets thinner and thinner. He is going to try what horseback

will do, and I am looking forward to that with some hope.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th Aug.

Our boy's love-story runs smoothly, and seems to promise nothing but good. His attraction to Hampstead gives George and me more of our dear old tête-à-tête, which we can't help being glad to recover.

Dear Cara and Mr. Bray! I wish they too had joy instead of sadness from the young life they have been caring for these many years. When you write to Cara, or see her, assure her that she is remembered in my most affectionate thoughts, and that I often bring her present experience before my mind — more or less truly — for we can but blunder about each other, we poor mortals.

Write to me whenever you can, dear Sara. I should have answered immediately but for sickness, visitors, business, etc.

Sept. 6. — *I am reading about Spain, and trying a drama on a subject that has fascinated me — have written the prologue, and am beginning the First Act. But I have little hope of making anything satisfactory.*

Journal.

Sept. 13 to 30. — Went to Harrogate and Scarborough, seeing York Minster and Peterborough.

We journeyed hither on Tuesday, and found the place quite as pretty as we expected. The great merit of Harrogate is that one is everywhere close to lovely open walks. Your "plan" has been a delightful reference for Mr. Lewes, who takes it out of his pocket every time we walk. At present, of course, there is not much improvement in health to be boasted of, but we hope that the delicious bracing air — and also the

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Sept.,
from
Harrogate.

HARROGATE AND SCARBOROUGH [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Sept.,
from
Harrogate.

chalybeate waters, which have not yet been tried — will not be without good effect. The journey was long. How hideous those towns of Holbeck and Wakefield are! It is difficult to keep up one's faith in a millennium within sight of this modern civilization which consists in "development of industries." Egypt and her big calm gods seems quite as good.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Sept.,
from Scar-
borough.

We migrated on Friday last from delightful Harrogate, pausing at York to see the glorious Cathedral. The weather is perfect, the sea blue as a sapphire, so that we see to utmost advantage the fine line of coast here, and the magnificent breadth of sand. Even the Tenby sands are not so fine as these. Better than all, Mr. Lewes, in spite of a sad check of a few days, is strengthened beyond our most hopeful expectations by this brief trial of fresh conditions. He is wonderful for the rapidity with which he "picks up" after looking alarmingly feeble, and even wasted. We paid a visit to Knaresborough the very last day of our stay at Harrogate, and were rejoiced that we had not missed the sight of that pretty characteristic modern town. There is a ruined castle here too, standing just where one's eyes would desire it on a grand line of cliff; but perhaps you know the place. Its only defect is that it is too large, and therefore a little too smoky; but except in Wales or Devonshire, I have seen no sea place on our English coast that has greater natural advantages. I don't quite know why I should write you this note all about ourselves — except that your goodness having helped us to the benefit we have got, I like you to know of the said benefit.

I have had a fit of Spanish history lately, and have been learning Spanish grammar — the easiest of all the Romance grammars — since we have been away. Mr. Lewes has been rubbing up his Spanish by reading “Don Quixote” in these weeks of *idlesse*; and I have read aloud and translated to him, like a good child. I find it so much easier to learn anything than to feel that I have anything worth teaching.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
2d Oct.,
from Scar-
borough.

All is perfectly well with us, now the “little Pater” is stronger, and we are especially thankful for Charlie’s prospect of marriage. We could not have desired anything more suited to his character and more likely to make his life a good one. But this blessing which has befallen us, only makes me feel the more acutely the cutting off of a like satisfaction from the friends I chiefly love.

Oct. 5. — Finished the first draught of the First Act of my drama, and read it to George. Journal.

Oct. 15. — Went to the Maestro (Burton) for a sitting.

Nov. 4. — Read my Second Act to George. It is written in verse — my first serious attempt at blank verse. G. praises, and encourages me.

Nov. 10. — I have been at a very low ebb, body and mind, for the last few days, sticking in the mud continually in the construction of my Third, Fourth, and Fifth Acts. Yesterday Browning came to tell us of a bust of Savonarola in terra-cotta, just discovered at Florence.

I believe I have thought of you every day for the last fortnight, and I remembered the birthday — and “everything.” But I was a little cross, because I had

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
23d Nov.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
23d Nov.

heard nothing of you since Mr. Bray's visit. And I said to myself, "If she wanted to write she *would* write." I confess I was a little ashamed when I saw the outside of your letter ten minutes ago, feeling that I should read within it the proof that you were as thoughtful and mindful as ever.

Yes, I do heartily give my greeting — *had* given it already. And I desire very much that the work which is absorbing you, may give you some happiness besides that which belongs to the activity of production.

It is very kind of you to remember Charlie's date too. He is as happy as the day is long — and very good: one of those creatures to whom goodness comes naturally, — not any exalted goodness, but everyday serviceable goodness, such as wears through life. Whereas exalted goodness comes in brief inspirations, and requires a man to die lest he should spoil his work.

I have been ill, but now am pretty well, with much to occupy and interest me, and with no trouble except those bodily ailments.

I could chat a long while with you — but I restrain myself, because I must not carry on my letter-writing into the "solid day."

Letter to
Mrs. Congrove,
Christmas
Day.

Your precious letter *did* come last night, and crowned the day's enjoyment. Our family party went off very well, entirely by dint of George's exertions. I wish you had seen him acting charades, and heard him make an after-supper speech. You would have understood all the self-forgetful goodness that lay under the assumption of boyish animal spirits. A horrible German whom I have been obliged to see, has been talking for two hours,

with the hardest eyes, blind to all possibilities that he was boring us, and so I have been robbed of all the time I wanted for writing to you. I can only say now that I bore you on my heart — you and all yours known to me — even before I had had your letter yesterday. Indeed, you are not apart from any delight I have in life: I long always that you should share it — if not otherwise, at least by knowing of it, which to you is a sort of sharing. Our double loves and best wishes for all of you — Rough being included, as I trust you include Ben. Are they not idlers with us? Also a title to regard as well as being *collaborateurs*.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
Christmas
Day.

Dec. 25. — I read the Third Act of my drama to George, who praised it highly. We spent a perfectly quiet evening, intending to have our Christmas Day's jollity on Tuesday, when the boys are at home.

Journal.

Jan. 1. — The last year has been unmarked by any trouble except bad health. The bright spots in the year have been the publication of "Aristotle," and our journey to Venice. With me the year has not been fruitful. I have written three Acts of my drama, and am now in a condition of body and mind to make me hope for better things in the coming year. The last quarter has made an epoch for me, by the fact that, for the first time in my serious authorship, I have written verse. In each other we are happier than ever. I am more grateful to my dear husband for his perfect love, which helps me in all good and checks me in all evil — more conscious that in him I have the greatest of blessings.

Journal,
1865.

I hope the wish that this New Year may be a happy

VISIT TO PARIS

[THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
3d Jan.

one to you does not seem to be made a mockery by any troubles or anxieties pressing on you.

I enclose a cheque, which I shall be obliged if you will offer to Mr. Congreve, as I know he prefers that payments should be made at the beginning of the year.

I shall think of you on the nineteenth. I wonder how many there really were in that "small upper room" 1866 years ago.

Journal.

Jan. 8. — Mrs. Congreve staying with us for a couple of nights. Yesterday we went to Mr. Burton's to see my portrait, with which she was much pleased. Since last Monday I have been writing a poem, the matter of which was written in prose three or four years ago — "My Vegetarian Friend."

Jan. 15 to 25. — Visit to Paris.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
27th Jan.

Are we not happy to have reached home on Wednesday, before this real winter came? We enjoyed our visit to Paris greatly, in spite of bad weather, going to the theatre or opera nearly every night, and seeing sights all day long. I think the most interesting sight we saw was Comte's dwelling. Such places, that knew the great dead, always move me deeply; and I had an unexpected sight of interest in the photograph taken at the very last. M. Thomas was very friendly, and pleasant to talk to because of his simple manners. We gave your remembrances to him, and promised to assure you of his pleasure in hearing of you. I wish some truer representation of Mr. Congreve hung up in the Salon instead of that (to me) exasperating photograph.

We thought the apartment very *freundlich*, and I flattered myself that I could have written better in the

1865] THE POEM "A MINOR PROPHET"

little study there than in my own. Such self-flattery is usually the most amiable phase of discontent with one's own inferiority.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
27th Jan.

I am really stronger for the change.

Jan. 28. — Finished my poem on "Utopias."

Journal.

I suspect you have come to dislike letters, but until you say so, I must write now and then to gratify myself. I want to send my love, lest all the old messages shall have lost their scent, like old lavender bags.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
6th Feb.

Since I wrote you last we have actually been to Paris! A little business was an excuse for getting a great deal of pleasure; and I, for whom change of air and scene is always the best tonic, am much brightened by our wintry expedition, which ended just in time for us to escape the heavy fall of snow.

We are very happy, having almost recovered our old tête-à-tête, of which I am so selfishly fond, that I am beginning to feel it an heroic effort when I make up my mind to invite half-a-dozen visitors. But it is necessary to strive against this unsocial disposition, so we are going to have some open evenings.

There is great talk of a new periodical — a fortnightly apparition, partly on the plan of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Mr. Lewes has consented to become its editor, if the preliminaries are settled so as to satisfy him.

Ecco! I have told you a little of our news, not daring to ask you anything about yourself, since you evidently don't want to tell me anything.

Feb. 21. — Ill and very miserable. George has taken my drama away from me.

Journal.

DYSPEPTIC TROUBLES [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
27th Feb.

The sun shone through my window on your letter as I read it, adding to its cheeriness. It was good of you to write it. I was ill last week, and had mental troubles besides — happily such as are unconnected with any one's experience except my own. I am still ailing, but striving hard "not to mind," and not to diffuse my inward trouble, according to Madame de Vaux's excellent maxim. I shall not, I fear, be able to get to you till near the end of next week — towards the 11th. I think of you very often, and especially when my own *malaise* reminds me how much of your time is spent in the same sort of endurance. Mr. Spencer told us yesterday that Dr. Ransom said he had cured himself of dyspepsia by leaving off stimulants — the full benefit manifesting itself after two or three months of abstinence. I am going to try. All best regards to Mr. Congreve and tenderest sisterly love to yourself.

Journal.

March 1. — I wrote an article for the *Pall Mall Gazette* — "A word for the Germans."

March 12. — Went to Wandsworth, to spend the Sunday and Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Congreve. Feeling very ailing; in constant dull pain, which makes all effort burthensome.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
16th March.

I did not promise, like Mr. Collins, that you should receive a letter of thanks for your kind entertainment of me; but I feel the need of writing a word or two to break the change from your presence to my complete absence from you. It was really an enjoyment to be with you, in spite of the bodily uneasiness which robbed me of half my mind. One thing only I regret — that in my talk with you I think I was rather merciless to other

people. Whatever vices I have, seem to be exaggerated by my *malaise* — such “chastening” not answering the purpose of purification in my case. Pray set down any unpleasant notions I have suggested about others to my account — *i. e.*, as being *my* unpleasantness, and not theirs. When one is bilious, other people’s complexions look yellow, and one of their eyes higher than the other — all the fault of one’s own evil interior. I long to hear from you that you are better, and if you are not better, still to hear from you before too long an interval. Mr. Congreve’s condition is really cheering, and he goes about with me as a pleasant picture — like that Raffaele the Tuscan duke chose always to carry with him.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
16th March.

I got worse after I left you; but to-day I am better, and begin to think there is nothing serious the matter with me except the “weather,” which every one else is alleging as the cause of their symptoms.

I believe you are one of the few who can understand that in certain crises direct expression of sympathy is the least possible to those who most feel sympathy. If I could have been with you in bodily presence, I should have sat silent, thinking silence a sign of feeling that speech, trying to be wise, must always spoil. The truest things one can say about great Death are the oldest, simplest things that everybody knows by rote, but that no one knows really till death has come very close. And when that inward teaching is going on, it seems pitiful presumption for those who are outside to be saying anything. There is no such thing as consolation when we have made the lot of another our own. I don’t

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
18th March.

“FELIX HOLT” BEGUN [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
18th March.

know whether you strongly share, as I do, the old belief that made men say the gods loved those who died young. It seems to me truer than ever, now life has become more complex, and more and more difficult problems have to be worked out. Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought, it is a source of constant mental distortion to make the denial of this a part of religion — to go on pretending things are better than they are. To me early death takes the aspect of salvation; though I feel, too, that those who live and suffer may sometimes have the greater blessedness of *being* a salvation. But I will not write of judgements and opinions. What I want my letter to tell you is that I love you truly, gratefully, unchangeably.

Journal.

March 25. — I am in deep depression, feeling powerless. I have written nothing but beginnings since I finished a little article for the *Pall Mall*, on the “Logic of Servants.” Dear George is all activity, yet is in very frail health. How I worship his good humour, his good sense, his affectionate care for every one who has claims on him! That worship is my best life.

March 29. — Sent a letter on “Futile Lying,” from Saccharissa, to the *Pall Mall*.

I have begun a novel [“Felix Holt”].

May 4. — Sent an article on Lecky’s “History of Rationalism” for the *Fortnightly*. For nearly a fortnight I have been ill, one way or other.

May 10. — Finished a letter of Saccharissa for the *Pall Mall*. Reading Æschylus, “Theatre of the Greeks,” Klein’s “History of the Drama,” etc.

This note will greet you on your return, and tell you that we are glad to hear of you in your absence, even though the news was not of the brightest. Next week we are going away — I don't yet know exactly where; but it is firmly settled that we start on Monday. It will be good for the carpets, and it will be still better for us, who need a wholesome shaking, even more than the carpets do.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
grave,
11th May.

The first number of the *Review* was done with last Monday, and will be out on the 15th. You will be glad to hear that Mr. Harrison's article is excellent, but the "mull" which George declares to be the fatality with all first numbers is so far incurred with regard to this very article, that from overwhelming alarm at its length George put it (perhaps too hastily) into the smaller type. I hope the importance of the subject and the excellence of the treatment will overcome that disadvantage.

Nurse all pleasant thoughts in your solitude, and count our affection among them.

We have just returned from a five days' holiday at the coast, and are much invigorated by the tonic breezes.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th May.

We have nothing to do with the *Fortnightly* as a money speculation. Mr. Lewes has simply accepted the post of editor, and it was seemly that I should write a little in it. But do not suppose that I am going into periodical writing. And your friendship is not required to read one syllable for our sakes. On the contrary, you have my full sympathy in abstaining. Rest in peace, dear Sara, and finish your work, that you may have the sense of having spoken out what was within you. That

READING FOR "FELIX HOLT" [THE PRIORY

is really a good — I mean when it is one in all seriousness and sincerity.

Journal.

May 28. — Finished Bamford's "Passages from the Life of a Radical." Have just begun again Mill's "Political Economy," and Comte's "Social Science," in Miss Martineau's edition.

June 7. — Finished "Annual Register" for 1832. Reading Blackstone. Mill's second article on "Comte," to appear in the *Westminster*, lent me by Mr. Spencer. My health has been better of late.

June 15. — Read again Aristotle's "Poetics" with fresh admiration.

June 20. — Read the opening of my novel to G. Yesterday we drove to Wandsworth. Walked together on Wimbledon Common, in outer and inner sunshine, as of old; then dined with Mr. and Mrs. Congreve, and had much pleasant talk.

June 25. — Reading English History, reign of George III; Shakespeare's "King John." Yesterday G. dined at Greenwich with the multitude of so-called writers for the *Saturday*. He heard much commendation of the *Fortnightly*, especially of Bagehot's articles, which last is reassuring after Mr. Trollope's strong objections.

July 3. — Went to hear the "Faust" at Covent Garden: Mario, Lucca, and Graziani. I was much thrilled by the great symbolical situations, and by the music — more, I think, than I had ever been before.

July 9. — We had Browning, Huxley, Mr. Warren, Mr. Bagehot, and Mr. Crompton, and talk was pleasant.

Success to the canvassing! It is "very meet and

right and your bounden duty" to be with Mr. Taylor in this time of hard work, and I am glad that your health has made no impediment. I should have liked to be present when you were cheered. The expression of a common feeling by a large mass of men, when the feeling is one of goodwill, moves me like music. A public tribute to any man who has done the world a service with brain or hand, has on me the effect of a great religious rite, with pealing organ and full-voiced choir.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
10th July.

I agree with you in your feeling about Mill. Some of his works have been frequently my companions of late, and I have been going through many *actions de grâce* towards him. I am not anxious that he should be in Parliament: thinkers can do more outside than inside the House. But it would have been a fine precedent, and would have made an epoch, for such a man to have been asked for and elected solely on the ground of his mental eminence. As it is, I suppose it is pretty certain that he will *not* be elected.

I am glad you have been interested in Mr. Lewes's article. His great anxiety about the *Fortnightly* is to make it the vehicle for sincere writing — real contributions of opinion on important topics. But it is more difficult than the inexperienced could imagine to get the sort of writing which will correspond to that desire of his.

July 16. — Mdlle. Bohn, niece of Professor Scherer, Journal. called. She said certain things about "Romola" which showed that she had felt what I meant my readers to feel. She said she knew the book had produced the

THE MAZZINI FUND [THE PRIORY

Journal.

same effect on many others. I wish I could be encouraged by this.

July 22. — Sat for my portrait — I suppose for the last time.

July 23. — I am going doggedly to work at my novel, seeing what determination can do in the face of despair. Reading Neale's "History of the Puritans."

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
1st Aug.

I received yesterday the circular about the Mazzini Fund. Mr. Lewes and I would have liked to subscribe to a tribute to Mazzini, or to a fund for his use, of which the application was defined and guaranteed by his own word. As it is, the application of the desired fund is only intimated in the vaguest manner by the Florentine Committee. The reflection is inevitable, that the application may ultimately be the promotion of conspiracy, the precise character of which is necessarily unknown to subscribers. Now, though I believe there are cases in which conspiracy may be a sacred, necessary struggle against organized wrong, there are also cases in which it is hopeless, and can produce nothing but misery; or needless, because it is not the best means attainable of reaching the desired end; or unjustifiable, because it resorts to acts which are more unsocial in their character than the very wrong they are directed to extinguish: and in these three supposable cases it seems to me that it would be a social crime to further conspiracy even by the impulse of a little finger, to which one may well compare a small money subscription.

I think many persons to whom the circular might be sent would take something like this view, and would

grieve, as we do, that a proposition intended to honour Mazzini should come in a form to which they cannot conscientiously subscribe.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
1st Aug.

I trouble you and Mr. Taylor with this explanation, because both Mr. Lewes and I have a real reverence for Mazzini, and could not therefore be content to give a silent negative.

Sept. 7. — We returned home after an expedition into Brittany. Our course was from Boulogne to St. Valéry, Dieppe, Rouen, Caen, Bayeux, Saint Lô, Vire, Avranches, Dol, St. Malo, Rennes, Avray, and Carnac, — back by Nantes, Tours, Le Mans, Chartres, Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, Abbeville, and so again to Boulogne.

Journal.

We came home again on Thursday night — this day week — after a month's absence in Normandy and Brittany. I have been thinking of you very often since, but believed that you did not care to have the interruption of letters just now, and would rather defer correspondence till your mind was freer. If I had *suspected* that you would feel any want satisfied by a letter, I should certainly have written. I had not heard of Miss Bonham Carter's death, else I should have conceived something of your state of mind. I think you and I are alike in this, that we can get no good out of pretended comforts, which are the devices of self-love, but would rather, in spite of pain, grow into the endurance of all "naked truths." So I say no word about your great loss, except that I love you, and sorrow with you.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Sept.

The circumstances of life — the changes that take place in ourselves — hem in the expression of affections

AFFECTION FOR MISS HENNELL [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Sept.

and memories that live within us, and enter almost into every day, and long separations often make intercourse difficult when the opportunity comes. But the delight I had in you, and in the hours we spent together, and in all your acts of friendship to me, is really part of my life, and can never die out of me. I see distinctly how much poorer I should have been if I had never known you. If you had seen more of me in late years, you would not have such almost cruel thoughts as that the book into which you have faithfully put your experience and best convictions could make you "repugnant" to me. Whatever else my growth may have been, it has not been towards irreverence and ready rejection of what other minds can give me. You once unhappily mistook my feeling and point of view in something I wrote apropos of an argument in your "Aids to Faith," and *that* made me think it better that we should not write on large and difficult subjects in hasty letters. But it has often been painful to me — I should say, it has constantly been painful to me — that you have ever since inferred me to be in a hard and unsympathetic state about your views and your writing. But I am habitually disposed myself to the same unbelief in the sympathy that is given me, and am the last person who should be allowed to complain of such unbelief in another. And it is very likely that I may have been faulty and disagreeable in my expressions.

Excuse all my many mistakes, dear Sara, and never believe otherwise than that I have a glow of joy when you write to me, as if my existence were some good to you. I know that I am, and can be, very little practi-

cally; but to have the least value for your thought is what I care much to be assured of.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Sept.

Perhaps, in the cooler part of the autumn, when your book is out of your hands, you will like to move from home a little and see your London friends?

Our travelling in Brittany was a good deal marred and obstructed by the Emperor's *fête*, which sent all the world on our track towards Cherbourg and Brest. But the Norman churches, the great cathedrals at Le Mans, Tours, and Chartres, with their marvellous painted glass, were worth much scrambling to see.

I have read Mr. Masson's book on "Recent Philosophy." The earlier part is a useful and creditable survey, and the classification ingenious. The later part I thought poor. If, by what he says of Positivism, you mean what he says at p. 246, I should answer it is simply "stuff" — he might as well have written a dozen lines of jargon. There are a few observations about Comte, scattered here and there, which are true and just enough. But it seems to me much better to read a man's own writing than to read what others say about him, especially when the man is first-rate and the "others" are third-rate. As Goethe said long ago about Spinoza, "*Ich zog immer vor von dem Menschen zu erfahren wie er dachte als von einem anderen zu hören wie er hätte denken sollen.*"¹ However, I am not fond of expressing criticism or disapprobation. The difficulty is to digest and live upon any valuable truth one's self.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th Oct.

¹ "I always preferred to learn from the man himself what *he thought*, rather than to hear from some one else what *he ought to have thought*."

MRS. GASKELL'S DEATH [THE PRIORY

Journal.

Nov. 15. — During the last three weeks George has been very poorly, but now he is better. I have been reading Fawcett's "Economic Condition of the Working Classes," Mill's "Liberty," looking into Strauss's second "Life of Jesus," and reading Neale's "History of the Puritans," of which I have reached the fourth volume. Yesterday the news came of Mrs. Gaskell's death. She died suddenly while reading aloud to her daughter.

Nov. 16. — Writing Mr. Lyon's story, which I have determined to insert as a narrative. Reading the Bible.

Nov. 24. — Finished Neale's "History of the Puritans." Began Hallam's "Middle Ages."

Dec. 4. — Finished second volume of Hallam. The other day read to the end of chap. ix of my novel to George, who was much pleased, and found no fault.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
grave,
4th Dec.

We send to-day "Orley Farm," "The Small House at Allington," and "The Story of Elizabeth." "The Small House" is rather lighter than "Orley Farm." "The Story of Elizabeth" is by Miss Thackeray. It is not so cheerful as Trollope, but is charmingly written. You can taste it and reject it if it is too melancholy. I think more of you than you are likely to imagine, and I believe we talk of you all more than of any other mortals.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th Dec.

It is worth your while to send for the last *Fortnightly* to read an article of Professor Tyndall's "On the Constitution of the Universe." It is a splendid piece of writing on the higher physics, which I know will interest you. Apropos of the feminine intellect, I had a bit of experience with a superior woman the other day, which reminded me of Sydney Smith's story about his sermon on the Being of a God. He says, that after he had de-

livered his painstaking argument, an old parishioner said to him, "I don't agree wi' you, Mr. Smith; *I think there be a God.*"

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th Dec.

Dec. 11. — For the last three days I have been foundering from a miserable state of head. I have written chap. x. This evening read again Macaulay's Introduction.

Journal.

Dec. 15. — To-day is the first for nearly a week on which I have been able to write anything fresh. I am reading Macaulay and Blackstone. This evening we went to hear the "Messiah" at Exeter Hall.

Your kind letter came to me yesterday. I wish there had been no family trouble to disturb the happiness of which your previous letter had given me an idea, and which I allowed myself to trust in as still continuing notwithstanding your long silence. I sympathize with the indisposition to write letters: time becomes more precious as one gets older and in need of economizing all strength for the sake of not falling short towards immediate duties.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
17th Dec.

The *Fortnightly* is a great *succès d'estime*. The principle of signature, never before thoroughly carried out in England, has given it an exceptional dignity, and drawn valuable writers. It is a thoroughly serious periodical, intended for the few who will pay a high price, and is supported by proprietors unconnected with the publishing trade. It is still a question whether it will succeed commercially. I think I told you that Mr. Lewes accepted the editorship on urgent request, after having previously refused it, and has nothing to do with it as a speculation. He likes the work very well, now

TRANSLATIONS

[THE PRIORY

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
17th Dec.

he has entered into it, finding that superior contributors present themselves and brave the supposed perils of signature.

I am occupied, in a leisurely way, with my own writing, and, as you know, am not in the habit of contributing to periodicals.

It grieves me that you have had your trouble in vain in translating "Romola." I have had at least four applications from France for permission to translate it. But in fact the permission always belonged to Smith & Elder; and now no permission is needed. A short time ago we had a visit from Mdle. Bohn, the niece of Professor Scherer, residing with him at Versailles. She says that by herself and in her circle "Romola" is valued more than any of my previous books. It is rather a cruel thing that she, like so many others, inquired whether my books had been translated into French. I mean it is cruel for you that, after your conscientious labours, your publishers have not been able to make better arrangements for you with Parisian houses. I have received numerous letters asking me to give my authorization to translations of the "Clerical Scenes," or "Silas Marner," or "The Mill." I only tell you this, as so much information that you might perhaps use in your relations with your publishers.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st Dec.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" is a sort of hieroglyph, for I love you and wish you well all the year round. Christmas to me is like a great many other pleasures, which I am glad to imagine as enjoyed by others, but have no delight in myself. Berried holly, and smiling faces, and snapdragon, grandmamma and

1865]

LAST DAYS OF 1865

the children, turkey and plum-pudding, — they are all precious things, and I would not have the world without them; but they tire me a little. I enjoy the common days of the year more. But for the sake of those who are stronger, I rejoice in Christmas.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st Dec.

Dec. 31. — The last day of 1865. I will say nothing but that I trust — I will strive — to add more ardent effort towards a good result from all the outward good that is given to me. My health is at a lower ebb than usual, and so is George's. Bertie is spending his holidays with us, and shows hopeful characteristics. Charles is happy.

Journal.

CHAPTER XIII

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
5th Jan.,
1866.

I HAVE had it in my mind to write to you for many days, wanting to tell you, yet feeling there might be some impertinence in doing so, of the delight and gratitude I felt in reading your article on Industrial Coöperation. Certain points admirably brought out in that article would, I think, be worth the labour of a life if one could help in winning them thorough recognition. I don't mean that my thinking so is of any consequence, but simply that it is of consequence to me when I find your energetic writing confirm my own faith.

It would be fortunate for us if you had nothing better to do than look in on us on Tuesday evening. Professor Huxley will be with us, and one or two others whom you know, and your presence would make us all the brighter.

Journal.

Jan. 9. — Professors Huxley and Beesly, Mr. Burton and Mr. Spencer, dined with us. Mr. Harrison in the evening.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
12th Jan.

The ample and clear statement you have sent me with kind promptness has put me in high spirits — as high spirits as can belong to an unhopeful author. Your hypothetical case of a settlement suits my needs surprisingly well. I shall be thankful to let Sugden alone, and throw myself entirely on your goodness, especially as what I want is simply a basis of legal possibilities, and not any command of details. I want to be sure that my chords will not offend a critic accomplished in thorough-

1866]

MR. HARRISON'S HELP

bass — not at all to present an exercise in thoroughbass.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
12th Jan.

I was going to write you a long story, but on consideration it seems to me that I should tax your time less, and arrive more readily at a resolution of my doubts on various points not yet mentioned to you, if you could let me speak instead of writing to you.

On Wednesday afternoons I am always at home; but on any day when I could be sure of your coming, I would set everything aside for the sake of a consultation so valuable to me.

Jan. 20. — For the last fortnight I have been unusually disabled by ill health. I have been consulting Mr. Harrison about the law in my book with satisfactory result.

Journal.

I had not any opportunity, or not enough presence of mind, to tell you yesterday how much I felt your kindness in writing me that last little note of sympathy.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
22d Jan.

In proportion as compliments (always beside the mark) are discouraging and nauseating, at least to a writer who has any serious aims, genuine words from one capable of understanding one's conceptions are precious and strengthening.

Yet I have no confidence that the book will ever be worthily written. And now I have something else to ask. It is, that if anything strikes you as untrue in cases where my drama has a bearing on momentous questions, especially of a public nature, you will do me the great kindness to tell me of your doubts.

On a few moral points, which have been made clear to me by my experience, I feel sufficiently confident, — with-

READING COMTE'S "SYNTHÈSE" [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
22d Jan.

out such confidence I could not write at all. But in every other direction I am so much in need of fuller instruction, as to be constantly under the sense that I am more likely to be wrong than right.

Hitherto I have read my MS. (I mean of my previous books) to Mr. Lewes, by forty or fifty pages at a time, and he has told me if he felt an objection to anything. No one else has had any knowledge of my writings before their publication. (I except, of course, the publishers.)

But now that you are good enough to incur the trouble of reading my MS., I am anxious to get the full benefit of your participation.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
28th Jan.,
from
Tunbridge
Wells.

We arrived here on Tuesday, and have been walking about four hours each day, and the walks are so various that each time we have turned out we have found a new one. George is already much the better for the perfect rest, quiet, and fresh air. Will you give my thanks to Mr. Congreve for the "Synthèse," which I have brought with me and am reading? I expect to understand three chapters well enough to get some edification.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
31st Jan.,
from
Tunbridge
Wells.

I have received both your precious letters — the second edition of the case, and the subsequent note. The story is sufficiently in the track of ordinary probability; and the careful trouble you have so generously given to it has enabled me to feel a satisfaction in my plot which beforehand I had sighed for as unattainable.

There is still a question or two which I shall want to ask you, but I am afraid of taxing your time and patience in an unconscionable manner. So, since we expect to

return to town at the end of next week, I think I will reserve my questions until I have the pleasure and advantage of an interview with you, in which *pros* and *cons* can be more rapidly determined than by letter. It seems to me that you have fitted my phenomena with a *rationale* quite beautifully. If there is any one who could have done it better, I am sure I know of no man who *would*. Please to put your help of me among your good deeds for this year of 1866.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
31st Jan.,
from
Tunbridge
Wells.

To-day we have resolute rain, for the first time since we came down. You don't yet know what it is to be a sickly wretch, dependent on these skiey influences. But Heine says illness "spiritualizes the members." It had need do some good in return for one's misery.

March 7. — I am reading Mill's "Logic" again. *Journal.* Theocritus still, and English History and Law.

March 17. — To St. James's Hall hearing Joachim, Piatti, and Hallé in glorious Beethoven music.

Don't think any evil of me for not writing. Just now the days are short, and art is long to artists with feeble bodies. If people don't say expressly that they want anything from me, I easily conclude that they will do better without me, and have a good weight of idleness, or rather bodily fatigue, which puts itself into the scale of modesty. I torment myself less with fruitless regrets that my particular life has not been more perfect. The young things are growing, and to me it is not melancholy but joyous that the world will be brighter after I am gone than it has been in the brief time of my existence. You see my pen runs into very old reflections. The fact is, I have no details to tell that would much interest you.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
9th April.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES [THE PRIORY

It is true that I am going to bring out another book, but just *when* is not certain.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
10th April.

The happiness in your letter was delightful to me, as you guessed it would be. See how much better things may turn out for all mankind, since they mend for single mortals even in this confused state of the bodies social and politic.

As soon as we can leave we shall go away, probably to Germany, for six weeks or so. But that will not be till June. I am finishing a book which has been growing slowly like a sickly child, because of my own ailments; but now I am in the later acts of it, I can't move till it is done.

You know all the news, public and private — all about the sad cattle plague, and the Reform Bill, and who is going to be married, and who is dead. So I need tell you nothing. You will find the English world extremely like what it was when you left it — conversation more or less trivial and insincere, literature just now not much better, and politics worse than either. Bring some sincerity and energy to make a little draught of pure air in your particular world. I shall expect you to be a heroine in the best sense, now you are happier after a time of suffering. See what a talent I have for telling other people to be good!

We are getting patriarchal, and think of old age and death as journeys not far off. All knowledge, all thought, all achievement seems more precious and enjoyable to me than it ever was before in life. But as soon as one has found the key of life, "it opes the gates of death." Youth has not learned the *art* of living, and we go on

bungling till our experience can only serve us for a very brief space. That is the "external order" we must submit to.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
10th April.

I am too busy to write except when I am tired, and don't know very well what to say, so you must not be surprised if I write in a dreamy way.

April 21. — Sent MS. of two volumes to Blackwood. Journal.

April 25. — Blackwood has written to offer me £5000 for "Felix Holt." I have been ailing, and uncertain in my strokes, and yesterday got no further than p. 52 of vol. iii.

It is a great pleasure to me to be writing to you again, as in the old days. After your kind letters, I am chiefly anxious that the publication of "Felix Holt" may be a satisfaction to you from beginning to end.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
25th April.

Mr. Lewes writes about other business matters, so I will only say that I am desirous to have the proofs as soon and as rapidly as will be practicable.

They will require correcting with great care, and there are large spaces in the day when I am unable to write, in which I could be attending to my proofs.

I think I ought to tell you that I have consulted a legal friend about my law, to guard against errors. The friend is a Chancery barrister, who "ought to know."

After I had written the first volume, I applied to him, and he has since read through my MS.

How very good it was of you to write me a letter which is a guarantee to me of the pleasantest kind that I have made myself understood.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
27th April.

The tone of the prevalent literature just now is not encouraging to a writer who at least wishes to be serious

PAINS WITH "FELIX HOLT" [THE PRIORY

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
27th April.

and sincere; and, owing to my want of health, a great deal of this book has been written under so much depression as to its practical effectiveness, that I have sometimes been ready to give it up.

Your letter has made me feel, more strongly than any other testimony, that it would have been a pity if I had listened to the tempter Despondency. I took a great deal of pains to get a true idea of the period. My own recollections of it are childish, and of course disjointed, but they help to illuminate my reading. I went through the *Times* of 1832-33 at the British Museum, to be sure of as many details as I could. It is amazing what strong language was used in those days, especially about the Church. "Bloated pluralists," "Stall-fed dignitaries," etc., are the sort of phrases conspicuous. There is one passage of prophecy which I longed to quote, but I thought it wiser to abstain: "Now, the beauty of the Reform Bill is, that under its mature operation the people must and will become free agents" — a prophecy which I hope is true, only the maturity of the operation has not arrived yet.

Mr. Lewes is well satisfied with the portion of the third volume already written; and as I am better in health just now, I hope to go on with spirit, especially with the help of your cordial sympathy. I trust you will see, when it comes, that the third volume is the natural issue prepared for by the first and second.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th April.

I am in a horrible fidget about certain points which I want to be sure of in correcting my proofs. They are chiefly two questions. I wish to know —

1. Whether in Napoleon's war with England, after the

1866]

"FELIX HOLT" FINISHED

breaking up of the Treaty of Amiens, the seizure and imprisonment of civilians was exceptional, or whether it was continued throughout the war?

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th April.

2. Whether in 1833, in the case of transportation to one of the colonies, when the sentence did not involve hard labour, the sentenced person might be at large on his arrival in the colony?

It is possible you may have some one near at hand who will answer these questions. I am sure you will help me if you can, and will sympathize in my anxiety not to have even an allusion that involves practical impossibilities.

One can never be perfectly accurate, even with one's best effort, but the effort must be made.

May 31. — Finished "Felix Holt."

Journal.

The manuscript bears the following inscription : "From George Eliot to her dear Husband, this thirteenth year of their united life, in which the deepening sense of her own imperfectness has the consolation of their deepening love."

My last hope of seeing you before we start has vanished. I find that the things urged upon me to be done, in addition to my own small matters of preparation, will leave me no time to enjoy anything that I should have chosen if I had been at leisure. Last Thursday only I finished writing, in a state of nervous excitement that had been making my head throb and my heart palpitate all the week before. As soon as I had finished I felt well. You know how we had counted on a parting sight of you; and I should have particularly liked to see Emily, and witness the good effect of Derbyshire. But send us a

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
5th June.

REBOUND IN HEALTH [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
5th June.

word or two if you can, just to say how you *all three* are. We start on Thursday evening for Brussels. Then to Antwerp, The Hague, and Amsterdam. Out of Holland we are to find our way to Schwalbach. Let your love go with us, as mine will hover about you and all yours — that group of three which the word “Wandsworth” always means for us.

Letter to
Mrs. Bray,
5th June.

I finished writing [“Felix Holt”] on the last day of May, after days and nights of throbbing and palpitation — chiefly, I suppose, from a nervous excitement which I was not strong enough to support well. As soon as I had done I felt better, and have been a new creature ever since, though a little overdone with visits from friends and attention (*miserabile dictu!*) to petticoats, etc.

I can’t help being a little vexed that the course of things hinders my having the great delight of seeing you again — during this visit to town. Now that my mind is quite free, I don’t know anything I should have chosen sooner than to have a long, long, quiet day with you.

Journal.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
25th June,
from
Schwalbach.

June 7. — Set off on our journey to Holland.

I wish you could know how idle I feel — how utterly disinclined to anything but mere self-indulgence — because that knowledge would enable you to estimate the affection and anxiety which prompt me to write in spite of disinclination. June is so far gone, that by the time you get this letter you will surely have some result of the examination to tell me of; and I can’t bear to deprive myself of that news by not letting you know where we are. “In Paradise,” George says; but the Paradise is in the fields and woods of beech and fir, where we walk in uninterrupted solitude in spite of the excellent roads and

delightful resting-places, which seem to have been prepared for visitors in general. The promenade, where the ladies — chiefly Russian and German, with only a small sprinkling of English and Americans — display their ornamental petticoats and various hats, is only the outskirts of Paradise; but we amuse ourselves there for an hour or so in the early morning and evening, listening to the music and learning the faces of our neighbours. There is a deficiency of men, children, and dogs: otherwise the winding walks, the luxuriant trees and grass, and the abundant seats of the promenade, have every charm one can expect at a German bath. We arrived here last Thursday, after a fortnight spent in Belgium and Holland; and we still fall to interjections of delight whenever we walk out — first at the beauty of the place, and next at our own happiness in not having been frightened away from it by the predictions of travellers and hotel-keepers, that we should find no one here — that the Prussians would break up the railways, etc., etc., — Nassau being one of the majority of small States who are against Prussia. I fear we are a little in danger of becoming like the Bürger in “Faust,” and making it too much the entertainment of our holiday to have a

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
25th June,
from
Schwalbach.

“Gespräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeschrei
Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei,
Die Völker auf einander schlagen.”

Idle people are so eager for newspapers that tell them of other people's energetic enthusiasm! A few soldiers are quartered here, and we see them wisely using their leisure to drink at the Brunnen. They are the only sug-

ENJOYMENT OF PRIVACY [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
25th June,
from
Schwalbach.

gestion of war that meets our eyes among these woody hills. Already we feel great benefit from our quiet journeying and repose. George is looking remarkably well, and seems to have nothing the matter with him. You know how magically quick his recoveries seem. I am too refined to say anything about our excellent quarters and good meals; but one detail, I know, will touch your sympathy. We dine in our own room! It would have marred the *Kur* for me if I had had every day to undergo a *table d'hôte* where almost all the guests are English, presided over by the British chaplain. Please don't suspect me of being scornful towards my fellow country men or women: the fault is all mine that I am miserably *gênée* by the glances of strange eyes.

We want news from you to complete our satisfaction, and no one can give it but yourself. Send us as many matter-of-fact details as you have the patience to write. We shall not be here after the 4th, but at Schlangenbad.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
3d Aug.,
from
The Priory.

We got home last night, after a rough passage from Ostend. You have been so continually a recurrent thought to me ever since I had your letter at Schwalbach, that it is only natural I should write to you as soon as I am at my old desk again. The news of Mr. Congreve's examination being over made me feel for several days that something had happened, which caused me unusual lightness of heart. I would not dwell on the possibility of your having to leave Wandsworth, which, I know, would cause you many sacrifices. I clung solely to the great cheering fact that a load of anxiety had been lifted from Mr. Congreve's mind. May we not put in a

petition for some of his time now? And will he not come with you and Emily to dine with us next week, on any day except Wednesday and Friday? The dinner-hour seems more propitious for talk and enjoyment than lunch-time; but in all respects choose what will best suit your health and habits — only let us see you.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
3d Aug.,
from
The Priory.

We got home on Thursday evening, and are still feeling some unpleasant effects from our very rough passage — an inconvenience which we had waited some days at Ostend to avoid. But the wind took no notice of us, and went on blowing.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
4th Aug.

I was much pleased with the handsome appearance of the three volumes, which were lying ready for me. My hatred of bad paper and bad print, and my love of their opposites, naturally get stronger as my eyes get weaker; and certainly that taste could hardly be better gratified than it is by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

Colonel Hamley's volume is another example of that fact. It lies now on my revolving desk as one of the books I mean first to read. I am really grateful to have such a medium of knowledge, and I expect it to make some pages of history much less dim to me.

My impression of Colonel Hamley, when we had that pleasant dinner at Greenwich, and afterwards when he called in Blandford Square, was quite in keeping with the high opinion you express. Mr. Lewes liked the article on "Felix" in the Magazine very much. He read it the first thing yesterday morning, and told me it was written in a nice spirit, and the extracts judiciously made.

I have had a delightful holiday, and find my double self very much the better for it. We made a great round

THE MIRACLE PLAY [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th Aug.

in our journeying. From Antwerp to Rotterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Amsterdam, Cologne; then up the Rhine to Coblentz, and thence to Schwalbach, where we stayed a fortnight. From Schwalbach to Schlangenbad, where we stayed till we feared the boats would cease to go to and fro; and in fact, only left just in time to get down the Rhine to Bonn by the Dutch steamer. From Bonn, after two days, we went to Aix; then to dear old Liège, where we had been together thirteen years before: and, to avoid the King of the Belgians, ten minutes backwards to the baths of pretty Chaudfontaine, where we remained three days. Then to Louvain, Ghent, and Bruges; and, last of all, to Ostend, where we waited for a fine day and calm sea, until we secured — a very rough passage indeed.

Ought we not to be a great deal wiser, and more efficient personages, or else to be ashamed of ourselves? Unhappily, this last alternative is not a compensation for wisdom.

I thought of you — to mention one occasion amongst many — when we had the good fortune, at Antwerp, to see a placard announcing that the company from the Ober-Ammergau, Bavaria, would represent, that Sunday evening, the *Lebensgeschichte* of our Saviour Christ, at the Théâtre des Variétés. I remembered that you had seen the representation with deep interest — and these actors are doubtless the successors of those you saw. Of course we went to the theatre. And the Christ was, without exaggeration, beautiful. All the rest was inferior, and might even have had a painful approach to the ludicrous; but both the person and the action of the

1866] A SYNAGOGUE AT AMSTERDAM

Jesus were fine enough to overpower all meaner impressions. Mr. Lewes, who, you know, is keenly alive to everything "stagey" in physiognomy and gesture, felt what I am saying quite as much as I did, and was much moved.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th Aug.

Rotterdam, with the grand approach to it by the broad river; the rich, red brick of the houses; the canals, uniformly planted with trees, and crowded with the bright brown masts of the Dutch boats, — is far finer than Amsterdam. The colour of Amsterdam is ugly: the houses are of a chocolate colour, almost black (an artificial tinge given to the bricks), and the woodwork on them screams out in ugly patches of cream-colour; the canals have no trees along their sides, and the boats are infrequent. We looked about for the very Portuguese synagogue, where Spinoza was nearly assassinated as he came from worship. But it no longer exists. There are no less than three Portuguese synagogues now — very large and handsome. And in the evening we went to see the worship there. Not a woman was present, but of devout men not a few, — a curious reversal of what one sees in other temples. The chanting and the swaying about of the bodies — almost a wriggling — are not beautiful to the sense; but I fairly cried at witnessing this faint symbolism of a religion of sublime, far-off memories. The skulls of St. Ursula's eleven thousand virgins seem a modern suggestion compared with the Jewish Synagogue. At Schwalbach and Schlangenbad our life was led chiefly in the beech woods, which we had all to ourselves, the guests usually confining themselves to the nearer promenades. The guests, of course,

NEED OF SYMPATHY [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th Aug.

were few in that serious time, — and between war and cholera we felt our position as health — and pleasure — seekers somewhat contemptible.

There is no end to what one could say, if one did not feel that long letters cut pieces not to be spared out of the solid day.

I think I have earned that you should write me one of those perfect letters in which you make me see everything you like about yourself and others.

Journal.

Aug. 30. — I have taken up the idea of my drama, "The Spanish Gypsy," again, and am reading on Spanish subjects — Bouterwek, Sismondi, Depping, Llorente, etc.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Aug.

I have read several times your letter of the 19th, which I found awaiting me on my return, and I shall read it many times again. Pray do not even say, or inwardly suspect, that anything you take the trouble to write to me will not be valued. On the contrary, please to imagine as well as you can the experience of a mind morbidly desponding, of a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement — and then consider how such a mind must need the support of sympathy and approval from those who are capable of understanding its aims. I assure you your letter is an evidence of a fuller understanding than I have ever had expressed to me before. And if I needed to give emphasis to this simple statement, I should suggest to you all the miseries one's obstinate egoism endures from the fact of being a writer of novels — books which the dull-est and silliest reader thinks himself competent to de-

liver an opinion on. But I despise myself for feeling any annoyance at these trivial things.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Aug.

That is a tremendously difficult problem which you have laid before me; and I think you see its difficulties, though they can hardly press upon you as they do on me, who have gone through again and again the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas thoroughly incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves to me first in the flesh and not in the spirit. I think æsthetic teaching is the highest of all teaching, because it deals with life in its highest complexity. But if it ceases to be purely æsthetic — if it lapses anywhere from the picture to the diagram — it becomes the most offensive of all teaching. Avowed Utopias are not offensive, because they are understood to have a scientific and expository character: they do not pretend to work on the emotions, or could n't do it if they did pretend. I am sure, from your own statement, that you see this quite clearly. Well, then, consider the sort of agonizing labour to an English-fed imagination to make out a sufficiently real background for the desired picture, — to get breathing individual forms, and group them in the needful relations, so that the presentation will lay hold on the emotions as human experience — will, as you say, “flash” conviction on the world by means of aroused sympathy.

I took unspeakable pains in preparing to write “Romola” — neglecting nothing I could find that would help me to what I may call the “idiom” of Florence, in the largest sense one could stretch the word to: and then I was only trying to give *some* out of the normal relations. I felt that the necessary idealization could only be at-

"SPANISH GYPSY" RESUMED [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Aug.

tained by adopting the clothing of the past. And again, it is my way (rather too much so perhaps) to urge the human sanctities through tragedy — through pity and terror, as well as admiration and delight. I only say all this to show the tenfold arduousness of such a work as the one your problem demands. On the other hand, my whole soul goes with your desire that it should be done; and I shall at least keep the great possibility (or impossibility) perpetually in my mind, as something towards which I must strive, though it may be that I can do so only in a fragmentary way.

At present I am going to take up again a work which I laid down before writing "Felix." It is — *but please, let this be a secret between ourselves* — an attempt at a drama, which I put aside at Mr. Lewes's request, after writing four acts, precisely because it was in that stage of creation — or *Werden* — in which the idea of the characters predominates over the incarnation. Now I read it again, I find it impossible to abandon it: the conceptions move me deeply, and they have never been wrought out before. There is not a thought or symbol that I do not long to use: but the whole requires recasting; and, as I never recast anything before, I think of the issue very doubtfully. When one has to work out the dramatic action for one's self, under the inspiration of an idea, instead of having a grand myth or an Italian novel ready to one's hand, one feels anything but omnipotent. Not that I should have done any better if I had had the myth or the novel, for I am not a good user of opportunities. I think I have the right *locus* and historic conditions, but much else is wanting.

I have not, of course, said half what I meant to say; but I hope opportunities of exchanging thoughts will not be wanting between us.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Aug.

It is so long since we exchanged letters, that I feel inclined to break the silence by telling you that I have been reading with much interest the "Operations of War," which you enriched me with. Also that I have had a pretty note, in aged handwriting, from Dean Ramsay, with a present of his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life." I suppose you know him quite well, but I never heard you mention him. Also — what will amuse you — that my readers take quite a tender care of my text, writing to me to tell me of a misprint, or of "one phrase" which they entreat to have altered, that no blemish may disfigure "Felix." Dr. Althaus has sent me word of a misprint which I am glad to know of — or rather of a word slipped out in the third volume. "She *saw* streaks of light, etc. . . . *and* sounds." It must be corrected when the opportunity comes.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
6th Sept.

We are very well, and I am swimming in Spanish history and literature. I feel as if I were molesting you with a letter without any good excuse, but you are not bound to write again until a wet day makes golf impossible, and creates a dreariness in which even letter-writing seems like a recreation.

I am glad to know that Dean Ramsay is a friend of yours. His sympathy was worth having, and I at once wrote to thank him. Another wonderfully lively old man — Sir Henry Holland — came to see me about two Sundays ago, to bid me good-bye before going on an excursion to — North America! — and to tell me that

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
11th Sept.

MEMORY FOR BIRTHDAYS [THE PRIORY

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
11th Sept.

he had just been re-reading "Adam Bede" for the fourth time. "I often read it, you know, besides. But this is the fourth time quite through." I, of course, with the mother's egoism on behalf of the youngest born, was jealous for "Felix." Is there any possibility of satisfying an author? But one or two things that George read out to me from an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* by Mr. Morley did satisfy me. And yet I sicken again with despondency under the sense that the most carefully written books lie, both outside and inside people's minds, deep undermost in a heap of trash.

Journal.

Sept. 15. — Finished Depping's "Juifs au Moyen Âge." Reading Chaucer, to study English. Also reading on acoustics, musical instruments, etc.

Oct. 15. — Recommenced the "Spanish Gypsy," intending to give it a new form.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.

For a wonder, I remembered the day of the month, and felt a delightful confidence that I should have a letter from her who always remembers such things at the right moment. You will hardly believe in my imbecility. I can never be quite sure whether your birthday is the 21st or the 23d. I know every one must think the worse of me for this want of retentiveness that seems a part of affection; and it is only justice that they should. Nevertheless I am not quite destitute of lovingness and gratitude, and perhaps the consciousness of my own defect makes me feel your goodness the more keenly. I shall reckon it part of the next year's happiness for me if it brings a great deal of happiness to you. That will depend somewhat — perhaps chiefly — on the satisfaction you have

in giving shape to your ideas. But you say nothing on that subject.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.

We knew about Faraday's preaching, but not of his loss of faculty. I begin to think of such things as very near to me — I mean decay of power and health. But I find age has its fresh elements of cheerfulness.

Bless you, dear Sara, for all the kindness of many years, and for the newest kindness that comes to me this morning. I am very well now, and able to enjoy my happiness. One has happiness sometimes without being able to enjoy it.

Nov. 22. — Reading Renan's "Histoire des Langues Sémitiques" — Ticknor's "Spanish Literature." Journal.

Dec. 6. — We returned from Tunbridge Wells, where we have been for a week. I have been reading Cornewall Lewis's "Astronomy of the Ancients," Ockley's "History of the Saracens," "Astronomical Geography," and Spanish ballads on Bernardo del Carpio.

We have been to Tunbridge Wells for a week, hoping to get plenty of fresh air, and walking in that sandy undulating country. But for three days it rained incessantly!

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th Dec.

No; I don't feel as if my faculties were failing me. On the contrary, I enjoy all subjects — all study — more than I ever did in my life before. But that very fact makes me more in need of resignation to the certain approach of age and death. Science, history, poetry — I don't know which draws me most, and there is little time left me for any one of them. I learned Spanish last year but one, and see new vistas everywhere. That makes me think of time thrown away when I was young

COMTE'S "POLITIQUE" [THE PRIORITY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
7th Dec.

— time that I should be so glad of now. I could enjoy everything, from arithmetic to antiquarianism, if I had large spaces of life before me. But instead of that I have a very small space. Unfeigned, unselfish, cheerful resignation is difficult. But I strive to get it.

Journal.

Dec. 11. — Ill ever since I came home, so that the days seem to have made a muddy flood, sweeping away all labour and all growth.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
22d Dec.

Just before we received Dr. Congreve's letter, we had changed our plans. George's increasing weakness, and the more and more frequent intervals in which he became unable to work, made me at last urge him to give up the idea of "finishing," which often besets us vainly. It will really be better for the work as well as for himself that he should let it wait. However, I care about nothing just now except that he should be doing all he can to get better. So we start next Thursday for Bordeaux, staying two days in Paris on our way. Madame Mohl writes us word that she hears from friends of the delicious weather — mild, sunny weather — to be had now on the French south-western and south-eastern coast. You will all wish us well on our journey, I know. But *I* wish I could carry a happier thought about you than that of your being an invalid. I shall write to you when we are at Biarritz or some other place that suits us, and when I have something good to tell. No; in any case I shall write, because I shall want to hear all about you. Tell Dr. Congreve we carry the "Politique" with us. Mr. Lewes gets more and more impressed by it, and also by what he is able to understand of the "Synthèse." I am writing in the dark.

1866]

START FOR SPAIN

Farewell. With best love to Emily, and dutiful regards to Dr. Congreve.

Dec. 27. — Set off in the evening on our journey to the south. Journal.

CHAPTER XIV

THE new year of 1867 opens with the description of the journey to Spain.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
Jan., 1867,
from
Bordeaux.

We enjoyed our stay in Paris, in order to see Madame Mohl, who was very good to us : invited the Scherers and other interesting people to meet us at dinner on the 29th December, and tempted us to stay and breakfast with her on the 31st, by promising to invite Renan, which she did successfully, and so procured us a bit of experience that we were glad to have, over and above the pleasure of seeing a little more of herself and M. Mohl. I like them both, and wish there were a chance of knowing them better. We paid for our pleasure by being obliged to walk in the rain (from the impossibility of getting a carriage) all the way from the Rue de Rivoli — where a charitable German printer, who had taken us up in his *fiacre*, was obliged to set us down — to the Hôtel du Helder, through streets literally jammed with carriages and omnibuses, carrying people who were doing the severe social duties of the last day in the year. The rain it raineth every day, with the exception of yesterday : we can't travel away from it apparently. But we start in desperation for Bayonne in half an hour.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
16th Jan.,
from
Biarritz.

Snow on the ground here too — more, we are told, than has been seen here for fifteen years before. But it has been obliging enough to fall in the night, and the sky is glorious this morning, as it was yesterday. Sunday

was the one exception since the 6th, when we arrived here to a state of weather which has allowed us to be out of doors the greater part of our daylight. We think it curious that among the many persons who have talked to us about Biarritz, the Brownings alone have ever spoken of its natural beauties; yet these are transcendent. We agree that the sea never seemed so magnificent to us before, though we have seen the Atlantic breaking on the rocks at Ilfracombe, and on the great granite walls of the Scilly Isles. In the southern division of the bay we see the sun set over the Pyrenees; and in the northern we have two splendid stretches of sand, one with huge fragments of dark rock scattered about for the waves to leap over, the other an unbroken level, firm to the feet, where the hindmost line of wave sends up its spray on the horizon like a suddenly rising cloud. This part of the bay is worthily called the *Chambre de l'Amour*; and we have its beauties all to ourselves, which, alas! in this stage of the world one can't help feeling to be an advantage. The few families and bachelors who are here (chiefly English) scarcely ever come across our path. The days pass so rapidly, we can hardly believe in their number when we come to count them. After breakfast we both read the "*Politique*" — George one volume and I another, interrupting each other continually with questions and remarks. That morning study keeps me in a state of enthusiasm through the day — a moral glow, which is a sort of *milieu subjectif* for the sublime sea and sky. Mr. Lewes is converted to the warmest admiration of the chapter on language in the third volume, which about three years ago he thought slightly of. I think the

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
16th Jan.,
from
Biarritz.

GRATITUDE TO COMTE [BIARRITZ]

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
16th Jan.,
from
Biarritz.

first chapter of the fourth volume is among the finest of all, and the most finely written. My gratitude increases continually for the illumination Comte has contributed to my life. But we both of us study with a sense of having still much to learn and to understand. About ten or half-past ten we go out for our morning walk, and then while we plunge about in the sand or march along the cliff, George draws out a book and tries my paces in Spanish, demanding a quick-as-light translation of nouns and phrases. Presently I retort upon him, and prove that it is easier to ask than to answer. We find this system of *viva-voce* mutual instruction so successful, that we are disgusted with ourselves for not having used it before through all our many years of companionship; and we are making projects for giving new interest to Regent's Park, by pursuing all sorts of studies in the same way there. We seldom come indoors till one o'clock, and we turn out again at three, often remaining to see the sunset. One other thing I have been reading here which I must tell you of. It is a series of three papers by Saveney, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last year, on "La Physique Moderne,"—an excellent summary, giving a glimpse of the great vista opened in that region. I think you would like to read them when you are strong enough for that sort of exertion.

We stayed three days in Paris, and passed our time very agreeably. The first day we dined with Madame Mohl, who had kindly invited Professor Scherer and his wife, Jules Simon, Lomenie, Lavergne, "and others," to meet us. That was on the Saturday, and she tempted us to stay the following Monday by saying she would

invite Renan to breakfast with us. Renan's appearance is something between the Catholic priest and the dissenting minister. His manners are very amiable, his talk pleasant, but not distinguished. We are entertaining great projects as to our further journeying. It will be best for you to address *Poste Restante*, Barcelona.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
16th Jan.,
from
Biarritz.

Are you astonished to see our whereabouts? We left Biarritz for San Sebastian, where we stayed three days; and both there and all our way to Barcelona our life has been a succession of delights. We have had perfect weather, blue skies, and a warm sun. We travelled from San Sebastian to Saragossa, where we passed two nights; then to Lerida for one night, and yesterday to Barcelona. You know the scenery from San Sebastian to Alsasua, through the lower Pyrenees, because it lies on the way to Burgos and Madrid. At Alsasua we turned off through Navarre into Aragon, seeing famous Pampeluna, looking as beautiful as it did ages ago amongst the grand hills. At Saragossa the scene was thoroughly changed: all through Aragon, as far as we could see, I should think the country resembles the highlands of Central Spain. There is the most striking effect of hills, flanking the plain of Saragossa, I ever saw. They are of palish clay, washed by the rains into undulating forms, and some slight herbage upon them makes the shadows of an exquisite blue.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d Feb.,
from
Barcelona.

These hills accompanied us in the distance all the way through Aragon, the snowy mountains topping them in the far distance. The land is all pale brown; the numerous towns and villages just match the land, and so do the sheepfolds, built of mud or stone. The herbage is all

SARAGOSSA — LERIDA [BARCELONA

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d Feb.,
from
Barcelona.

of an ashy green. Perhaps if I had been in Africa, I should say as you do that the country reminded me of Africa : as it is, I think of all I have read about the East. The men who look on while others work at Saragossa also seem to belong to the East, with a great striped blanket wrapped grandly round them, and a kerchief tied about their hair. But though Aragon was held by the Moors longer than any part of Northern Spain, the features and skins of the people seem to me to bear less traces of the mixture there must have been than one would fairly expect. Saragossa has a grand character still, in spite of the stucco with which the people have daubed the beautiful small brick of which the houses are built. Here and there one sees a house left undesecrated by stucco ; and all of them have the fluted tiles and the broad eaves beautifully ornamented. Again, one side of the old cathedral still shows the exquisite inlaid work which in the façade has been overlaid hideously. Gradually, as we left Aragon, and entered Catalonia, the face of the country changed, and we had almost every sort of beauty in succession : last of all, between Monserrat and Barcelona, a perfect garden, with the richest red soil — blossoms on the plum and cherry trees, aloes thick in the hedges. At present we are waiting for the Spanish hardships to begin. Even at Lerida, a place scarcely at all affected by foreign travellers, we were perfectly comfortable — and such sights ! The people scattered on the brown slopes of rough earth round the fortress — the women knitting, etc., the men playing at cards ; one wonderful gaudily dressed group, another of handsome gypsies. We are actually going by

steamboat to Alicante, and from Alicante to Malaga. Then we mean to see Granada, Cordova, and Seville. We shall only stay here a few days — if this weather continues.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d Feb.,
from
Barcelona.

Your kind letter, written on the 5th, reached me here this morning. I had not heard of the criticism in the *Edinburgh*. Mr. Lewes read the article, but did not tell me of the reviewer's legal wisdom, thinking that it would only vex me to no purpose. However, I had felt sure that something of that sort must have appeared in one review article or another. I am heartily glad and grateful that you have helped justice in general, as well as justice to me in particular, by getting the vindication written for the *Pall Mall*. It was the best possible measure to adopt. Since we left Barcelona a fortnight ago we have seen no English papers, so that we have been in the dark as to English news.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
18th Feb.,
from
Granada.

Were you not surprised to hear that we had come so far? The journey from San Sebastian by Saragossa and Lerida turned out to be so easy and delightful, that we ceased to tremble, and determined to carry out our project of going by steamer to Alicante and Malaga. You cannot do better than follow our example, — I mean, so far as coming to Spain is concerned. Believe none of the fictions that bookmakers get printed about the horrors of Spanish hotels and cookery, or the hardships of Spanish travel — still less about the rudeness of Spaniards. It is true that we have not yet endured the long railway journeys through Central Spain, but wherever we have been hitherto we have found nothing formidable, even for our rickety bodies.

SPANISH TRAVELLING [GRANADA

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
18th Feb.,
from
Granada.

We came hither from Malaga in the *berlina* (*coupé*) of the diligence, and have assured ourself that Mr. Blackburne's description of a supposed hen-roost, overturned in the Alameda at Malaga, which proved to be the Granada diligence, is an invention. The vehicle is comfortable enough, and the road is perfect: and at the end of it we have found ourselves in one of the loveliest scenes on earth.

We shall remain here till the 23d, and then go to Cordova first, to Seville next, and finally to Madrid, making our way homeward from thence by easy stages. We expect to be in the smoky haze of London again soon after the middle of March, if not before.

I wish I could believe that you were all having anything like the clear skies and warm sun which have cheered our journeying for the last month. At Alicante we walked among the palm-trees with their golden fruit hanging in rich clusters, and felt a more delightful warmth than that of an English summer. Last night we walked out and saw the towers of the Alhambra, the wide Vega, and the snowy mountains by the brilliant moonlight. You see we are getting a great deal of pleasure, but we are not working as you seem charitably to imagine. We tire ourselves, but only with seeing or going to see unforgettable things. You will say that we ought to work to better purpose when we get home. Amen. But just now we read nothing but Spanish novels — and not much of those. We said good-bye to philosophy and science when we packed up our trunks at Biarritz.

Please keep some friendship warm for us, that we may

not be too much chilled by the English weather when we get back.

We are both heartily rejoiced that we came to Spain. It was a great longing of mine, for, three years ago, I began to interest myself in Spanish history and literature, and have had a work lying by me, partly written, the subject of which is connected with Spain. Whether I shall ever bring it to maturity so as to satisfy myself sufficiently to print it, is a question not settled; but it is a work very near my heart. We have had perfect weather ever since the 27th of January — magnificent skies and a summer sun. At Alicante, walking among the palm trees, with the bare brown rocks and brown houses in the background, we fancied ourselves in the Tropics; and a gentleman who travelled with us, assured us that the aspect of the country closely resembled Aden on the Red Sea. Here, at Granada, of course it is much colder; but the sun shines uninterruptedly; and in the middle of the day, to stand in the sunshine against a wall, reminds me of my sensations at Florence in the beginning of June. The aspect of Granada as we first approached it was a slight disappointment to me, but the beauty of its position can hardly be surpassed. To stand on one of the towers of the Alhambra and see the sun set behind the dark mountains of Loja, and send its after-glow on the white summits of the Sierra Nevada, while the lovely Vega spreads below, ready to yield all things pleasant to the eye and good for food, is worth a very long, long journey. We shall start to-morrow evening for Cordova — then we shall go to Seville, back to Cordova, and on to Madrid.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
21st Feb.

RETURN HOME FROM SPAIN [THE PRIORY

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
21st Feb.

During our short stay in Paris we went a little into society, and saw, among other people who interested us, Professor Scherer, of whom you know something. He charmed me greatly. He is a Genevese, you know, and does not talk in ready-made epigrams, like a clever Frenchman, but with well-chosen moderate words, intended to express what he really thinks and feels. He is highly cultivated; and his wife, who was with him, is an Englishwoman of refined simple manners.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
10th March,
from
Biarritz.

At Biarritz again, you see, after our long delightful journey, in which we have made a great loop all round the east and through the centre of Spain. Mr. Lewes says he thinks he never enjoyed a journey so much; and you will see him so changed — so much plumper and ruddier — that if pity has entered much into your regard for him, he will be in danger of losing something by his bodily prosperity. We crowned our pleasures in Spain with the sight of the pictures in the Madrid gallery. The skies were as blue at Madrid as they had been through the previous part of our journeying, but the air was bitterly cold: and naughty officials receive money for warming the museum, but find other uses for the money. I caught a severe cold the last day of our visit, and after an uncomfortable day and night's railway journey arrived at Biarritz, only fit for bed and coddling.

Journal.

March 16. — This evening we got home after a journey to the South of Spain. I go to my poem and the construction of two prose works — if possible.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
18th March.

We got home on Saturday evening, after as fine a passage from Calais to Dover as we ever had, even in summer. Your letter was amongst the pleasant things that

1867] PAYMENT FOR "FELIX HOLT"

smiled at me on my return, and helped to reconcile me to the rather rude transition from summer to winter which we have made in our journey from Biarritz. This morning it is snowing hard and the wind is roaring — a sufficiently sharp contrast to the hot sun, the dust, and the mosquitoes of Seville.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
18th March.

We have had a glorious journey. The skies alone, both night and day, were worth travelling all the way to see. We went to Cordova and Seville, but we feared the cold of the central lands in the north, and resisted the temptation to see Toledo or anything else than the Madrid pictures, which are transcendent.

Among the letters awaiting me was one from an American travelling in Europe, who gives me the history of a copy of "Felix Holt," which, he says, has been read by no end of people, and is now on its way through Ireland, "where he found many friends anxious but unable to get it." It seems people nowadays economize in nothing but books. I found also the letter of a "Conveyancer" in the *Pall Mall*, justifying the law of "Felix Holt" in answer to the "Edinburgh Reviewer." I did not know, before I was told of this letter in reply, that the "Edinburgh Reviewer" had found fault with my law.

March 21. — Received from Blackwood a cheque for £2166, 13s. 4d., being the second instalment of £1666, 13s. 4d. towards the £5000 for "Felix Holt," together with £500 as the first instalment of £1000 for ten years' copyright of the cheap edition of my novels.

Journal.

Your letters, with the valuable enclosure of a cheque for £2166, 13s. 4d., have come to me this morning, and I am much obliged to you for your punctual attention.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
21st March.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
21st March.

I long to see a specimen of the cheap edition of the novels. As to the illustrations, I have adjusted my hopes so as to save myself from any great shock. When I remember my own childish happiness in a frightfully illustrated copy of the "Vicar of Wakefield," I can believe that illustration may be a great good relatively, and that my own present liking has no weight in the question.

I fancy that the placarding at railway stations is an effective measure, for Ruskin was never more mistaken than in asserting that people have no spare time to observe anything in such places. I am a very poor reader of advertisements, but even I am forced to get them unpleasantly by heart at the stations.

It is rather a vexatious kind of tribute when people write, as my American correspondent did, to tell me of one paper-covered American copy of "Felix Holt" being brought to Europe, and serving for so many readers that it was in danger of being worn away under their hands. He — good man — finds it easy "to urge greater circulation by means of cheap sale," having "found so many friends in Ireland anxious but unable to obtain the book." I suppose putting it in a yellow cover with figures on it, reminding one of the outside of a show, and charging a shilling for it, is what we are expected to do for the good of mankind. Even then I fear it would hardly bear the rivalry of "The Pretty Milliner," or of "The Horrible Secret."

The work connected with Spain is not a romance. It is — prepare your fortitude — it is — a poem. I conceived the plot, and wrote nearly the whole as a drama in 1864. Mr. Lewes advised me to put it by for a time

1867] RECASTING "THE SPANISH GYPSY"

and take it up again, with a view to recasting it. He thinks hopefully of it. I need not tell you that I am *not* hopeful — but I am quite sure the subject is fine. It is not historic, but has merely historic connections. The plot was wrought out entirely as an incorporation of my own ideas. Of course, if it is ever finished to my satisfaction, it is not a work for us to get money by, but Mr. Lewes urges and insists that it shall be done. I have also my private projects about an English novel, but I am afraid of speaking as if I could depend on myself: at present I am rather dizzy, and not settled down to home habits of regular occupation.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
21st March.

I understand that the conveyancer who wrote to the *Pall Mall* is an excellent lawyer in his department, and the lecturer on Real Property at the Law Institution.

If a reviewer ever checked himself, by considering that a writer whom he thinks worth praising would take some pains to know the truth about a matter which is the very hinge of said writer's story, review articles would cut a shrunken figure.

May 5. — We went to Bouverie Street to hear the first of a course of lectures on Positivism, delivered by Dr. Congreve. There were present seventy-five people, chiefly men.

May 11. — We had Mr. and Mrs. Call to dine with us, and an evening party afterwards.

May 12. — We went to hear Dr. Congreve's second lecture. The morning was thoroughly wet — the audience smaller, but still good.

Yesterday we went to the second of a course of lectures which Dr. Congreve is delivering on Positivism in

MR. CONGREVE'S LECTURES [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th May.

Bouverie Street. At the first lecture on the 5th there was a considerable audience — about seventy-five, chiefly men — of various ranks, from lords and M. P.'s downwards, or upwards, for what is called social distinction seems to be in a shifting condition just now. Yesterday the wet weather doubtless helped to reduce the audience — still it was good. Curiosity brings some, interest in the subject others, and the rest go with the wish to express adhesion more or less thorough.

I am afraid you have ceased to care much about pictures, else I should wish that you could see the Exhibition of historical portraits at Kensington. It is really worth a little fatigue to see the English of past generations in their habit as they lived — especially when Gainsborough and Sir Joshua are the painters. But even Sir Godfrey Kneller delights me occasionally with a finely conceived portrait carefully painted. There is an unforgettable portrait of Newton by him.

Journal.

May 27. — Went with G. to the Academy Exhibition.

May 29. — Went to the Exhibition of French pictures — very agreeable and interesting.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
30th May.

I do sympathize with you most emphatically in the desire to see women socially elevated — educated equally with men, and secured as far as possible along with every other breathing creature from suffering the exercise of any unrighteous power. That is a broader ground of sympathy than agreement as to the amount, and kind, of result that may be hoped for from a particular measure. But on this special point I am far from thinking myself an oracle, and on the whole I am inclined to hope for much good from the serious presentation of women's

claims before Parliament. I thought Mill's speech sober and judicious from his point of view — Karslake's an abomination.

Letter to
Mrs. Peter
Taylor,
30th May.

Apropos of what you say about Mr. Congreve, I think you have mistaken his, or rather Comte's, position. There is no denial of an unknown cause, but only a denial that such a conception is the proper basis of a practical religion. It seems to me pre-eminently desirable that we should learn not to make our personal comfort a standard of truth.

June 1 (Saturday). — Wrote up to the moment when Fedalma appears in the Praça. Journal.

June 5. — Blackwood dined with us, and I read to him my poem down to page 56. He showed great delight.

June 26. — We went to Niton for a fortnight, returning July 10.

July 16. — Received £2166, 13s. 4d. from Blackwood, being the final instalment for "Felix Holt," and (£500) copyright for ten years.

Again we take flight! To North Germany this time, and chiefly to Dresden, where we shall be accessible through the *Poste Restante*. I am ashamed of saying anything about our health — we are both "objects" for compassion or contempt, according to the disposition of the subject who may contemplate us.

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
28th July.

Mr. Beesly (I think it was he) sent us Dr. Congreve's pamphlet last night, and I read it aloud to George. We both felt a cordial satisfaction in it. We have been a good deal beset by little engagements with friends and acquaintances lately, and these, with the preparations for

JOURNEY IN NORTH GERMANY [THE PRIORITY

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
28th July.

our journey, have been rather too much for me. Mr. Lewes is acting on the advice of Sir Henry Holland in giving up zoölogizing for the present, because it obliges him to hang down his head. That is the reason we go inland, and not to the coast, as I think I hinted to you that we expected to do.

You are sympathetic enough to be glad to hear that we have had thoroughly cheerful and satisfactory letters from both our boys in Natal. They are established in their purchased farm, and are very happy together in their work. Impossible for mortals to have less trouble than we. I should have written to you earlier this week — for we start to-morrow — but that I have been laid prostrate with crushing headache one-half of my time, and always going out or seeing some one the other half.

Farewell, dear. Don't write unless you have a real desire to gossip with me a little about yourself and our mutual friends. You know I always like to have news of you, but I shall not think it unkind — I shall only think you have other things to do — if you are silent.

Journal.

July 29. — We went to Dover this evening as the start on a journey into Germany (North).

Oct. 1. — We returned home after revisiting the scenes of cherished memories — Ilmenau, Dresden, and Berlin. Of new places we have seen Wetzlar, Cassel, Eisenach, and Hanover. At Ilmenau I wrote Fedalma's soliloquy after her scene with Silva, and the following dialogue between her and Juan. At Dresden I rewrote the whole scene between her and Zarca.

Oct. 9. — Reading "Los Judios en España," Percy's "Reliques," "Isis," occasionally aloud.

1867] ACQUAINTANCE WITH MRS. CROSS

Oct. 10. — Reading the “Iliad,” Book III. Finished *Journal*.
“Los Judios en España,” a wretchedly poor book.

Oct. 11. — Began again Prescott’s “Ferdinand and Isabella.”

Oct. 19. — George returned last evening from a walking expedition in Surrey with Mr. Spencer.

This entry is an interesting one to me, as it fixes the date of the first acquaintance with my family. Mr. Herbert Spencer was an old friend of ours, and in the course of their walk, he and Mr. Lewes happened to pass through Weybridge, where my mother at that time lived. They came to pay a visit. Mr. Lewes with his wonderful social powers charmed all, and they passed a delightful evening. I myself was in America at the time, where I was in business as a banker at New York. My eldest sister had just then published a little volume of poems,¹ which was kindly received by the press. On the invitation of Mr. Lewes, she went shortly afterwards to see George Eliot — then in the zenith of her fame; nor did she ever forget the affectionate manner in which the great author greeted her. This was the beginning of a close friendship between the families, which lasted, and increased in intimacy, to the end. Mr. Spencer, in writing to tell me that it was he who first made Mr. Lewes acquainted with George Eliot, adds, “You will perhaps be struck by the curious coincidence, that it was also by me that Lewes was introduced to your family at Weybridge, and remoter issues entailed.”

¹ *An Old Story, and Other Poems*, by Elizabeth D. Cross.

AN ARTICLE ON THE TALMUD [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Oct.

Before I got your letter, I was about to write to you and direct your attention to an article in the forthcoming (October) number of the *Quarterly Review* on the Talmud. You really must go out of your way to read it. It is written by one of the greatest Oriental scholars, — the man among living men who probably knows the most about the Talmud; and you will appreciate the pregnancy of the article. There are also beautiful soul-cheering things selected for quotation.

Journal.

Oct. 31. — I have now inserted all that I think of for the first part of "The Spanish Gypsy." On Monday I wrote three new Lyrics. I have also rewritten the first scenes in the gypsy camp, to the end of the dialogue between Juan and Fedalma. But I have determined to make the commencement of the second part continue the picture of what goes forward in Bedmar.

Nov. 1. — Began this morning Part II. — "Silva was marching homeward," etc.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
9th Nov.

About putting "Fedalma" in type. There would be advantages, but also disadvantages; and on these latter I wish to consult you. I have more than 3000 lines ready in the order I wish them to stand in, and it would be good to have them in print to read them critically. Defects reveal themselves more fully in type, and emendations might be more conveniently made on proofs, since I have given up the idea of copying the MS. as a whole. On the other hand, *could the thing be kept private when it had once been in the printing-office?* And I particularly wish not to have it set afloat, for various reasons. Among others — I want to keep myself free from all inducements to premature publication — I mean, publication

before I have given my work as much revision as I can hope to give it while my mind is still nursing it. Beyond this, delay would be useless. The theory of laying by poems for nine years may be a fine one, but it could not answer for me to apply it. I could no more live through one of my books a second time, than I can live through last year again. But I like to keep checks on myself, and not to create external temptations to do what I should think foolish in another. If you thought it possible to secure us against the oozing out of proofs and gossip, the other objections would be less important. One difficulty is, that in my MS. I have frequently two readings of the same passage, and being uncertain which of them is preferable, I wish them both to stand for future decision. But perhaps this might be managed in proof. The length of the poem is at present uncertain, but I feel so strongly what Mr. Lewes insists on — namely, the evil of making it too long — that I shall set it before me as a duty not to make it more than 9000 lines, and shall be glad if it turns out a little shorter.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
9th Nov.

Will you think over the whole question? I am sure your mind will supply any prudential considerations that I may have omitted.

I am vexed by the non-success of the serial edition. It is not, heaven knows, that I read my own books or am puffed up about them, but I have been of late quite astonished by the strengthening testimonies that have happened to come to me, of people who care about every one of my books and continue to read them — especially young men, who are just the class I care most to influ-

THE BEGINNING OF GIRTON [THE PRIORY

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
9th Nov.

ence. But what sort of data can one safely go upon with regard to the success of editions?

Felix Holt is immensely tempted by your suggestion,¹ but George Eliot is severely admonished by his domestic critic not to scatter his energies.

Mr. Lewes sends his best regards. He is in high spirits about the poem.

Journal.

Nov. 22. — Began an address to the Working Men by Felix Holt, at Blackwood's repeated request.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.

Yes, indeed — when I do *not* reciprocate "chaos is come again." I was quite sure your letter would come, and was grateful beforehand.

There is a scheme on foot for a Woman's College, or rather University, to be built between London and Cambridge, and to be in connection with the Cambridge University, — sharing its professors, examinations, and degrees! *Si muove*.

Letter to
Madame
Bodiehon,
1st Dec.

I have written to Miss Davies to ask her to come to see me on Tuesday.

I am much occupied just now, but the better education of women is one of the objects about which I have *no doubt*, and shall rejoice if this idea of a college can be carried out.

I see Miss Julia Smith's beautiful handwriting, and am glad to think of her as your guardian angel.

The author of the glorious article on the Talmud is "that bright little man" Mr. Deutsch — a very dear, delightful creature.

Journal.

Dec. 4. — Sent off the MS. of the address to Edinburgh.

¹ "Address to Working Men."

1867] "AN ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN"

I agree with you about the phrase, "Masters of the country." ¹ I wrote that part twice, and originally I distinctly said that the epithet was false. Afterwards, I left that out, preferring to make a stronger *argumentum ad hominem*, in case any workman believed himself a future master.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
7th Dec.

I think it will be better for you to write a preliminary note washing your hands of any over-trenchant statements on the part of the well-meaning radical. I much prefer that you should do so.

Whatever you agree with will have the advantage of not coming from one who can be suspected of being a special pleader.

What you say about "Fedalma" is very cheering. But I am chiefly anxious about the road still untravelled — the road I have still *zurück zu legen*.

Mr. Lewes has to request several proofs of "Fedalma" — to facilitate revision. But I will leave him to say how many. We shall keep them strictly to ourselves, you may be sure, so that three or four will be enough — one for him, one for me, and one for the resolution of our differences.

I am very grateful to you for your generous words about my work. That you not only feel so much sympathy, but are moved to express it so fully, is a real help to me.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
12th Dec.

I am very glad to have had the revise of the "Address." I feel the danger of not being understood. Perhaps, by a good deal longer consideration and gradual

¹ In the "Address to Working Men."

CHRISTMAS DAY [THE PRIORY

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
12th Dec.

shaping, I might have put the ideas into a more concrete easy form.

Mr. Lewes read the proof of the poem all through to himself for the first time last night, and expressed great satisfaction in the impression it produced. Your suggestion of having it put into type is a benefit for which we have reason to be obliged to you.

I cannot help saying again, that it is a strong cordial to me to have such letters as yours, and to know that I have such a *first reader* as you.

Journal.

Dec. 21. — Finished reading “Averroës and Averroisme,” and “Les Médecins Juifs.” Reading “First Principles.”

Letter to
Mrs. Congreve,
22d Dec.

Our Christmas will be very quiet. On the 27th Mr. Lewes means to start on a solitary journey to Bonn, and perhaps to Würzburg, for anatomical purposes. I don't mean that he is going to offer himself as an anatomical subject, but that he wants to get answers to some questions bearing on the functions of the nerves. It is a bad time for him to travel in, but he hopes to be at home again in ten days or a fortnight, and *I* hope the run will do him good rather than harm.

Journal.

Dec. 25. — George and I dined happily alone: he better for weeks than he has been all the summer before, — I more ailing than usual, but with much mental consolation, part of it being the delight he expresses in my poem, of which the first part is now in print.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.

Thanks for the pretty remembrance. You were not unthought of before it came. Now, however, I rouse all my courage under the thick fog to tell you my inward wish — which is, that the New Year, as it travels

on towards its old age, may bring you many satisfactions undisturbed by bodily ailment.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.

Mr. Lewes is going to-morrow on an unprecedented expedition — a rapid run to Bonn to make some anatomical researches with Professor Schultze there. If he needs more than he can get at Bonn, he may go to Heidelberg and Würzburg. But in any case he will not take more than a fortnight.

Public questions, which by a sad process of reduction become piteous private questions, hang cloudily over all prospects. The state of Europe, the threat of a general war, the starvation of multitudes — one can't help thinking of these things at one's breakfast. Nevertheless there is much enjoyment going on, and abundance of rosy children's parties.

It is very good and sweet of you to propose to come round for me on Sunday, and I shall cherish particularly the remembrance of that kindness. But on our reading your letter, Mr. Lewes objected, on grounds which I think just, to my going to any public manifestation without him, since his absence could not be divined by outsiders.

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
30th Dec.

I am companioned by dyspepsia, and feel life a struggle under the leaden sky. Mme. Bodichon writes that in Sussex the air is cold and clear, and the woods and lanes dressed in wintry loveliness of fresh grassy patches, mingled with the soft greys and browns of the trees and hedges. Mr. Harrison shed the agreeable light of his kind eyes on me yesterday for a brief space; but I hope I was more endurable to my visitors than to myself, else I think they will not come again. I object strongly to

"THE SPANISH GYPSY" [THE PRIORY

Letter to
Mrs. Con-
greve,
30th Dec.

myself as a bundle of unpleasant sensations with a palpitating heart and awkward manners. Impossible to imagine the large charity I have for people who detest me. But don't you be one of them.

Letter to
John Black-
wood,
30th Dec.

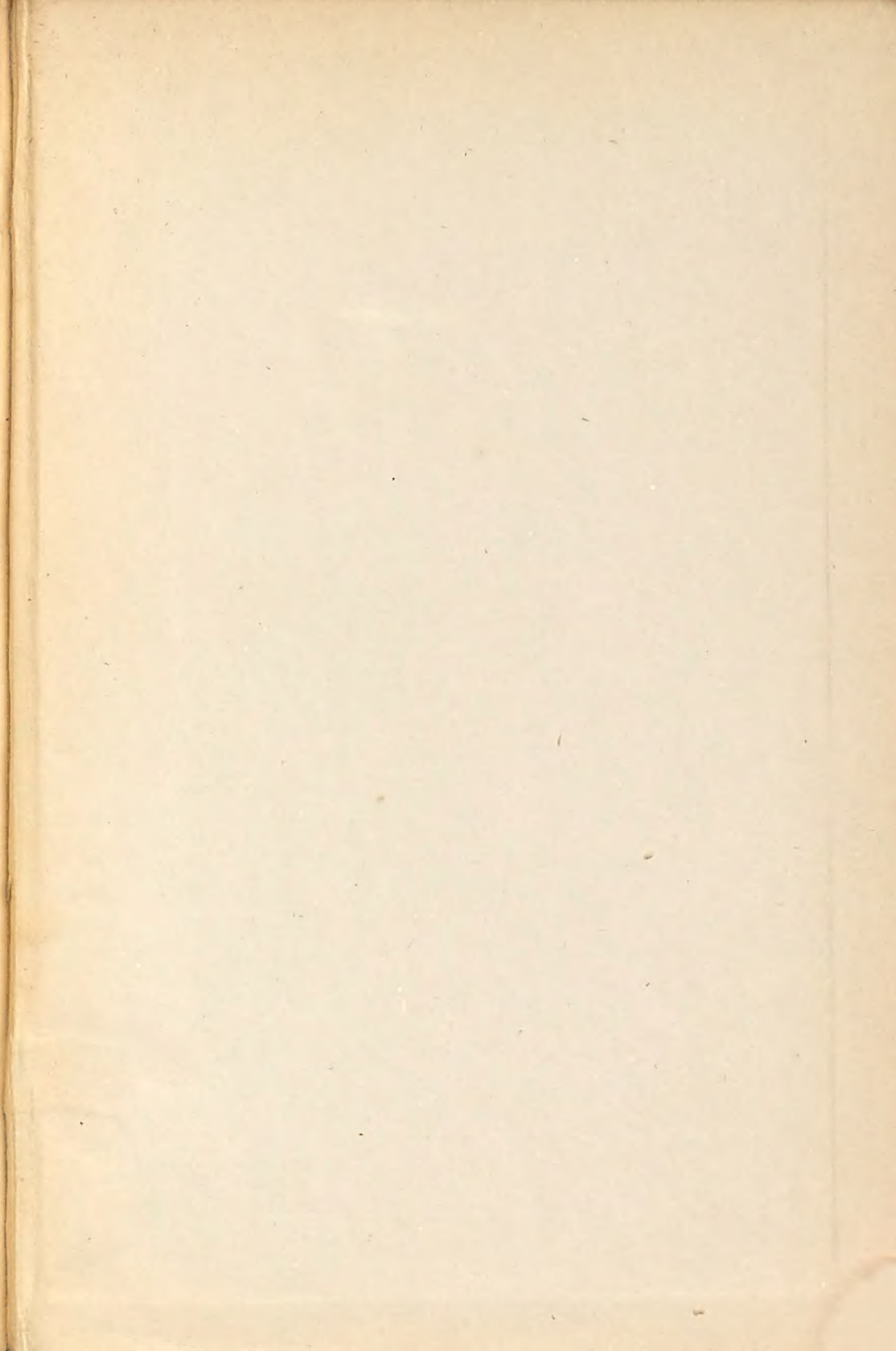
I am much obliged to you for your handsome cheque, and still more gratified that "The Address" has been a satisfaction to you.

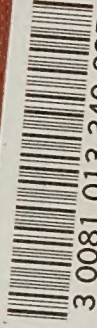
I am very glad to hear of your projected visit to town, and shall hope to have a good batch of MS. for you to carry back. Mr. Lewes is in an unprecedented state of delight with the poem, now that he is reading it with close care. He says he is astonished that he can't find more faults. He is especially pleased with the sense of variety it gives; and this testimony is worth the more, because he urged me to put the poem by (in 1865) on the ground of monotony. He is really exultant about it now, and after what you have said to me I know this will please you.

Hearty wishes that the coming year may bring you much good, and that "The Spanish Gypsy" may contribute a little to that end.

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